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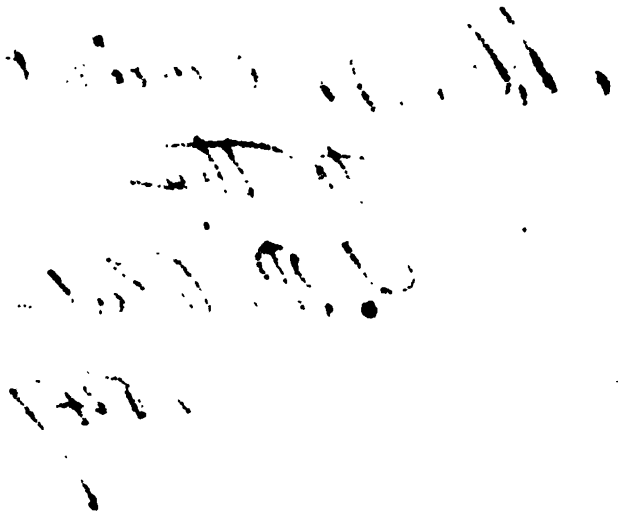

THE

# METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1836.

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# THE METROPOLITAN.

No. LVII.

FOR JANUARY, 1836.

## CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE YEAR 1836.

With the new year, it is incumbent upon us to put on our best looks, and wear our merriest faces; and, whatever be our misfortunes, whatever our ailments, however inclement the weather, or however unkind our friends, we should, overlooking all present annoyances, and despising all the menacings of evil, cast our eyes sedulously around, above, below, and beyond us, in order to find out meet subjects for congratulation. Will not a year, began in the mist of tears, naturally terminate in the pelting showers of despondency? If the sun in the heavens will not shine on the first of January, we must contrive, like those who do not find success, to do without him; and make something in his semblance, a sort of a tinfoil sun of our own, which, if not sufficient to enable us to read our own rhapsodies, will be quite luminous enough to swear by, and to light up the glories of the Whig administration.

Now, with this pious wish of being grateful, let us look around and enumerate the various subjects of congratulation that intrude themselves upon us, and thus unceremoniously force felicity down our throats, whether we will or not, and make us blest in spite of ourselves, frost, fog, and the rheumatism. Now let us hearken to the voice of comfort—of triumph!

Englishmen, we congratulate you that the Whig-radico-Irisho-rapparee-papistico-association still directs the councils of the empire, and that Lord Melbourne has a good appetite. Indeed, considering all things, for the good of his country, he has *stomached* a great deal.

We congratulate the country upon what the Whigs have done since their accession to office, the extraordinary foresight which has induced them to pass acts of parliament, which have the peculiar merit of being imperfect. Employment is necessary to the welfare of the people, and the representatives of the people having nothing to do in these times, will have now plenty of occupation in amending their acts. This gives us great hopes of an increase of morality in the nation at large, for it is not possible to amend one's acts without amending one's lives.

We also congratulate the nation upon the valuable system of reciprocity we have lately been carrying on. It is delightful to witness the exchange of sterling advantages for empty compliments, and to feel that we have this positive balance in our favor, that Dr. Bowring is able to astonish the natives in Hebrew and in good French.

We congratulate our countrymen upon the great satisfaction with which we can perambulate the streets of the metropolis, and every other part of the kingdom. Formerly, we were so crowded, that it was unpleasant; but so many hundreds of thousands have gone over the water to make room for us, that the grass is actually springing up between the pavingstones in front of St. James's Palace. This is kind to us, and philanthropic to others, for, with the plethora of money with which this country is borne along, it is but right that we should disseminate a few millions per annum among those nations who will, in all probability, make war against us; it will supply them with the sinews of war in case of need, and, it is clear that, if they had nothing for us to take from them, there could be no source of congratulation in beating them.

Our foreign policy, lately, is another source of public congratulation. We have left off the system of bullying our neighbors, of insisting upon being treated with respect, and of laying down the law to others. We now have put more Christian doctrine in our international system. We are like the old expiring lion, at whose jaws every jackass may

have a kick. With all humility, if smote on the right cheek, we offer them the left, and thus do we avoid any thing like a squabble. It is to Lord Palmerston that we are indebted for this new system of bearing towards other nations, and if we knock under, no one can accuse us of being *overbearing*.

We also congratulate the country upon the language of the lower classes having found its way into both houses of parliament, as it is a sure sign that the mob will soon follow. For argument we have abuse, then insult, cock-crowing, squeaking, barking, hallooing, groaning, hissing, and thumping of sticks and feet. This is very pleasant, for it is the shortest way of settling the question, and they may now call for it before the debate begins.

Englishmen, we congratulate you upon the working of the new Poor Laws, seeing that it is rapidly working off those of the working classes, who are compelled to work the most, and eat the least. We congratulate you on the satisfaction you must enjoy in paying many thousands to a few commissioners, who will spend your money like gentlemen, instead of throwing away a few hundreds upon objects who have no other claim to it than helplessness, a life of useful labor, the dictates of charity, and the command of God.

We congratulate the country upon its increasing pauper population, and its increased and still-increasing number of palaces. Every poor man has now his palace. "Palace!" said we. Rather, should we say, his choice of palaces, in any of which he may not only freely enter, but is ardently welcomed, for three halfpence; and also, at the same time, indulge in the *maximum* of happiness, by pouring down his own throat a libation of max. But our congratulations must not stop at the individual, and somewhat sensual happiness thus profusely distributed among the *productive* classes, since these palaces must ably assist Miss Martineau by establishing an efficacious preventive check, in making them physiologically non-productive. Then, is it not a subject of joy to know that the artisan, and the mere laborer, has so much to expend upon mere spiritual comforts! To say nothing of the glorious course they are pursuing, which, in giving them the advantages of death early, procures to them an exemption of all the diseases and infirmities of old age, and death suddenly, all the miseries attendant upon a lingering illness. We will not dwell upon the little trouble that they so generally give to those whose pleasing duty it is to supply the surgeons with anatomical models, by dying ready-made skeletons. And that there is a prospect of our not being in future burdened with overpopulation, as from the frequent applications of the females to the *still*, most children are now still-*born*.

We congratulate our pious and devout countrymen, whose ancestors altered the line of succession for only suspecting the sovereign of overthrowing the Protestant religion as by law established, on the late great increase of liberal opinions, hate and contempt of the Episcopal church, wide spread of infidelity, which seems to be running a wonderful race with Popery, and the wonderful affection shown to infidel municipal officers, Jew aldermen, sheriffs, and judges. All this the world—we mean the world as enlightened by the Tomkinses, the schoolmasters—must see will lead to results the most glorious, and having got thus far in the progress of liberalism, we can see no just cause why, henceforward, men *dead* to all religion, may not be collated to hold all manner of livings, and that Jews, Turks, and infidels may not hold rectories, deaneries, and bishoprics commendably—*in commendam*.

We congratulate you, agriculturists. Worship and glorify the Whigs! Of how many important and harassing cares have they divested you! You have no rent for your landlords, no money for your poor-rates, half wages to your laborers, and no returns at all, but those constantly-recurring ones of bankruptcy for yourselves. Yes, they have relieved your shoulders of a great weight, though a little at the expense of the lining of your ribs. But till lately, you were always a race a little too plethoric, but now, though we do not think you will ever become so fine as to be able to pass through the eye of a needle, yet, as being infinitely less rich, you will all have a much better chance of entering into the kingdom of heaven.

Ship-owners, and all ye who derive your subsistence by floating about on the deep waters, we congratulate you, and you, congratulate yourselves and your country on your present condition and your future prospects. Ship-owners! most of you reside on the banks of the Thames, or in the neighborhood of those parts that contained your magnificent properties. The Whigs love you and cherish you: they do not wish you to lose sight of your valuable possessions: they will not encourage them to depart from under your eyes. Thus, your ships are in the rivers, in the docks, and in the ports. You may visit your property daily: you may assure yourselves of its reality: it is no vain thing, no illusion: there it is, visible and tangible, though neither very profitable or very convertible. Bless, oh bless these Whigs for having thus securely moored your vessels in our own ports by those binding cables, *reciprocity laws* and a repeal of the *navigation acts*.

We are now going to congratulate the country upon a subject that comes home feelingly to every man's pocket. Indeed, on the point to which we are going to allude, you have twenty millions of sterling reasons for gratulation in the dispersion of so many millions of sterling pounds. With these twenty millions of pounds you have bought nearly one million of apprentices, and a *black* bargain it has turned out. So much the better. The money is fairly out of your pockets now, and you have already seen something; when the apprentices are out of their time, you will see something more. Everything goes on swimmingly except the money, which is irretrievably sunk. As these apprentices will be long out of work before they are out of *their*

time, and as before *that* time every white man will be out of the islands, we shall have a glorious specimen of dingy democracy, which will terminate in every ebony individual eating up his neighbor, if he can, with the utmost liberality; and thus, in return for your well-spent twenty millions, you will have the satisfaction of beholding an instructive specimen of a negro-republican Utopia; an experiment well worthy of a philosophical nation, and an exquisite subject for half an eternity of congratulations.

But there are some drawbacks to this general burst of congratulation, to wit—

1stly. The alarm so universally felt by the Whigs and by the hangers-on, even to the tenth remove of a Whig, at the general increase of Conservatism, the spirit of which is walking triumphantly through the land, opening the eyes of the deluded, and warming the hearts of the loyal.

2dly. The horn of O'Connell is no longer exalted among the mighty of the land; and that, when now met by some of his late papal and political associates, they pass by "on the other side."

3dly. It is an alarming fact, that the people have begun to think that if the Tories were sometimes wrong, the Whigs are never right; in fact, that though they had formerly burdens which they bore, and which, though heavy, it was no dishonor to bear, they have not only now a heavier load upon their shoulders, but one made still more grievous by the ignominy of those who have now the privilege of inflicting it.

4thly. There is an awkward rumor daily gaining ground, that his gracious Majesty looketh not lovingly on all his present advisers, and that the most exalted position in the world is not exactly the most satisfactory.

And, 5thly. That the nation begins to have a ridiculous hankering to see its great energies directed and vast resources again administered by the manly and liberal wisdom of a Peel, the chivalric honor and straightforward sagacity of a Wellington, and the immense litigated property of this vast empire adjudicated, in the last resort, by the legal learning, the impartiality, and the acuteness of a Lyndhurst.

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## A FAMILY OF LOVE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Fair sisters, I have watched ye long,
  Amid the garden bowers,
Singing the glad and choral song,
  And gathering summer flowers;
Blooming in youth, in health, and glee,
  How happily ye rove,
But happier still in unity,
  A Family of Love.

Alike in studies and in plays,
  Is kindly feeling shown,
Each seems to greet the other's praise
  More warmly than her own;
And in the others' grief to share,
  Should watchful friends reprove,
Well do ye crown your parent's care,
  Young Family of Love!

Why does each little heart abound
  In harmony and bliss,
When strifes and discord oft are found
  In homes as fair as this?
'Tis, that the truths your parents press
  Are lessons from above,
Theirs are the ways of holiness,
  And therefore ways of love.

Dear children, if compelled to roam
  Each through the world alone,
Think oft upon the peaceful home,
  Where God was served and known;
And may ye so its counsels prize,
  That ye may meet above,
Still linked in undivided ties,
  A Family of Love.

---

## JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &C.

I found my father, who had now completely recovered from his accident, walking up and down the room in a brown study. He did not speak to me until after dinner, when he commenced with asking some questions relative to Cecilia de Clare. I replied, "that I intended, if he did not want the carriage, to call there to-morrow with Mr. Harcourt."

"Is she very handsome?" inquired he.

"Very much so, sir. I do not think I ever saw a handsomer young person. Yes, I do recollect one."

"Who was that?"

"A young lady with whom I was slightly acquainted, when living in the country."

"I have been thinking, my dear boy, that with the competence which you will have, it is right that you should marry early; in so doing you will oblige your father, who is anxious to see his grandchildren before he dies. My health is not very good."

I could not help smiling at this pathetic touch of the old governor's, who, if one could judge by appearances, was as strong as a lion, and likely to last almost as long as his dutiful son. Moreover, his appetite was enormous, and he invariably finished his bottle every day. I did not therefore feel any serious alarm as to his health, but I nevertheless replied, "Matrimony is a subject upon which I have never thought,"—(a hem! a De Benyon never tells an untruth?) "I am very young yet, and am too happy, not to remain with you."

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* Concluded from vol. xiv.

"But, my dear boy, I propose that you shall remain with me—we will all live together. I do not intend that we shall part. I really wish, Japhet, you would think seriously of it."

"My dear father, allow me to observe, that at present I am not in a situation to support a wife, and I should be sorry to be a tax upon you, at your age; you require many comforts and luxuries, and I presume that you live up to your income."

"Then, my dear fellow, you are under a great mistake. I can lay down one hundred thousand pounds on the day of your marriage, with any lady whom I approve of, and still not spend half my remaining income."

"That, sir," replied I, "certainly removes one difficulty, at the same time that it proves what a generous and indulgent father I am blessed with; but, sir, with such a fortune, I have a right to expect that the lady will also bring a handsome addition. Miss De Clare is engaged, I believe, to Mr. Harcourt, or I might have made strong interest in that quarter."

"Something, my dear boy; but a moderate fortune now-a-days is all that we expect with wives, and the best wives are those who are not born to too much wealth; still, she should bring something; but tell me, Japhet, who is that young lady whom you thought handsomer than Miss De Clare?"

"A Miss Temple, sir."

"Temple—it is a very good name. I think girls brought up in the country make the best wives."

"They do, sir, most certainly, they are more domestic, and make their husbands more content and happy at home."

"Well, my dear boy, I have mentioned the subject, and wish you would think of it. You will please me much."

"My dear father, I shall be most happy to obey in every thing else, but in so serious a point as uniting myself for life, I think you must allow that a little discretionary power should be given to a son. All I can say is this, show me a young person who is eligible, and if I find that I can love her, I will not refuse to obey your wishes."

"Well, sir, do as you please," replied my father, very angrily; "but I think, sir, when I desire you to fall in love, it is your duty to obey."

"Suppose I was to fall in love with a person you did not like, would you allow me to marry her?"

"Most certainly not, sir."

"Then, sir, is it reasonable to expect me to marry without being in love?"

"I did not marry for love, sir."

"No," replied I, forgetting myself a little; "and a pretty mess you made of it."

"I did," rejoined my father in a rage, "by begetting an undutiful, good-for-nothing, graceless, insolent, ungrateful son."

"My dear father, I was not aware that I had a brother."

"I mean you, sir."

"To prove to you how unjust you are, sir, and how little I deserve what you have called me, I now promise you to marry as soon as you wish."

"Thank you, my boy, that's kind of you; but I will say that you are a comfort and a treasure to me, and I bless the day that brought you to my arms. Well, then, look about you."

"No, sir, I leave it all to you; select the party, and I am willing to obey you."

"My dear boy! Well, then, I'll talk the matter over with Mr. Masterton to-morrow," and the general shook me warmly by the hand.

The next day I picked up Harcourt, and proceeded to Park Street. A note from Harcourt had informed them of our intended visit, and other visitors had been denied. "All has been explained, Cecilia," said I, after the first greeting. "I was very wrong, and very foolish."

"And made me very miserable. I little thought that you, Japhet, would have made me cry so much; but I forgive you for it, as I would a thousand times as much more. Now sit down and tell us all that has happened since you left us."

"Not yet, my dear Cecilia. You, as well as I, owe a reparation to poor Harcourt, whom, I think, you have treated cruelly. You were about to answer a question of vital moment when I broke in upon you, and you have since kept him in a state of cruel suspense for more than three weeks, refusing him an answer until he brought me into your presence. An hour of such suspense must be dreadful, and before we sit down, I wish every one should feel comfortable and happy."

"It was not altogether to stimulate Mr. Harcourt to bring you back, which induced me to refuse to answer his question, Japhet. I considered that your return had rendered it necessary that it should be deferred until I saw you. I have not forgotten, Japhet, and never shall forget, what I was when you rescued me; and when I think what I might have been had you not saved me, I shudder at the bare idea. I have not forgotten how you risked, and nearly lost your life in Ireland for my sake—neither has my mother. We are indebted to you for all our present happiness, and I am eternally indebted to you for rescuing me from ignorance, poverty, and, perhaps, vice. You have been more, much more than a father to me—more, much more than a brother. I am, as it were, a creature of your own fashioning, and I owe to you that which I never can repay. When, then, you returned so unexpectedly, Japhet, I felt that you had a paramount right in my disposal, and I was glad that I had not replied to Mr. Harcourt, as I wished first for your sanction and approval. I know all that has passed between you, but I know not your real feelings towards Mr. Harcourt; he acknowledges that he treated you very ill, and it was his sincere repentance of having so done, and his praise of you, which first won my favor. And now, Japhet, if you have

still animosity against Mr. Harcourt—if you——"

"Stop, my dear Fleta, I will answer all your questions at once." I took Harcourt's hand, and placed it in hers. "May God bless you both, and may you be happy!"

Cecilia threw her arms round me and wept; so did every body else, I believe. It was lucky for Harcourt that I was in love with Susannah Temple. As soon as Cecilia had recovered a little, I kissed her, and passed her over to her right owner, who led her to the sofa. Lady de Clare and I went out of the room on important business, and did not return for a quarter of an hour. When we returned, Cecilia went to her mother and embraced her, while Harcourt silently squeezed my hand. We then all sat down, and I gave them an account of all that had passed during my second excursion—how I had nearly been hanged—how I had gone mad—how I had turned Quaker and apothecary—which they all agreed, with what had happened to me before, made up a very eventful history.

"And, Japhet, if it be a fair question about one so fair, was that Miss Temple who was at church with you yesterday?"

"It was."

"Then, Cecilia, if ever she appears in the same circle, except in my eyes, your beauty will stand in some danger of being eclipsed."

"How can you say, except in your eyes, Mr. Harcourt," replied Cecilia, "the very observation proves that it is eclipsed in your eyes, whatever it may be in those of others. Now, as a punishment, I have a great mind to order you away again, until you bring her face to face, that I may judge myself."

"If I am again banished," replied Harcourt, "I shall have a second time to appeal to Benyon to be able to come back again. He can produce her, I have no doubt."

"And perhaps may, some of these days, Cecilia."

"Oh! do, Japhet. I will lover her so."

"You must wait a little first. I am not quite so far advanced as you and Harcourt. I have not received the consent of all parties, as you have to-day. But I must now leave you. Harcourt, I presume you will dine here. I must dine with my governor."

On my return, I found that the table was laid for three, and that the general had asked Mr. Masterton, from which I augured well. Masterton could not speak to me when he arrived, but he gave me a wink and a smile, and I was satisfied. "Japhet," said my father, "you have no engagement to-morrow, I hope, because I shall call at Mr. Masterton's on business, and wish you to accompany me." I replied, "that I should be most happy," and the conversation became general.

I accompanied my father the next day to Lincoln's Inn, and when we went up, we found Mr. Masterton at the table, with Mr. Cophagus and Susannah sitting apart near the window. "The plot thickens," thought I. The fact was, as I was afterwards told by Mr. Masterton, he had prevailed upon Cophagus to pretend business, and to bring Susannah with him, and appointed them a quarter of an hour before our time. This he had arranged, that the general might see Miss Temple, as if by accident; and also allow me, who, my father supposed, was not aware of Miss Temple being in town, to meet with her. What a deal of humbug there is in this world! Nothing but plot and counterplot! I shook hands with Cophagus, who, I perceived, had, notwithstanding his wife's veto, put on his blue cotton net pantaloons and Hessian boots, and he appeared to be so tight in both, that he could hardly move. As far as I could judge, his legs had not improved since I had last seen them in this his favorite dress.

"Mr. De Benyon, I believe that you have met Miss Temple before," said Mr. Masterton, winking at me. "In Berkshire, was it not? Miss Temple, allow me to introduce General De Benyon."

I went up to Susannah, who colored and trembled at the sight of my father, as I expressed my hope that she had been well since we last met. She perceived that there was some planned scheme, and was so puzzled that she said nothing. My father then spoke to her, and after a short time took a chair and seated himself close to her. I never knew her make herself so agreeable. He asked her where she was staying, and when he heard that it was with Mr. Cophagus, he said that he should have the pleasure of calling upon Mr. Cophagus, and thanking him for his kind information relative to me. Shortly afterwards Cophagus took his leave, and Susannah rose to accompany him, when my father, hearing that they had walked, insisted upon putting Miss Temple down in his carriage. So that Mr. Cophagus had to walk home one way, and I the other.

Alas! little did Mr. Cophagus know how fatal to him would be the light cotton nets when he put them on that day. He had proceeded, as it appears, about two-thirds of his way home, (he lived in Welbeck Street,) when he perceived a rush from up a street leading into Oxford Street. He looked to ascertain the cause, when to his horror he perceived—what to him was the greatest of all horrors—a mad bull. If any thing could make Mr. Cophagus run, it was a sight like that, and he did run; but he could not run fast in his cotton nets and tight Hessians, which crippled him altogether. As if, out of pure spite, the bull singled him out from at least one hundred, who exerted their agility, and again was poor Mr. Cophagus tossed far behind the animal, fortunately breaking his fall by tumbling on a large dog who was in full chace. The dog, who was unable to crawl from beneath the unfortunate Cophagus, was still in a condition to bite, which he did most furiously; and the butcher, who had an affection for his dog, when he perceived its condition, also vented his fury upon poor Cophagus, by saluting him with several blows on his head with his cudgel. What between the bull, the dog, and the butcher, poor Mr. Cophagus was taken into a shop in a very deplorable condition. After some time

he recovered, and was able to name his residence, when he was taken home.

It was late in the evening when I received a note from Susannah, informing me of that unfortunate accident. My father had just finished a long story about filial duty, country girls, good wives, &c. and had wound up by saying, that he and Mr. Masterton both considered that Miss Temple would be a very eligible match, and that as I had requested him to select, he had selected her accordingly. I had just proved how truly dutiful I was by promising to do all I could to love her, and to fulfil his wishes, when the note was put in my hands. I read it, stated its contents to my father, and, with his permission, immediately jumped into a hackney coach, and drove to Welbeck Street.

On my arrival I found poor Mrs. Cophagus in a state of syncope, and Susannah attending her. I sent for the surgeon who had been called in, and then went up to Mr. Cophagus. He was much better than I expected—calm, and quite sensible. His wounds had been dressed by the surgeon, but he did not appear to be aware of the extent of the injury he had received. When the surgeon came I questioned him. He informed me that although much hurt, he did not consider that there was any danger to be apprehended; there were no bones broken; the only fear that he had was, that there might be some internal injury; but at present that could not be ascertained. I thanked him, and consoled Mrs. Cophagus with this information. I then returned to her husband, who shook his head, and muttered, as I put my ear down to hear him, "Thought so—come to London—full of mad bulls—tossed—die—and so on."

"Oh! no!" replied I, "the surgeon says that there is no danger. You will be up in a week—but now you must keep very quiet. I will send Mrs. Cophagus to you."

I went out, and finding her composed, I desired her to go to her husband, who wished to see her, and I was left alone with Susannah. I told her all that had passed and after two delightful hours had escaped, I returned home to the hotel. My father had waited up for some time, and finding that I did not return, had retired. When I met him the next morning I mentioned what the surgeon had said, but stated that, in my opinion, there was great cause for alarm in a man of Mr. Cophagus's advanced age. My father agreed with me, but could not help pointing out what a good opportunity this would afford for my paying my attentions to Miss Temple, as it was natural that I should be interested about so old a friend as Mr. Cophagus. My filial duty inclined me to reply, that I should certainly avail myself of such a favorable opportunity.

My adventures are now drawing to a close. I must pass over three months, during which my father had taken and furnished a house in Grosvenor Square; and I, whenever I could spare them, had, under the auspices of Lord Windermear, again been introduced into the world as Mr. De Benyon. I found that the new name was considered highly respectable, my father's hall tables were loaded with cards, and I even received two *dinner* invitations from Lady Maelstrom, who told me how her dear nieces had wondered what had become of me, and that they were afraid that Louisa would have fallen into a decline. And during these three months Cecilia and Susannah had been introduced, and had become as inseparable as most young ladies are, who have a lover a-piece, and no cause for jealousy. Mr. Cophagus had so far recovered as to be able to go down into the country, vowing, much to the chagrin of his wife, that he never would put his foot in London again. He asked me whether I knew any place where there were *no mad bulls*, and I took some trouble to find out, but I could not; for even if he went to the North Pole, although there were no bulls, yet there were bull bisons and musk bulls, which were even more savage. Upon which he declared that this was not a world to live in, and to prove that he was sincere in his opinion, poor fellow, about three months after his retirement in the country he died from a general decay, arising from the shock produced on his system. But before these three months had passed, it had been finally arranged that Harcourt and I were to be united the same day; and having renewed my acquaintance with the good bishop, whom I had taxed with being my father, he united us both to our respective partners. My father made over to me the sum which he had mentioned. Mr. Masterton gave Susannah ten thousand pounds, and her own fortune amounted to as much more, with the reversion of Mr. Cophagus's property at the decease of his widow. Timothy came up to the wedding, and I formally put him in possession of my shop and stock in trade, and he has now a flourishing business. Although he has not found his mother, he has found a pretty wife, which he says does quite as well, if not better.

Let it not be supposed that I forgot the good services of Kathleen—who was soon after married to Corny. A small farm on Fleta's estate was appropriated to them, at so low a rent, that in a few years they were able to purchase the property, and Corny, from a leveller, as soon as he was comfortable, became one of the government's firmest supporters.

I am now living in the same house with my father, who is very happy, and behaves pretty well. He is seldom in passion more than twice a-week, which we consider as miraculous. Now that I am writing this, he has his two grand children on his knees. Mrs. Cophagus has married a captain in the Life Guards, and as far as fashion and dress are concerned, may be said to be "going the whole hog." And now, as I have no doubt that my readers will be curious to know whether my lovely wife adheres to her primitive style of dress, I shall only repeat a conversation of yesterday night, as she came down arrayed for a splendid ball given by Mrs. Harcourt De Clare.

"Tell me now, De Benyon," said she, "is not this a pretty dress?"

"Yes, my dear," replied I, looking at her charming face and figure with all the admiration usual in the honeymoon, "it is indeed; but do you not think, my dear Susan," said I, putting the tip of my white glove upon her snowy shoulder, "that it is cut down a *little* too low?"

"Too low, De Benyon! why it's not half so low as Mrs. Harcourt De Clare or Lady C—— wear their dresses."

"Well, my dear, I did not assert that it was. I only asked."

"Well, then, if you only asked for information, De Benyon, I will tell you that it is *not* too low, and I think you will acknowledge that on this point my opinion ought to be decisive; for if I have no other merit, I have at least the merit of being the best-dressed woman in London."

"Verily thou persuadest me, Susannah," replied I.

"Now, De Benyon, hold your tongue."

Like a well-disciplined husband, I bowed, and said no more. And now, having no more to say, I shall also make my bow to my readers, and bid them farewell.

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## CHRISTMAS TALE.

### THE WIZARD'S CAVE; OR, THE MARTYR'S CROSS.

*(From an old Welsh Legend.)*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

"Come to the hall of shells! and list
To a tale of the times of old."

The Lady stood in the Wizard's cave,
And her young heart thrilled with fear;
"Ah! woe is me! that I'm doomed to crave
The aid of unholy seer!"
"Now, what would'st thou, daughter?" the Wizard said,
As he came from the inner cell:
"I would know whom my *fate* will have me to wed,
And they told me that *thou* could'st tell."

"And what wilt thou give me to wake the spell,
And thy future fate unfold?"
"This ruby brooch," said Rosabel,
"And this chain of the purest gold,"
Now there hung to that chain a martyr's cross,
With a bleeding heart above;
And to part with that, were a heavy loss,—
'Twas the gift of a mother's love.

So she loosed it from the glittering chain,
And hid it within her vest;
Ah! well would it be, could it there remain,
As a charm against lips unblest.
"That cross I must have," said the hoary wight,
"Ere I give thee the truth to know;"
Then she drew it again from her bosom white,
And her tears began to flow.

"'Twas my mother's gift," (the maiden cried,)
"This cross with the bleeding heart.
With her own dear hand round my neck she tied,
When her soul was about to depart;
And she told me to wear it both day and night,
And pray often to Him that shed
His blessed blood, that can wash us white,
Though our sins be as rubies red."

Then the Wizard scoffed at the Lady's speech,
As he took the cross, and said:
"Thou hast learned of some juggling friar to preach
About the blood that was never shed."
The maid grew pale at his impious words,
And she fain would have fled away;
But her feet seemed bound, like the captive bird's,
That is caught in the *limed* spray.

And the Wizard took his charmed rod,
And the magic circle drew,
Which no holy feet that walked with God
Ever stood within, he knew.
And he called on the spirits of earth and air,
And the shrouded dead to hear;
As his blue lips muttered the soulless prayer,
More strong waxed the Lady's fear;

For there shot from his eyes a fearful light,
That flashed on his silver beard,
Like the lightning's glare on the snowy height
Of some peak out of chaos reared.
Then a form arose of a youthful knight,
And his mail was of polished steel,
And above his helm was a plume of white,
And the gold spur on his heel.

And the Wizard turned to the maid, and said,
"What more would'st thou know of me?"
Then the Lady bowed her beauteous head,—
"I would like the knight's face to see."
Ah! did not young Rosabel's bosom glow
With a joy but ill concealed;
When the vision unclasped the helm, and lo!
Her lover's face revealed;—

The Knight of the Cross, brave Argentine,
The flower of Crusaders; he
Who fought 'gainst the Crescent in Palestine,
Was the lord of her fate to be!
Oh happy fate! but anon, behold
A change came o'er the knight;
And Rosabel's heart grew faint and cold,
As a death's head met her sight.

But the vision fled; and again she smiled,
Since she found 'twas her fate to wed
Her own true love; and with hope beguiled,
From the Wizard's cave she sped.
Now Rosabel was of noble race,
And of Cambrian maids the flower,
And many that looked on her lovely face
Never thought of the maiden's dower.

But to all that bowed at her virgin shrine,
Her heart was as cold as snow,
Save the gallant knight, Sir Argentine,
The son of her father's foe.
Her father he was a baron proud,
Of high Llewellyn's line,
And he'd rather have looked on his daughter's shroud,
Than have wed her to Argentine.

Time wore away, and the Wizard's spell
Still worked its unholy part:—

At length came the news to Rosabel,
That the bands of the "Lion-Heart"
Had sailed from the Holy Land; and soon
Would their glittering pennons gleam
(Perchance ere the light of another moon)
On old Thames's silver stream.

'Twas night; and Rhyddlan's* storied hall
Was rife with the wassailer's song,
And the gentle stars, that to lovers call,
Shot their dewy rays along,
When Rosabel stole to her latticed bower,
To muse upon Argentine,
And marvel how long to the happy hour,
When her fate should with his entwine.

She had wreathed her silken tresses, bright
As the crisped threads of gold,
With jewels, that sparkled like drops of light,
That the cowslip's bells unfold:
And around her lip, and upon her cheek,
Love lurked in roses there,
And play'd 'mong the lilies of brow as meek
As the holy vestals are.

And there she sate, at the moonlight hour,
So lovely, and O! so lone,
That the breeze, as it rocked the infant flower,
Seemed to waken for her its moan;—
With her fair cheek resting on her hand,
And her blue eye on the wave,
And her thoughts atween the Holy Land
And the fearful Wizard's cave.

"Christ save thee, fair Lady Rosabel!"
Said a voice at the maiden's side,—
A voice that the maiden knew full well,
"Sir Argentine!" she cried.
And her color fled, and her sweet eyes fell,
And the bright tears gushing through,
Did more than words the rapture tell
Of a heart so young and true.

"O! welcome again! from the bloody war,
Thou lookest but pale I wist,
And thy brow is marked with a fearful scar,"
(She fain would that brow have kist.)
"I have prayed to the holy saints for thee,
At matin and vesper tide;
And our Lady of blessed memory.
And when didst thou come?" she cried.

"I come," said the knight, "to make thee mine
By the holy book and ring;
Thy sire and his guests are drowned in wine,
And time fleets with rapid wing,
Let us haste to St. Elian's† cell, and he
Will perform the sacred rite,
And give me a sweeter claim to thee
Than thy haughty father's right."

Fair Rosabel blushed, fair Rosabel sighed;
For what could the maiden say,
When she wished in her heart to become his bride?
So she fled with her lover away.
And soon they reached St. Elian's cell,
And bowed at the holy shrine;
And the lovely Lady Rosabel
Was wed to Sir Argentine.

When the saintly man, who joined their hands,
Had blessed the kneeling pair,
"What means," he cried, "that form that stands
By the side of yon Lady fair?"
The young bride raised her head in fear,
And the Wizard met her view;
"Thou didst not expect to meet me here,"
Said the scoffer, as pale she grew.

"Yon bridegroom," he cried, in a jeering tone,
"He is not what he seems;
The bones of thy lover are blanched and strewn
On the plain where the Crescent gleams.
Hadst thou trusted in God, nor sought to move
The veil of thy fate aside,
He had lived to reward thy virgin love,
Nor thou been a dead man's bride!

"But the hour that thou gavest the Cross away
Thou wert sealed a slave of mine——"
"Kneel, kneel, my child!" said the saint, "and pray
At the blessed Redeemer's shrine."
Then Rosabel seized the Cross, and cried,
"Thou Lamb of the living Lord!
By the healing blood of thy sacred side,
And the light of thy quickening word,

"Have mercy on me, a child of sin!"
While she spoke, there burst a light
From the holy Cross, that the cell within
As a festive hall shone bright;
And the Wizard vanished from out the cell,
And the spectre bridegroom too;
Then the father said to Rosabel,
"Thou hast seen what the Cross can do."

"Go then in peace, but seek not thou
The dwellings of earthly pride;
Though thy sin be forgiven, thou mayest not now
Be of living man the bride."
Then Rosabel did as the father said,
For her heart it was sorely riven,
And when that her "year of grace" had sped,
She became the Bride of Heaven.

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* The beautiful and plaintive air, called "Morfa Rhyddlan," had its origin in a dreadful battle fought near this castle in the year 795, between the Welsh and the Saxons, in which the Saxon prince Offa was victorious, and savagely massacred all the men and children that fell in his hands, the women alone escaping his fury.

† "St. Elian was a Welsh saint; he is commonly called the British Hilary. He was supposed to be gifted with the power of predicting future events; and the good people of ancient Cambria still have the strongest reliance on the efficacy of the saint's 'Cursing Well,' where, in olden days, magnificent offerings were made to the saint by those who wished evil to any particular person:—of course, the richer the gift the heavier the saint's curse fell on the enemy of the devotee! People out of health, to this day, send an offering to the saint. A silver groat it said to be a present peculiarly acceptable, and has been known to procure his intercession (either to bless or curse) when all other kind of coins have failed. A curious closet of wood, of an hexagonal form, called 'St. Elian's closet,' is yet left in the east wall of Llanelian church. The misguided devotees assemble here at the wakes, and having deposited their offerings, proceed to learn their future fate by entering the narrow doorway of the saint's closet; and, if they can but succeed in turning themselves round within the confined limits of the place, they go away delighted, believing they shall be fortunate until, at least, the next wake; but if they do not succeed, they esteem it an omen of ill fortune, or of their death within the year."

## DIARY OF A BLASÉ.*

### CHAPTER XIX.

Spa, June 30th.

YESTERDAY I fell in with two old friends, who, from a mere "truant disposition," joined perhaps with a little good will towards me, came over to Spa. As soon as their arrival had been announced, I went to them, and at their request joined their dinner. After our first greetings, H——, who not only appears, but really is, a man of fashion, in the best sense of the term, wanted his snuff-box. It was in his bed-room, and his bed-room was locked by the servant, who had taken the key and gone out. The consequence was, that H—— had to wait some time, and until the man came back. I have always had a great aversion to a valet; and, although I do not now, as I used to do when a midshipman, brush my own clothes and black my own shoes, yet I like independence in every thing, and infinitely prefer doing any thing myself to being waited upon; for, generally speaking, it is the master who *waits*, and not the man.

"I wonder you bother yourself with such a travelling appendage, H——," observed I, giving him a pinch of snuff to quiet his impatience. "I have never lately travelled with one."

"My dear fellow—the comfort of it—you have no idea. It would be impossible to get on without one."

"Quite impossible," observed W——, my other acquaintance.

"I have been brought up in a school in which the word impossible has been erased from the language."

"Well, but the *comfort* of it. When you arrive, dirty and dusty, your portmanteau opened, all your articles of dress laid out."

"I can do all that myself sooner than he can; and, as I must wait till it be done, I may as well do it myself."

"Yes, so you may, but then the security; every thing locked up, which, in a strange hotel, is so necessary."

"I lock my own room, and know where to find the key when I come in."

"Very likely; but still it is impossible to travel comfortably without a valet."

"Quite impossible," rejoined W——.

"Be it so," replied I; "we differ in opinion. All I can say is, that I think the advantages more than overbalanced by the dependence."

The conversation dropped, and we sat down to dinner; the time passed away, as it always does, when old friends, who respect and like each other, meet, after an absence of some months. After dinner, notwithstanding Mrs. Trollope, we smoked cigars; and as the evening advanced, there were none left on the table. H—— rang the bell for his servant to procure others; the servant had gone out and was no where to be found, and for *security*, had locked the bed-room door and taken the key with him. So we drank our claret, and waited for his return. "Thinks I to myself"—but I said nothing. At last, we waited till past twelve o'clock; but the gentleman's gentleman was no where to be found. H—— was angry with the man, W—— had thrown himself on the sofa. He wished to go to bed after a long day's travel; but his key was also, for security, in the valet's pocket, who had been searched for every where without success. H—— begged me not to remain out of politeness; but I did remain, not out of politeness, but out of "*malice*," as the French term it. "I had too much pleasure in their company to think of leaving them;" and we continued to sip brandy and water. At last, three o'clock came, H—— was out of all patience, W—— snoring on the sofa, and I, quite delighted. The sun should have poured his beams upon us before I would have gone away. The bell was rung, but in vain, for the waiters would wait no longer. It was proposed to send for a menuisier; but how was one to be found at three o'clock in the morning? At last the valet, drunk and reeling, in his morning-jacket, entered the room. "The keys! the keys!" demanded H——, in wrath.

"The key!" roared W——, who had woke up.

"I have them," replied the valet, with a most knowing leer, facetiously smiling. "I have them—all safe—all right, gentlemen. Here they are," continued the man, pulling them out, and presenting them as if he had done a very clever thing. "Here they are you see."

The man was too tipsy to be expostulated with, and the gentlemen took their keys in silence. "And now," said I, "gentlemen, I wish you a very good night. You have fully established the extreme *comfort* of having a valet, and the impossibility of doing without one." It was a glorious victory, although to get *out* of the house I had to open a window and leap from it, and to get *into* my own house at that hour was even more difficult.

### CHAPTER XX.

I HAVE been reading Jesse's "Gleanings." Is he quite correct? I have my doubts. In one point I certainly do not agree with him, in his favorite opinion of cats. I do, however, know an instance of misplaced affection in a cat, which, although it does not add to the moral character of the race, is extremely curious for more reasons than one, and as it happened in my own family, I can vouch for its authenticity. A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, her mistress was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and she asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring part of them up by hand before the kitchen fire. In reply, the cook observed that the cat had that day

* Continued from vol. xiv.

kittened, and that, perhaps, the puppies might be substituted for her progeny. The experiment was made, two of the kittens were removed, and two puppies substituted. The cat made no objections, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now, the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat were, in a fortnight, as active, forward, and playful, as kittens would have been: they had the use of their legs, barked, and gambolled about; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave them her tail to play with, and they were always in motion; they very soon ate meat, and long before the others, they were fit to be removed. This was done, and the cat became inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of tribulation fell in with the little spaniel, who was nursing the other three puppies. "O ho!" says Puss, putting up her back, "it is you who have stolen my children." "No," replied the Spaniel, with a snarl, "they are my own flesh and blood." "That won't do," said the cat, "I'll take my oath before any justice of peace that you have my two puppies." Thereupon issue was joined, that is to say, there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and the cat walking proudly off with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now it is very singular that she should have only taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of. Does this not prove to a certain extent the power of comprehending numbers in animals? and does not the precocity of the two puppies brought up by the cat, infer there is some grounds for the supposition that, with the milk is imbued much of the nature and disposition of the mother? A few experiments made on these points would be interesting, and we should have a new science, that of *lacteology*, to add to craniology, in our nurture and rearing of the species.

This reminds me of a singular fact, little known. The Burmahs, who are disciples of Gaudma, equally with the inhabitants of Pegu and Syriam, whose country they have conquered, worship the White Elephant, who is considered as a god. There have been but three white elephants since the foundation of the Burmah dynasty by Alompraa. The first one is dead, and I have one of his teeth carved with figures, which was consecrated to the great Dagon Pagoda. The second now *reigns* —he is attended by hundreds, wears a howdah, or cloth, studded with precious stones, and said to be worth a million of money. He also wears his bangles or armlets on each leg, and fares sumptuously every day. White elephants are very scarce; the color is occasioned by a disease in the animal, a species of leprosy. Any elephant hunter who is fortunate enough to capture a white elephant in these countries, is immediately created a noble, and advanced to high honor and wealth. The third white elephant, of which I am about to speak particularly, and who may be considered as the heir apparent, was taken a few months previous to our declaring war against the Burmahs. He was very young; his mother had been killed, and he yet required partial nourishment. He was brought to Rangoon, established in one of the best houses in the place, and an edict was sent forth from the capital, ordering that twenty-four of the most healthy young married women should be dedicated to his wants, and if they fell off in powers of nourishment, to be replaced by others. This was considered an honor—for were they not nursing a *god?* Major Canning, the political agent, who went to see this curious spectacle, described it to me as follows. "The animal was not above three feet and a few inches high, its color was a dirty gray, rather than white; it was very healthy, playful, and in good spirits. When I went into the room, which was very spacious, and built of teak-wood, the twenty-four nurses were sitting, or lying, on mats about the room, some playing at draughts and other games, others working. The elephant walking about, looking at them, and what they were doing, as if he understood all about it. After a short time, the little deity felt hungry, and, with his trunk, he pushed some of the women, but to annoy him they would not yield to his solicitations. When he became angry, and was too rough for them, they submitted, and he put his trunk round their waists in the most affectionate manner, while he was supplying himself." I did not see the animal myself, as immediately that they heard of our arrival at the mouth of the river, they despatched him under a strong guard to a place of security. But I should like to ascertain hereafter, whether his nurture made him a more reasonable being than are elephants in general.

How one's thoughts fly away over time and space! What a rush of incidents crowd into my memory, merely from having mentioned this circumstance of the white elephant. I did once intend to have written a narrative of what passed during our sojourn in that country, for I saw more of the inhabitants than most people; but others have forestalled me, and it is now too late. Nevertheless, it will perhaps amuse the reader, if, without entering into the military details, I mention a few of the operations and scenes which then occurred. Blasé as I am, I prefer reminiscences to observations. I like to feed upon the store of memory, because I am too inactive to care to add to its garner. It shall be so, then, and we will discourse a little about the Burmahs.

An Armenian merchant who resided there told me a story one day which was curious. The King of Pegu was possessed of the most splendid ruby in the world, both as to size and color. This was well known; it was the boast of the nation. When the Burmahs subdued the kingdom of Pegu, the old king with all his family were taken prisoners, vast treasure was also captured, but the great ru-

by was not to be found, notwithstanding the torture and beheading of thousands. With the usual barbarity of these countries, the old king, a miserable paralytic little man, was stripped naked and confined within an iron cage, which I saw when I was at Rangoon. In this confinement he lived for ten or twelve years, every festival day being brought out and exposed to the derision of the populace. At last he died, and his body was thrown out to be devoured by the dogs and birds of prey. One of the soldiers who assisted to drag the body out of the cage, turned it over with his foot, and perceived that his right hand grasped a lump of *damma*, (a sort of pitch,) which curiosity induced the Burmah to force out with the point of his spear. This had been observed before, but the Burmahs, who are very superstitious and carry about them all sorts of charms, imagined it to be a charm for his paralysis or palsy with which he was afflicted, and therefore had allowed it to remain. But when the Burmah took it up, the weight of it convinced him that it was not all damma: he examined it, and found that it was the great ruby of the Pegu kingdom which had been lost, and which the old man had for so many years, in a state of nudity and incarceration, held in his left hand. I asked one of the Burmah chiefs whether this ruby, now in the possession of the King of Ava, was so fine as represented: his answer was in truly eastern hyperbole—"Dip it in the Irrawaddy," said he, (that is an enormous river seven hundred miles long and in many parts several miles broad,) "and the whole water will turn to blood."

I have said that the Burmahs are very superstitious; thay have a great variety of charms which they wear about their persons, but there is one custom of theirs which is very singular. They polish rubies; that is, without cutting them in *facettes*, but merely the stone, whatever its primitive shape, is rubbed down on every side until it is perfectly smooth. They then make an incision in the flesh, generally the arm or leg, put in the ruby and allow the skin to heal over it, so that the stone remains there. Soldiers and sailors in search of plunder will find out any thing, and this practice of the Burmahs was soon discovered, and after the assault and carrying of a stockade, you will see the men passing their hands over the dead bodies, and immediately that they felt a rising in the limb, out with their knives and cut in for the rubies. Indeed, the plunder was more considerable than might be imagined, for every Burmah carried all his wealth about his person.

Another singular custom arising from the same cause prevails among this people. The king has a corps denominated *Invulnerables*, whose ranks are filled up in this manner:—when a criminal is condemned to death for certain offences, such as robbery, he is permitted to challenge as an invulnerable. This is proved by his standing at a certain distance from several men who fire at him with ball. Should he not be wounded or killed, he is pronounced an invulnerable and enrolled in the corps. In every stockade we attacked, there were always one or two of these men, and they really appeared to believe in their own powers. They generally stood above the timbers of the stockade, dancing and capering as the boats advanced, and continued their extravagances amidst a shower of bullets, exposing their persons in a most undaunted manner. There was one fellow who, dressed in a short red jacket, and nothing else except the cloth round his loins, who was well known to our men; they called him *Happy Jack*, from the capers which he used to cut, and somehow or another, it was his good fortune never to be hit, at least, not that we know of, for taking stockade after stockade, at every fresh attack there was Happy Jack to be seen capering and shouting as usual, and never ceasing to expose himself until the troops had landed and were about to scale the fortress. It was quite amusing to hear the men shout out with laughter, "By heavens, there's Happy Jack again." I hope he is alive at this moment; at all events, he deserves to be.

(*To be continued.*)

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## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES CONNECTED WITH LAYCOCK ABBEY.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I PASS over Corsham House, the seat of the Methuen family, about four miles from Laycock Abbey, as being more fully described in "Britton's Beauties of Wiltshire." Also Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, which, though a noble mansion, is uninteresting to the antiquarian, the Lansdowne family being of very modern rise. Sir William Petty, who made the "Down Survey" in Ireland, was its founder. On that occasion, he very wisely got a grant to him and his heirs, of Dunkerron Castle,† the ancient seat of the princely family of O'Sullivan.‡ Thus, owing to the injustice of English rulers, the ancient Irish have been stripped of their ancestral rights; and their noble dwellings and ample heritages given to the stranger.

Half way up to Bowden Hill, and between Bowood and Laycock Abbey, stands Spye Park, the seat of the Bayntons, a family of great antiquity, and who formerly made a

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* Continued from vol. xiv.

† Dunkerron Castle, in the county of Kerry: the O'Sullivans were styled Princess of Dunkerron. Also the fine Castles of Ardea, Beare, Dromi-nagh, and Dunloh, (the latter most beautifully situated on the River Laune, and commanding an extensive view of the lower Lake of Killarney,) belonged to this once powerful race of unfortunate Erin.

‡ Sir ——— Sullivan, of Thames Ditton, in the county of Surrey, is the only representative of that noble family; and has, most undoubtedly, a *prior* claim to Lord Lansdowne's, to Dunkerron Castle.

considerable figure in the county. Nothing can be more delightful than the situation of this old mansion, standing in a fine park, richly wooded, and commanding a most extensive view into (as it is said) ten counties.

In 1652, at the defeat of Sir William Waller by the Lord Wilmot, Bromham House, the ancient seat of the Baynton family, situated near to the field of battle, was burnt down; upon which, they removed to Spye Park, and having greatly enlarged and beautified it, made it their chief residence. But that they afterwards rebuilt Bromham House (or Bremhill) is certain, from a letter I have by me, written fourteen years after the fire, by Sir Edward Baynton, to one of my family. As the letter is a fair specimen of the friendly and homely manner of invitations in those times, I will transcribe it, mauger the chance of offending modern delicacy.

*For my most honored kinsman, Thomas Gore, Esq. At his house of Alderton, Wilts. These.*

"Sir!

"On Tuesday next, I intend (God willing) to make my sonne, which it hath pleased the Lord lately to bless our family with, a Christian. And it is my wife's desire as well as mine, to have your good company *then* here at dinner, to join with Mr. William Glanville, of Broad Hinton, and Mrs. Thynne, my wife's kinswoman, who are intended for the other *gossips*, in giving it a name. If your wife, brother, (to whom I desire to have my respects presented,) and other our relations and good friends can conveniently come along with you, I shall be very glad to see them also. That it may be your turne before this time twelve months, (though I shall not presume to obtrude myself,) to receive the like courtisie, are the hearty wishes of, sir,

"Your kinsman to serve you,

"Edward Baynton.

"*Bremhill House,*

"*Oct^ber the 6th*, 1666."

There is now in the Royal Museum, a curious old pedigree, showing that the Bayntons in the reign of Henry the Second, were knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Sir Henry Baynton held the office of knight-marshal to the king, a place of great authority at that time; and his son, who was slain at Bretagne in the year 1201, was a noble knight of Jerusalem. Sidney, in his treatise on Government, mentions this family as being of "great antiquity; and that in name and ancient possessions, it equals most, and is far superior to many of the nobility." The house at Spye Park always struck me with gloom; but, perhaps, the legends told of it, and the *too real* events that had happened in it, might throw their shade over its walls.

As all antique mansions in the country must be associated with a due portion of the superstitious, and the wonderful, Spye Park was not without its share. There was a story told, (and duly credited by the peasantry,) of a knight, clad in armor, haunting one of the chambers, supposed to be the spirit of the gallant Sir Henry Baynton, who was beheaded at Berwick, in the time of Henry the Fourth. for taking part with the rebel Earl of Northumberland. More modern spectres also were said to trouble the indwellers of Spye Park, for I remember Lady Shrewsbury saying that old Sir Edward, the father of the late Sir Andrew Baynton, was continually seen at nightfall in the park and grounds; and that the latter had often, (when in company with his *mistress*,) been startled by the apparition of his father. Sir Andrew, in early life, was remarkable for the possession of every engaging and moral quality; but the misconduct of his first wife, to whom he was fondly attached, altered, it was said, his very nature, and plunged him, in order to banish thought, into the most reckless libertinism. Lady Maria Baynton was the object of his earliest, and therefore of his sweetest vows: and when he married her, hope promised him a golden age of wedded happiness. But, unfortunately, the veil which hid Lady Maria's real character was soon drawn aside. A gentleman of great personal attractions (and related to Lady Maria) arrived from abroad on a visit at the house. The wretched wife and mother forgot her twofold duty; and after many stolen meetings amongst the shades of Spye Park, whose beauty and peacefulness might have awakened purer and holier feelings, she fled with her seducer. Sir Andrew was at first inconsolable; and despite her shameless desertion of him, long-lamented the mother of his child. Alas! that sinful mother and guilty wife, was speedily visited by an awful retribution! Her infamous seducer, (for whom she had outraged the laws of her God, and the delicacy of woman,) soon grew weary of the poor victim he had immolated at the shrine of a lawless passion, treating her with the utmost cruelty and brutality. Death at last put an end to her dreadful sufferings; and the young, the elegant, and the accomplished Lady Maria, brought up in the lap of luxury, and nurtured upon the bosom of indulgence, died in a lone house, without a single friend or attendant to administer to her latest wants, or a charitable hand to close her dying eyes.* Oh that the young and thoughtless female would take warning from her fate, and learn to keep in subjection those passions of our frail humanity that rise up, like the angry winds of the tempest, to make shipwreck of God's glorious creation! Man may redeem his follies; but one false step in woman, and farewell hope! A pretty affecting tale, under the title of "Maria; or the Obsequies of an Unfaithful Wife," written (I forget by whom) upon the melancholy facts I have just recorded, was one of the first productions of the novel tribe I ever

* The heartless destroyer of her life and fame finished the dismal tragedy, shutting up her corpse in the house alone, till the rats actually had eaten part of the body. And yet this man was afterwards admitted in the best society, and admired by all the women!

perused, and made a great impression upon me at the time, for I had then to learn of what stuff this world was made.

In looking back to our native place, after an absence of some twenty years, what changes do we not discover! How many whom we left in the warm bloom of life are now tenants of the cold grave; while others who were but in the dawning spring of young existence, launching their fairy vessels on the sunny tide of hope, have since suffered shipwreck on the wild ocean of passion, or gone down into the deep waters of adversity, without bringing up that "pearl of the soul," which affliction was intended to bring to light.

To return to my early haunts. There is no place, though mentioned last, that stands first in my regard like Notton House, the mansion of the late Colonel Andry, midway between Lackham and Laycock Abbey. It has a double claim upon my rememberance. As the scripture, our best guide, says, "thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not." Colonel Andry had been the unchanging friend of my family for three generations; and like the hardy evergreen, his heart, in the winter of life, showed all the freshness of spring to the grandchildren of him, who had shared in all his boyish sports, and enjoyed his affection in ripened manhood. To Notton House, therefore, I was always permitted to go, when too young, according to etiquette, to be introduced into company. The good old colonel especially loved to make his house a scene of enjoyment to young folks. He was a genuine country gentleman of the old school; courteous to strangers, a dear lover of hospitality, and never so much delighted, as when he saw happy human faces gathered round his social board. His mansion, though not so large as those of some of the neighboring gentry, could always furnish beds for friends and casual visitors, in the hunting and shooting season: for the colonel, though at the age of seventy, was still passionately fond of field sports. I have never witnessed more genuine comfort and hilarity, than at his fire-side. Go when you would, you were always sure to meet a cordial greeting, and a room full of company, and the gay old man the youngest of the party. He had, besides his amiable wife, an able coadjutor in his endeavors to spread sunshine round the domestic hearth. Mrs. Pasmore was a widow lady, in her eighty-second year; but as buoyant in spirit as himself. She was an exceedingly droll and witty woman, with a fine even temper, that showed itself in her smooth unwrinkled brow, which was never decorated with those artificial ringlets, now so indispensable at the toilette of age. She did not live at Notton House, but in a pretty cottage, which the colonel had built for her in his own grounds. There I often visited her, and passed many an hour in listening to anecdotes of her youthful days; and for many old legends, and scraps of poetry, with which my memory is stored, am I indebted to that early friend. I often look back to the little snug parlor, with its old fashioned adornments, and low window-seat, where I used mostly to station myself, and from whence my eye could range over her little garden, filled most luxuriantly with all sorts of flowers, from the simple daisy, to the dainty lily of the valley, and muskey carnation; while round the lattice hung, wildly beautiful, the flexile jasmine, with its sweet and star-like flowers. I remember her once telling me, as she unfolded a thread-paper, that to such a simple source she was indebted for the small income that rendered her old age independent. "I was one day," said she, "idly looking over an old thread case, like this, made out of a newspaper, and which had been lying for years at the bottom of a box, when my own name caught my eye, and naturally enough rivetted my attention to a paragraph, intended indeed for myself, and directing me to apply to a solicitor in London, where, in the usual phraseology, I should hear of something to my advantage. But then arose the question, when was this paragraph inserted? The torn paper contained no clue to the time of its publication. However, the name and address of the solicitor were still left; and though not very sanguine as to the result, I sate down, and despatched a few lines of inquiry. The third day's post brought me an answer. It was from the solicitor himself, and confirmed the good tidings of my thread-paper. In this way was I put in possession of the little property which, with the blessing of God, I now enjoy."

Colonel Andry had been thrice married, and Mrs. Pasmore had been the friend of all his three wives: and it is somewhat singular, that when his first wife, who was in a consumption, was taking leave of her friends, before her departure for Madeira, his two succeeding wives came to bid her farewell—the the second wife, then a girl, and the third with her first husband, to whom she was just married. "Had any one," said the colonel, "then told me that I should be the husband of all three, assembled at that time in my drawing-room, I should have treated the idea as the most improbable of all improbabilities; for I doated on my first wife, and had scarcely even noticed the others." How interesting, yet startling, it would be to us all, if we could lift the veil of futurity! But this is indeed wisely denied. A knowledge of the distant would only unfit our minds for the present, and so rob us both of our resignation to, and our trust in, the great and benignant Architect of our fate. Amongst the almost daily visitors at Notton House, was Miss Kitty B——, an ancient lady, whom in those my juvenile days, I really dreaded to meet: for she made such (beyond all measure) terrible faces, that it was a heavy tax upon good manners, to look at her without laughing. Miss Wright, the niece of Lord Chedworth, told me an amusing circumstance respecting Miss B——, which occurred when they were school-girls together. Happening to be placed one Sunday in a pew close to the pulpit, Miss B——, who was sitting directly opposite to the clerk, made, as was her wont, such wry faces, that the worthy giver out of

psalms, (who was a comely looking personage in his way, though somewhat in the wane of life,) not being aware of her infirmity, mistook them for so many signals intended for himself. Feeling, however, the impropriety of her attacks upon his heart at such a time and place, he said at last, loud enough to be overheard by the other girls, "Don't'e miss, don't'e; this bean't a proper place. By-and-by, miss!" After the service was over, as the young ladies were leaving the church-yard, a hand gently pulled the sleeve of Miss B——'s gown: she turned, and beheld the rosy-cheeked clerk. "Now, miss, do tell I what you did mean by all them there noddies and winkies at I?" The young lady looked all astonishment: and the celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe, who was then at the same school, informed the disappointed swain that Miss B—— had an unfortunate habit of making faces. Apropos of Mrs. Radcliffe! Miss Wright mentioned, that so far from any early drwning of that superior intellect, which afterwards delighted the world, she was, when at school, considered to be more than ordinarily dull. So much so indeed, that girls many years her junior, had very greatly the advantage of her in learning. But I have observed, that precocity of mind has rarely distinguished those, who, in after life, became remarkable for talents of the highest grade.

It was at Notton House I was introduced to the poet Bowles; yet, though so many years have since rolled silently away, I still retain a most vivid recollection of his mild and pleasing physiognomy. Young even as I was, he was in my eyes an object of great interest. A poet then to me was a sort of *rara avis*, so much above other men, that even the common attentions he rendered to me at the dinner-table, (where I happened to be placed next to him,) had, in my estimation, a distinct and peculiar value of their own. The excellence of his heart, and the trials of affliction which had overshadowed his early life, no doubt produced that blandness of manner, and that engaging gentleness in discourse, not always the attendants upon genius. He had been engaged to a lovely young creature, the sister of Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill. In one of his most touching sonnets he commemorates her death, and beautifully paints the enduringness of his regret for the object of his early devotion. He afterwards married her sister, a lady more remarkable for her estimable qualities than for her personal attractions; but she appeared to be devotedly attached to him, and solicitous about the minutest point that regarded him. I remember that Bowles and my brother had a long discussion at the tea-table about the reviewers, the latter warmly contending that they could be bribed, and the former as strongly, but more philosophically, maintaining the contrary opinion. Professor Wilson, in his "Hour's Talk about Poetry," is most happy in his portraiture of this amiable poet. "Breathes not the man with a more poetical temperament than Bowles. No wonder that his eyes 'love all they look upon;' for they possess the sacred gift of beautifying creation by shedding over it the charm of melancholy. 'Pleasant but mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past,' is the text we should choose, were we about to preach on his genius. No vain repinings, no idle regrets does his spirit breathe over the still receding past. But time—sanctified are all the scenes that arise before his pensive imagination,—and the common light of day once gone, in his poetry seems to shine, as if it had all been dying sunset, or moonlight, or the new-born dawn. His human sensibilities are so fine, as to be in themselves poetical, and his poetical aspirations so delicate, as to be felt always human. Hence his sonnets have been dear to poets,—having in them 'more than meets the ear;' spiritual breathings that hang around the words, like light around fair flowers; and hence, too, have they been beloved by all natural hearts, who having not the 'faculty divine,' have yet 'the vision,' that is, the power of seeing and of hearing the sights and the sounds which genius alone can awaken, bringing them from afar, out of the dust and dimness of evanishment."

It was with real pleasure that I lately saw, in the "Metropolitan," the announcement of a new work by Bowles; for I begun to join in the lament of his friend, the Rector of Winterbourne—

> "Sweet bard, from whose fertility of thought,
> And noble daring, kindred souls have sought,
> And found their way to fame,—
> I hear no modulations from thy lyre,
> As I approach thy dwelling, and admire
> The spot, made sacred by thy name."

Alas! of all that I once met at Notton House I can now number but few beside Bowles that have not been long since called away from the things of earth and time. Poor Matilda Methuen! I can picture her to my mind's eye as plainly as if I had seen her but yesterday. She was one of the loveliest girls I ever beheld. With a sweet, dark, long-cut eye, like the stag's, the most delicately moulded features, and a skin whose pure alabaster was enlivened with the richest tint of the rose; her modest and unaffected deportment and sweet temper added not a little to the witchery of her personal graces. She was married when very young, to Captain de Grey.*

Within a few miles of Notton was P—— House, the seat of Mr. C——, between whom and my family there once subsisted a considerable degree of intimacy. He was a man of amiable temper and most liberal disposition, and with more good sense than usually falls to the possession of a large estate. But one false step in the outset of life led to years of domestic trouble, and ultimately to the ruin of his fine property. He was but just of age when he became enamored of a young girl in humble life, and whom (like Thom-

* Afterwards Lord Walsingham. Her melancholy fate, and that of her husband, will be still fresh in the recollection of the reader.

son's Palemon) he actually first saw gleaning in his own fields. But unfortunately she was not a Lavinia. She became his mistress, though he really loved her well enough to have made her is wife; but very naturally his mother objected, and sorrow preying upon a nervous temperament, he went completely deranged. Upon his recovery from this melancholy state, his mother, grown wise by experience, not merely consented, but expressed a strong desire to see him united to the humble object of his choice. They were married; and her subsequent conduct was so highly meritorious as to reconcile all his family to the match. Mr. C——'s steward had treated her and her children with great harshness during the temporary aberration of his master: and it was naturally expected that she would, when she was become a wife, resent the treatment she had experienced by getting him discharged, as her influence over her husband was unlimited. But in this respect her conduct was worthy of imitation. She always acted towards the steward with the greatest kindness; and when a friend expressed surprise at her forbearance to one who had behaved so very ill to her, she replied, "I deserved it, and respect him all the more for it." Mr. and Mrs. C—— had a numerous family of sons, but only one born after their union. Of that one the others were envious; and sad dissentions grew up amongst the brothers, to the great grief of their parents, who thus saw, in the misconduct of their children, the fatal consequences of their own early error, and a practical proof of the truth of that golden maxim—"Conduct is fate."

Their son, the young 'squire, was at the same school with my two elder brothers, who often suffered for the scrapes into which he seduced them. He was indeed the "Tony Lumpkin" of hopeful heirs, and, when grown to manhood, loved nothing so well as playing the great man at the little ale-hose of the neighborhood. An anecdote which the son of the village pastor told us of him may amuse the reader. Mr. Turner, being overtaken one day by a violent storm, took shelter at young C——'s favorite place of resort. The 'squire was seated by a roasting fire, with his pipe *a-la-mode*, and legs stretching all across the hearth in right easy fashion. Opposite to him, but at a most respectful distance, stood a little shivering chimney-sweep, who eyed the fire with a wistful look, for it was a cold winter's morning. The 'squire who had continued puffing without intermission, at length suffered his eyes to follow the vapor, as it rolled towards the sweep. "Well, devil!" said he, addressing the poor boy, "how did you leave all in h—ll?" "Pretty much as they be here, zur! the great uns ha' got the hottest place." The 'squire said nothing in reply, but began smoking again with renewed vigor: while Mr. Turner sate silent enjoying the evident discomfiture of the great man at the wit of his inferior only in fortune.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE CRUSADER'S SONG.

### TO THE HEBREW MAIDEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Hebrew maiden, veil thy beauty,
Lest my heart a rebel prove,
Breaking bands of holy duty,
For the silken chains of love.
Look not on me sweet deceiver,
Though thy young eyes beam with light,
They might tempt a true believer
To the darkest shades of night.

Hebrew maiden, while I linger,
Hanging o'er thy melting lute,
Every chord beneath thy finger
Wakes a pulse that should be mute.
We must part, and part for ever;
Eyes that could my life renew!
Lips that mine could cling to ever!
Hebrew maiden, now adieu!

### THE HEBREW MAIDEN'S ANSWER.

Christian soldier, must we sever?
Does thy creed our fates divide?
Must we part, and part for ever?
Shall another be thy bride?
Spirits of my fathers sleeping!
Ye, who once in Zion trod,
Heaven's mysterious councils keeping,
Tell me of the Christian's God!

Is the Cross of Christ the token
Of a saving faith to man?
Can my early vows be broken?
Spirits, answer me! They can.
Mercy—mercy shone about him—
All the blessed with him trod;
No, we can't be saved without him!
Christian, I believe thy God!

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## SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER I.

Introduction of divers parties, and a red herring.

It was in the winter of 1699, that a one-masted vessel, with black sides, was running along the coast near Beachy Head, at the rate of about five miles per hour. The wind was from the northward and blew keenly, the vessel was under easy sail, and the water was smooth. It was now broad daylight, and the sun rose clear of clouds and vapor; but he threw out light without heat. The upper parts of the spars, the hammock rails, and the small iron guns which were mounted on the vessel's decks, were covered with a white frost. The man at the helm stood muffled up in a thick pea jacket and mittens, which made his hands appear as large as his feet, His nose was a pug of an intense bluish red.

one tint arising from the present cold, and the other from the preventive checks which he had been so long accustomed to take to drive out such an unpleasant intruder. His grizzled hair waved its locks gently to the wind, and his face was distorted with an immoderate quid of tobacco which protruded his right cheek. This personage was second officer and steersman on board the vessel, and his name was Obadiah Coble. He had been baptized Obadiah about sixty years before, that is to say, if he had been baptized at all. He stood so motionless at the helm, that you might have imagined him to have been frozen there as he stood, were it not that his eyes occasionally wandered from the compass on the binnacle to the bows of the vessel, and that the breath from his mouth, when it was thrown out into the clear frosty air, formed a smoke like to that from the spout of a half-boiling tea-kettle.

The crew belonged to the cutter, for she was a vessel in the service of his Majesty, King William the Third, at this time employed in protecting his Majesty's revenue against the importation of alamodes and lutestrings, were all down below at their breakfasts, with the exception of the steersman and lieutenant-commandant, who now walked the quarter-deck, if so small an extent of plank could be dignified with such a name. He was a Mr. Cornelius Vanslyperken, a tall, meagre-looking personage, with very narrow shoulders and very small head—perfectly straight up and down, protruding in no part, he reminded you of some tall parish pump, with a great knob at its top. His face was gaunt, cheeks hollow, nose and chin showing an affection for each other, and evidently lamenting the gulf between them which prevented their meeting, both appeared to have fretted themselves to the utmost degree of tenuity from disappointment in love: as for the nose, it had a pearly round tear hanging at its tip, as if it wept. The dress of Mr. Vanslyperken was hidden in a great coat, which was very long, and buttoned straight down. This great coat had two pockets on each side, into which its owner's hands were deeply inserted, and so close did his arms lay to his sides, that they appeared nothing more than as would battens nailed to a top-sail yard. The only deviation from the perpendicular was from the insertion of a speaking trumpet under his left arm at right angles with his body. It had evidently seen much service, was battered, and the black Japan worn off in most parts of it. As we said before, Mr. Vanslyperken walked his quarter-deck. He was in brown study, yet looked blue. Six strides brought him to the taffrail of the vessel, six more to the bows, such was the length of his tether—and he turned, and turned again.

But there was another personage on the deck, a personage of no small importance, as he was all in all to Mr. Vanslyperken, and Mr. Vanslyperken was all in all to him: moreover, we may say, that he is the hero of the TAIL. This was one of the ugliest and most ill-conditioned curs which had ever been produced from promiscuous intercourse—ugly in color, for he was of a dirty yellow, like the paint served out to decorate our men-of-war by his Majesty's dock-yards. Ugly in face, for he had one wall eye, and was so far underjawed as to prove that a bull-dog had had something to do with his creation—ugly in shape; for although larger than a pointer, and strongly built, he was coarse and shambling in his make, with his forelegs bowed out. His ears and tail had never been docked, which was a pity, as the more you curtailed his proportions, the better looking the cur would have been. But his ears, although not cut, were torn to ribands by the various encounters with dogs on shore, arising from the acidity of his temper. His tail had lost its hair from an inveterate mange, and reminded you of the same appendage in a rat. Many parts of his body were bared from the same disease. He carried his head and tail low, and had a villanous sour look. To the eye of the casual observer, there was not one redeeming quality that would warrant his keep; to those who knew him well, there were a thousand reasons why he should be hanged. He followed his master with the greatest precision and exactitude, walking aft as he walked aft, and walking forward with the same regular motion, turning when his master turned, and moreover, turning in the same direction; and, like his master, he appeared to be not a little nipped with the cold, and, as well as he, in a state of profound meditation. The name of this uncouth animal was very appropriate to his appearance, and to his temper. It was Snarleyyow.

At last, Mr. Vanslyperken gave vent to his pent-up feelings. "I can't—I won't stand this any longer," muttered the lieutenant, as he took his six strides forward. At this first sound of his master's voice the dog pricked up the remnant of his ears, and they both turned aft. "She has been now fooling me for six years;" and as he concluded this sentence, Mr. Vanslyperken and Snarleyyow had reached the taffrail, and the dog raised his tail to the half cock.

They turned, and Mr. Vanslyperken paused a moment or two, and compressed his thin lips—the dog did the same. "I will have an answer, by all that's blue!" was the ejaculation of the next six strides. The lieutenant stopped again, and the dog looked up in his master's face; but it appeared as if the current of his master's thoughts was changed, for the current of keen air reminded Mr. Vanslyperken that he had not yet had his breakfast.

The lieutenant leant over the hatchway, took his battered speaking trumpet from under his arm, and putting it to his mouth, the deck reverberated with, "Pass the word for Smallbones forward." The dog put himself in a baying attitude, with his forefeet on the combings of the hatchway, and enforced his master's orders with a deeptoned and measured bow, wow, wow.

Smallbones soon made his appearance,

rising from the hatchway like a ghost; a thin, shambling personage, apparently about twenty years old—a pale, cadaverous face, high cheek bones, goggle eyes, with lank hair very thinly sown upon a head, which, like bad soil, would return but a scanty harvest. He looked like Famine's eldest son just arriving to years of discretion. His long lanky legs were pulled so far through his trowsers, that his bare feet, and half way up to his knees, were exposed to the chilling blast. The sleeves of his jacket were so short, that four inches of bone above his wrist were bared to view—hat he had none—his ears were very large, and the rims of them red with cold, and his neck was so immeasurably long and thin, that his head appeared to topple for want of support. When he had come on deck, he stood with one hand raised to his forehead, touching his hair instead of his hat, and the other occupied with a half-roasted red herring. "Yes, sir," said Smallbones, standing before his master.

"Be quick!"—commenced the lieutenant; but here his attention was directed to the red herring by Snarleyyow, who raised his head and snuffed at its fumes. Among other disqualifications of the animal, be it observed, that he had no nose except for a red herring, or a post by the way side. Mr. Vanslyperken discontinued his orders, took his hands out of his great coat pocket, wiped the drop from off his nose and then roared out, "How dare you appear on the quarter-deck of a king's ship, sir, with a red herring in your fist?"

"If you please, sir," replied Smallbones, "if I were to come for to go to leave it in the galley, I shouldn't find it when I went back."

"What do I care for that, sir? It's contrary to all the rules and regulations of the service. Now sir, hear me——"

"O Lord, sir! let me off this time, it's only a *soldier*," replied Smallbones deprecatingly; but Snarleyyow's appetite had been very much sharpened by his morning's walk; it rose with the smell of the herring, so he rose on his hindlegs, snapped the herring out of Smallbones' hand, bolted forward by the lee gangway and would soon have bolted the herring, had not Smallbones bolted after him and overtook him just as he had laid it down on the deck preparatory to commencing his meal. A fight ensued, Smallbones received a severe bite in the leg, which induced him to seize a handspike, and make a blow with it at the dog's head, which, if it had been well aimed, would have probably put an end to all further pilfering. As it was, the handspike descended upon one of the dog's fore toes, and Snarleyyow retreated, yelling, to the other side of the forecastle, and as soon as he was out of reach, like all curs, bayed in defiance.

Smallbones picked up the herring, pulled up his trowsers to examine the bite, poured down an anathema upon the dog, which was, "May you be starved, as I am, you beast!" and then turned round to go aft, when he struck against the spare form of Mr. Vanslyperken, who, with his hands in his pocket, and his trumpet under his arm, looked unutterably savage.

"How dare you beat *my* dog, you villain?" said the lieutenant at last, choking with passion.

"He's a-bitten my leg through and through, sir," replied Smallbones, with a face of alarm.

"Well, sir, why have you such thin legs then?"

"'Cause I gets nothing to fill 'em up with."

"Have you not a herring there, you herring-gutted scoundrel? which, in defiance of all the rules of the service, you have brought on his Majesty's quarter-deck, you greedy rascal, and for which I intend——"

"It ar'n't my herring, sir, it be your's—for your breakfast—the only one that is left out of the half dozen."

This last remark appeared to somewhat pacify Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Go down below, sir," said he, after a pause, "and let me know when my breakfast is ready."

Smallbones obeyed immediately, too glad to escape so easily.

"Snarleyyow," said his master, looking at the dog, who remained on the other side of the forecastle. "O Snarleyyow, for shame. Come here, sir. Come here, sir, directly."

But Snarleyyow, who was very sulky at the loss of his anticipated breakfast, was contumacious, and would not come. He stood at the other side of the forecastle, while his master apostrophized him, looking him in the face. Then, after a pause of indecision, gave a howling sort of bark, and trotted away to the main hatchway, and disappeared below. Mr. Vanslyperken returned to the quarter-deck, and turned, and turned as before.

## CHAPTER II.

### Showing what became of the red herring.

Smallbones soon made his re-appearance, informing Mr. Vanslyperken that his breakfast was ready for him, and Mr. Vanslyperken, feeling himself quite ready for his breakfast, went down below. A minute after he had disappeared, another man came up to relieve the one at the wheel, who, as soon as he had surrendered up the spokes, commenced warming himself after the most approved method, by flapping his arms round his body.

"The skipper's out o' sorts again this morning," said Obadiah. "After a time I heard him muttering about the woman at the Lust Haus."

"Then, by Got, we will have de breeze," replied Jansen, who was a Dutch seaman of huge proportions, rendered still more preposterous by the multiplicity of his nether clothing.

"Yes, as sure as Mother Carey's chickens raise the gale, so does the name of the Frau Vandersloosh. I'll be down and get my

breakfast, there may be keel-hauling before noon."

"Mine Got—dat is de tyfel."

"Keep her nor-east, Jansen, and keep a sharp look out for the boats."

"Got for dam—how must I steer the chip and look for de boats at de same time?—not possible."

"That's no consarn o' mine. Those are the orders, and I passes them—you must get over the unpossibility how you can." So saying, Obadiah Coble walked below.

We must do the same, and introduce the reader to the cabin of Lieutenant Vanslyperken, which was not very splendid in its furniture. One small table, one chair, a mattress in a standing bed-place, with curtains made of bunting, an open cupboard, containing three plates, one teacup and saucer, two drinking glasses, and two knives. More was not required, as Mr. Vanslyperken never indulged in company. There was another cupboard, but it was carefully locked. On the table before the lieutenant was a white washhand basin, nearly half full of burgoo, a composition of boiled oatmeal and water, very wholesome, and very hot. It was the allowance from the ship's coppers, of Mr. Vanslyperken and his servant Smallbones. Mr. Vanslyperken was busy stirring it about to cool it a little, with a leaden spoon. Snarleyyow sat close to him, waiting for his share, and Smallbones stood by, waiting for orders.

"Smallbones," said the lieutenant, after trying the hot mess before him, and finding that he was still in danger of burning his mouth, "bring me the red herring."

"Red herring, sir?" stammered Smallbones.

"Yes," replied his master, fixing his little grey eye sternly on him, "the red herring."

"Its gone, sir," replied Smallbones, with alarm.

"Gone—gone where?"

"If you please, sir, I didn't a-think that you would have touched it after the dog had had it in his nasty mouth; and so, sir—if you please, sir——"

"And so what?" said Vanslyperken, compressing his thin lips.

"I eat it myself—if you please—O dear—O dear."

"You did, did you—you gluttonous scarecrow—you did, did you? Are you aware that you have committed a theft—and are you aware of the punishment attending it?"

"O sir—it was a mistake—dear sir," cried Smallbones, whimpering.

"In the first place, I will cut you to ribbons with the cat."

"Mercy, sir—O sir," cried the lad, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"The thief's cat, with three knots in each tail."

Smallbones raised up his thin arms, and clasped his hands, pleading for mercy.

"And after the flogging—you shall be keelhawled."

"O God!" screamed Smallbones, falling down on his knees, "mercy—mercy!"

But there was none. Snarleyyow, when he saw the lad go down on his knees, flew at him, and threw him on his back, growling over him, and occasionally looking at his master.

"Come here, Snarleyyow," said Mr. Vanslyperken. "Come here, sir, and lie down." But Snarleyyow had not forgotten the red herring, so in revenge he first bit Smallbones in the thigh, and then obeyed his master.

"Get up, sir," cried the lieutenant.

Smallbones rose, but his temper now rose also; he forgot all that he was to suffer, from indignation against the dog; with flashing eyes, and whimpering with rage, he cried out, as the tears fell, and his arms swung round, "I'll not stand this—I'll jump overboard—that I will: fourteen times has that 'ere dog a-bitten me this week. I'd sooner die at once, than be made dog's meat of in this here way."

"Silence, you mutinous rascal, or I'll put you in irons."

"I wish you would—irons don't bite, if they hold fast. I'll run away—I don't mind being hung—that I don't—starved to death, and bitten to death in this here way——"

"Silence, sir. It's over feeding that makes you saucy."

"The Lord forgive you!" cried Smallbones, with surprise; "I've not had a full meal——"

"A full meal, you rascal! there's no filling a thing like you—hollow from top to bottom, like a bamboo."

"And what I does get," continued Smallbones with energy, "I pays dear for; that ere dog flies at me, if I takes a bit o' biscuit. I never gets a bite without getting a bite, and its all my own allowance."

"A proof of his fidelity, and an example to you, you wretch," replied the lieutenant, fondly patting the dog on the head.

"Well, I wish you'd discharge me—or hang me, I don't care which. You eats so hearty, and the dog eats so hearty, that I gets nothing. We are only victualled for two."

"You insolent fellow, recollect the thief's cat."

"It's very hard," continued Smallbones, unmindful of the threat, "that that ere beast is to eat my allowance, and be allowed to half eat me too."

"You forget the keel-hauling, you scarecrow."

"Well, I hope I may never come up again, that's all."

"Leave the cabin, sir."

This order Smallbones obeyed.

"Snarleyyow," said the lieutenant, "you are hungry, my poor beast." Snarleyyow put his fore paw up on his master's knee. "You shall have your breakfast soon," continued his master, eating the burgoo between his addresses to the animal. "Yes, Snarleyyow, you have done wrong this morning—

you ought to have no breakfast." Snarleyyow growled. "We are only four years acquainted, and how many scrapes have you got me into, Snarleyyow?" Snarleyyow here put both his paws upon his master's knee. "Well, you are sorry, my poor dog, and you shall have some breakfast," and Mr. Vanslyperken put the basin of bergoo on the floor, which the dog tumbled down his throat most rapidly. "Nay, my dog, not so fast; you must leave some for Smallbones, he will require some breakfast before his punishment. There, that will do," and Mr. Vanslyperken wished to remove the basin with a little of the burgoo remaining in it. Snarleyyow growled, would have snapped at his master, but Mr. Vanslyperken shoved him away with the bell mouth of his speaking trumpet, and recovering a portion of the mess, put it on the table for the use of poor Smallbones. "Now then, my dog, we will go on deck." Mr. Vanslyperken left the cabin, followed by Snarleyyow, but as soon as his master was half way up the ladder, Snarleyyow turned back, leaped on the chair, from the chair to the table, and then finished the whole of the breakfast appropriated for Smallbones. Having effected this, the dog followed his master.

## CHAPTER III.

### A retrospect, and short description of a new character.

But we must leave poor Smallbones to lament his hard fate in the fore peak of the vessel, and Mr. Vanslyperken and his dog to walk the quarter-deck, while we make our readers a little better acquainted with the times in which the scenes passed which we are now describing, as well as with the history of Mr. Vanslyperken.

The date in our first chapter, that of the year 1699, will, if they refer back to history, show them that William of Nassau had been a few years on the English throne, and that peace had just been concluded between England with its allies and France. The king occasionally passed his time in Holland, among his Dutch countrymen, and the English and Dutch fleets, which but a few years before were engaging with such an obstinacy of courage, had lately sailed together, and turned their guns against the French. William, like all those continental princes who have been called to the English throne, showed much favor to his own countrymen, and England was over-run with Dutch favorites, Dutch courtiers, and peers of Dutch extraction. He would not even part with his Dutch guards, and was at issue with the Commons of England on that very account. But the war was now over, and most of the English and Dutch navy lay dismantled in port, a few small vessels only being in commission to intercept the smuggling from France that was carrying on, much to the detriment of English manufacture, of certain articles then denominated alamodes and lutestrings. The cutter we have described was on this service, and was named the Yungfrau, although built in England, and forming a part of the English naval force.

It may readily be supposed that Dutch interest, during this period, was on the ascendant. Such was the case: and the Dutch officers and seamen who could not be employed in their own marine were appointed in the English vessels, to the prejudice of our own countrymen. Mr. Vanslyperken was of Dutch extraction, but born in England long before the Prince of Orange had ever dreamt of being called to the English throne. He was a near relation of King William's own nurse, and even in these days, that would cause powerful interest. Previous to the revolution he had been laid on the shelf for cowardice in one of the engagements between the Dutch and the English, he being then a lieutenant on board of a two-decker ship, and of long standing in the service; but before he had been appointed to this vessel, he had served invariably in small craft, and his want of this necessary qualification had never been discovered. The interest used for him on the accession of the Dutch king was sufficient for his again obtaining the command of a small vessel. In those days, the service was very different from what it is now. The commanders of vessels were also the pursers, and could save a great deal of money by defrauding the crew: and further, the discipline of the service was such as would astonish the modern philanthropist; there was no appeal for subordinates, and tyranny and oppression, even amounting to the destruction of life, were practised with impunity. Smollet has given his readers some idea of the state of the service some years after the time of which we are now writing, when it was infinitely worse, for the system of the Dutch, notorious for their cruelty, had been grafted upon that of the English; the consequence was, a combination of all that was revolting to humanity was practised without any notice being taken of it by the superior powers, provided that the commanders of the vessels did their duty when called upon, and showed the necessary talent and courage.

Lieutenant Vanslyperken's character may be summed up in the three vices of avarice, cowardice, and cruelty. A miser in the extreme, he had saved up much money by his having had the command of a vessel for so many years, during which he had defrauded and pilfered both from the men and the government. Friends and connections he had none on this side of the water, and, when on shore, he had lived in a state of abject misery, although he had the means of comfortable support. He was now fifty-five years of age. Since he had been appointed to the Yungfrau, he had been employed in carrying despatches to the States-General from King William, and had, during his repeated visits to the Hague, made acquaintance with the widow Vandersloosh, who kept a Lust Haus, a place of resort for sailors where they drank and danced.

Discovering that the comfortably fat landlady was also very comfortably rich, Mr. Vanslyperken had made advances with the hope of obtaining her hand and handling her money. The widow had, however, no idea of accepting the offer, but was too wise to give him a decided refusal, as she knew it would be attended with his preventing the crew of the cutter from frequenting her house, and thereby losing much custom. Thus did she, at every return, receive him kindly and give him hopes, but nothing more. Since the peace, as we before observed, the cutter had been ordered for the prevention of smuggling.

When and how Mr. Vanslyperken had picked up his favorite Snarleyyow cannot be discovered, and must remain a secret. The men said that the dog had appeared on the deck of the cutter in a supernatural way, and most of them looked upon him with as much awe as ill-will.

This is certain, that the cutter had been a little while before in a state of mutiny, and a forcible entry attempted at night into the lieutenant's cabin. It is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that Vanslyperken felt that a good watch-dog might be a very useful appendage to his establishment, and had procured one accordingly. All the affection he ever showed to anything living was certainly concentrated in this one animal, and the next to his money, Snarleyyow had possession of his master's heart.

Poor Smallbones, cast on the world without father or mother, had become starved before he was on board the cutter, and had been starved ever since. As the reader will perceive, his allowance was mostly eaten up by the dog, and he was left to beg a precarious support from the goodwill and charity of his shipmates, all of whom were equally disgusted with the commander's cruelty and the ungain temper of his brute companion.

Having entered into this retrospect for the benefit of the reader, we will now proceed.

Mr. Vanslyperken walked the deck for nearly a quarter of an hour without speaking: the men had finished their breakfasts and were lounging about the deck, for there was nothing for them to do, except to look out for the return of the two boats which had been sent away the night before. The lieutenant's thoughts were, at one minute, upon Mrs. Vandersloosh, thinking how he could persuade her, and at another upon Smallbones, thinking how he could render the punishment adequate in his opinion to the magnitude of the offence. While discussing these two important matters, one of the men reported the boats ahead, and broke up the commander's reverie.

"How far off?" demanded Mr. Vanslyperken.

"About two miles."

"Pulling or sailing?"

"Pulling sir, we stand right for them."

But Mr. Vanslyperken was in no pleasant humor, and ordered the cutter to be hove to.

"I think the men have pulled enough all night," said Jansen, who had just been relieved at the wheel, to Obadiah Coble, who was standing by him on the forecastle.

"I think so too: but there'll be a breeze, depend upon it—never mind, the devil will have his own all in good time."

"Got for dam," said Jansen, looking at Beechy Head, and shaking his own.

"Why, what's the matter now, old Schnapps?" said Coble.

"Schnapps—yes—the tyfel—Schnapps, I think how the French schnapped us Dutchmen here when you Englishmen would'nt fight."

"Mind what you say, old twenty breeches—wouldn't fight—when wouldn't we fight?"

"Here, where we were now, by Got, you leave us all in the lurch, and not come down."

"Why, we couldn't come down."

"Bah!" replied Jansen, who referred to the defeat of the combined Dutch and English fleet by the French off Beachy Head in 1690.

"We wouldn't fight, heh?" exclaimed Obediah in scorn, "what do you say to the Hogue?"

"Yes, den you fought well—dat was good."

"And shall I tell you why we fought well at the Hogue—you Dutch porpoise—just because we had no Dutchmen to help us."

"And shall I tell you why the Dutch were beat off this Head? because the English wouldn't come down to help us."

Here Obadiah put his tongue into his right cheek. Jansen in return threw his into his left, and thus the argument was finished. These disputes were constant at the time, but seldom proceeded further than words—certainly not between Coble and Jansen, who were great friends.

The boats were soon on board; from the time that the cutter had been hove to, every stroke of their oars having been accompanied with a nautical anathema from the crews upon the head of their commander. The steersman and first officer, who had charge of the boats, came over the gangway and went up to Vanslyperken. He was a thickset stout man about five feet four inches high, and wrapped up in Flushing garments, looked very much like a bear in shape as well as in skin. His name was Dick Short, and in every respect he answered to his name, for he was short in stature, short in speech, and short in decision and action.

Now when Short came up to the lieutenant, he did not consider it at all necessary to say as usual. "Come on board, sir," for it was self-evident that he had come on board. He therefore said nothing. So abrupt was he in his speech, that he never even said "Sir," when he spoke to his superior, which it may be imagined was very offensive to Mr. Vanslyperken: so it was, but Mr. Vanslyperken was afraid of Short, and Short was not the least afraid of Vanslyperken.

"Well, what have you done, Short?"

"Nothing."

"Did you see anything of the boat?"

"No."

"Did you gain any information?"

"No."

"What have you been doing all night?"
"Pulling."
"Did you land to obtain information?"
"Yes."
"And you got none?"
"No."

Here Short hitched up the waistband of his second pair of trowsers, turned short round, and was going below, when Snarleyyow smelt at his heels. The man gave him a back kick with the heel of his heavy boot, which sent the dog off yelping and barking, and put Mr. Vanslyperken in a great rage. Not venturing to resent this affront upon his first officer, he was reminded of Smallbones, and immediately sent for Corporal Spitter to appear on deck.

(*To be continued.*)

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## LETTER

*To the Editor of the Metropolitan.*

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*15th December*, 1835.

SIR,

I HAVE lately received a letter from a near and dear relative of mine, in which he states that he has been for some time an invalid, laboring under a host of the most dissimilar symptoms, all of which, he is assured, are represented by the term *indigestion*. He complains bitterly that he can get no satisfactory information as to the real *nature* of this Protean malady, nor as to the probability of his perfect and permanent recovery. When he questions his medical attendants on this subject, they evince every disposition to satify him, but cannot avoid making use of phrases which are to him words without meaning. These phrases are, nevertheless, only such as are in common and daily use among all classes—phrases which he himself has frequently used and fully supposed he understood, but which he now finds, when he strictly examines himself, really convey no definite idea to his mind. He is told that his "*digestion is impaired.*" He asks what is meant by this, and is told, his "*digestive apparatus is deranged in its economy.*" My poor brother is still no nearer the mark, and his medical attendant, observing his puzzled look, proceeds to explain and make the matter perfectly clear, by telling him that his "*secretions are depraved, his gastric juice deficient, his nutritive functions feebly performed*, and that the *tone*, the *energy*, the *nisus formativus*, in fact, the *vis vitæ* is full *twenty per cent. below par.*" The enlightened patient bows his gratitude for this luminous explanation, and sadly reseats himself in his chair of sickness, as wise, perhaps, but certainly no *wiser*, than he was before.

Now my brother is neither a *profound* mathematician, nor a *proficient* in astronomy, nor a *perfect* chemist; but he possesses what may be called a gentlemanly acquaintance with all these. That is to say, he understands the *great general and fundamental* laws which govern them; and, therefore, if he is asked a question in any of these sciences, although he might not be able to answer the question, yet he would readily understand its nature and purport; and if the problem involved in that question were explained to him, he would have no difficulty in comprehending it. But not so with the science of health and disease, or rather that which *teaches the nature* of health and disease; and the *reason* clearly is, because he knows *nothing whatever* of the *fundamental laws* upon which life depends: *nothing whatever* of the several actions which *constitutes* life; *nothing whatever* of the intimate structure of the *living organs;* he knows neither *how* he lives, nor *how* he moves, nor *how* he breathes —neither the "*How*," nor the "*Why*." The very language of the science is a dead letter to him—being borrowed, I verily believe, from every tongue that was ever spoken, and, for aught I know, from some that were never spoken at all. It is true, he has some notion of the general *appearance* of a few of the larger organs, because he has seen similar organs in dead animals. For instance, he has seen a great reddish mass of flesh, and has heard it called liver; and he has been told that in the liver the bile is made: but beyond this vague and meagre notion he knows literally *nothing*. As to *how* the manufacture is performed, *by what and from what*, or what are the several steps and stages of the operation; as to *all this*, which constitutes the very kernel of the nut, and without which the shell is nought, he is in worse than Cimmerian darkness.

Having read my brother's letter and *digested* its contents, I was forcibly struck with the truth of his remarks, and felt that he really had just cause for lamentation. It then struck me, that a small concise work, clearly explaining in common language the nature of the animal economy,—*the mechanics* of the internal man—the mechanism of life; detailing step by step what actually takes place in the performance of each of the functions concerned in the preservation of life and health, and how, and by what causes, life is sustained: it struck me, I say, that such a work would be highly acceptable to the public, and would supply a desideratum in the minor literature of the country. There is no mystery into which mankind are more curious to pry than the mystery of their internal selves: and certainly there is none on earth which so nearly concerns them. There are many books written with a view to give men a general notion of the laws respecting their *property*, and it seems to me astonishing that there should be no similar work calculated to inform them concerning those infinitely more important laws which concern their health. Every *gentleman* is supposed to know something—the general principles, at least—of all the liberal sciences, excepting that particular *one* in which alone he has any really great and personal interest. I do indeed think that such a work as I have attempted

to describe, (providing it were well and plainly written, and all technicalities and unnecessary minutiæ carefully avoided,) would be read with great attention and interest, and, I hope, *profit*, by all classes. It would be read by *invalids*, in order that they might acquire some notion as to their own maladies, and so be better qualified to understand and practise the rules of regimen prescribed by their medical advisers; and it would occasionally be consulted by those who were *not invalids*, in order that they might better acquaint themselves with the best manner of preserving the blessing of which they were then in possession. I believe also that nothing would tend more than such a work to induce men to practise those rules of conduct which are best calculated to preserve and promote health; because men are ever more ready to do this or that, when they can themselves clearly see and understand its necessity—and the *manner how*, and *reason why*, that necessity exists—than when they have no other authority than the dictum of another, however high their respect for his knowledge and judgment may be. Neither, I think, should the medical men take offence at the publication of such a work; as it would have a direct tendency to ennoble the profession, to render it purely scientific, and to rid it of that mystification and humbug which formerly so much disgraced it, and a portion of which still clings to it. If patients had themselves a clear general acquaintance with their own internal machinery, of the nature of the several offices intended to be fulfilled by the several parts of that machinery, and of the nature of disease in general; and when with their mind's eye they looked into themselves, and beheld the complicated and delicate clock-work—every wheel in motion, every spring on the stretch—all acting in concert, and all tending to one end, yet requiring only the slightest imprudent interference to throw the whole into disorder and irreparable confusion—when, I say, they saw all this, they could not but feel and acknowledge that so beautiful, complicated, and wonderful a machine, can only be regulated by the hand of a mechanician intimately acquainted with its minutest structure, and with the particular uses and manner of handling the several instruments necessary to rectify whatever derangement may have accidentally befallen it. It would be very instrumental, too, in disabusing the public mind of its predilection for quacks and quackery. For who that knows any thing at all of the animal economy, and of the nature of disease, can for one instant be gulled into a belief that any one remedy can be, *all times*, good or proper even for the *same disease*, and in the *same patient*? A bumper of brandy will cure the headache, *providing* it arises from a disordered stomach; but a glass of brandy administered for a headache arising from inflammation of the brain, would, in all human probability, destroy the patient. And how is the patient to know from what cause his headache springs?

Such a work as I have described it is my intention, to the best of my abilities, to execute. I shall do so in a series of familiar letters, because I think this will afford me the best opportunity of using that plain and conversational style which is so necessary when writing for readers who have no acquaintance whatever with the subject treated. For the same reason, I shall avoid all professional pedantries, all learned technicalities, all crack-jaw words, (when it can be done consistently with perspicuity,) and I shall describe just so much (and no more) of the structure of the body as is sufficient to give the general reader a clear idea of those parts *only* which are concerned in the preservation of health. Thus, in speaking of the heart, I shall divide it into two cavities, a right and a left, although in fact, each of these cavities, is again divided into two others. But as a knowledge of this fact is not at all necessary to the understanding the general functions of the heart, and as the description of this second division into cavities would necessarily involve a description of valves, mitral, semilunar, tricuspid, fleshy columns, tendinous cords, curtains, &c., all of which would be "caviare to the general" reader, I have thought it best to confine myself to the first grand division, the only one necessary to be known in order to acquire a lucid notion of the course pursued by the blood. It forms no part of the object of this work to teach the anatomical structure of our organs generally; but only to exhibit the several changes necessary to nutrition, which are wrought upon our food within the ULTIMATE TISSUE of those organs—and how those changes are effected. You are now in possession of this kind of work I contemplate, and if it come within the scope and object of your Magazine, and if you are not averse from allowing the Metropolitan to be made the vehicle of its publication, I will have my first letter ready for insertion in your February number; while this, to yourself, if you think proper to insert, will serve as a preface to those which are to follow.

I am Sir,
Your obedient servant,
E. JOHNSON.

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## STANZAS ON HEARING THE HORNSEY BELLS RING IN THE NEW YEAR.

HARK! how the chime of merry bells
Proclaims the new-born year!
What magic in their music dwells,
To wake the slumb'ring tear!
It seems as though a thousand strings
Were vocal in my heart,
Breathing of long-forgotten things,
In which I once had part:

Of festivals and birth-days kept,
And Christmas, rife with glee,
When those who long in dust have slept,

Shared hopes and joys with me;
And songs, and tales, and frolic mirth,
Beguiled our wintry hours,
And young affection round the hearth
Knit heart to heart with flowers.

The old year's dead, and past away;
A chequer'd robe it wore
Of mingled tints, some dark, some gay,
Like years that went before.
And ah! how many wishes vain,
With days and nights of thought,
Are linked to that prolonged chain
Another year has wrought!

Awaken, slumberer, from thy sleep!
Count not on things of time!
Up, up, and mount the starry steep
Supernal spirits climb!
Let not another year depart
Without some hopeful tears,—
Some golden fruits, laid up in heart,
For the eternal years.

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## JOURNEY FROM GIRGENTI TO PALERMO.*

### CHAPTER II.

*Terra de' Pulci—Selinuntium—Castel Veterani—Mazzara Marsala—Extraordinary Breed of Fowls—Voluntary Guide—Fall in with a party of Banditti—Inconvenience of not hanging in Chains—Traprani Monte San Giuleano—Dreadful Weather—Lose our way—Benighted—Near bivouacing in the Storm—Take our Lodgings by Assault—Good Quarters—Catraci—Arrive at Palermo.*

In the morning we passed the river Madicina, formerly Selinus; it has its source between Castel Veterano and Partanna, from the fountain Favara, which, or the town of the same name, gives one of his titles to the late viceroy of Sicily. La Rocca di Bigina, which lay a little to our left, is about two miles distant from the town of Partanna, the wines of which still maintain their old reputation. As we wished to visit the ruins of the ancient Selinuntium, called at present Terra de' Pulci, we passed Partanna without entering it. Selinuntium was situated about five miles from the last mentioned place, and three from Castel Veterano, a town belonging to the powerful family of Pignatelli, Dukes of Monteleone, in the kingdom of Naples. The air in the vicinity of Selinuntium must always have been pestilential from the Lake Lalico, a Saracen appellation, on which it was situated. There are the remains of three magnificent Doric temples of surprising magnitude; the columns of two of the temples are fluted, the other plain. We learn from Herodotus, that the largest of these temples, which appears to have been that which stood nearest to the shore, was dedicated to Jupiter Forensis. At a little distance from these remains are the ruins of the city, the walls of which were of prodigious thickness, in order to guarantee them from the dilapidating effects of the sea air. We struck off several miles from the road to examine the Lauturniæ, or quarries, from which the material for building the town was extracted. Overgrown with trees, herbs, and plants; inhabited by myriads of birds, reptiles and insects; of vast depth and considerable extent, they present to the eye a spectacle at once awful and beautiful. Inferior in size to the stupendous excavations of Syracuse, they greatly excel them from their peculiar wildness in the romantic and picturesque. We refreshed ourselves in a cool spot in one of them, called by the Saracen appellation of Bugifitieri. We saw, on a neighboring height, the remains of the ancient Moorish Castle of Perribaida; but were too much fatigued to think of scaling its formidable site, and made the best of our way to Mazzara.

Mazzara, which is a pleasant, well-built town, giving its name to one of the three valleys into which Sicily is divided: the Val di Mazzara, in which the capital, Palermo, is situated: it contains a population of eight thousand souls, has several very productive fisheries, and some trade; but the latter is oppressed by the vicinity of the more flourishing Marsala. Mazzara pretends, but without sufficient reason, to have been the ancient Selinuntium, which it appears, pretty clear, stood on the site of the present Terra de' Pulci: it may, notwithstanding, have been a colony from that place, perhaps its port or emporium.

We left Mazzara early, as usual, in order to enjoy the freshness of the morning. The country is extremely fertile, producing grain, wine, oil in abundance, and the plains stocked with a fine race of cattle. At a short distance from Mazzara is Capo Fedo, formerly Caput Fœderis, being the nearest port of Sicily to Africa. We passed the Marsala, an insignificant stream, and arrived rather late in the town: we put up at an inn, where we found very tolerable accommodation. Marsala is a thriving, industrious place, numbering about twenty thousand heads. The wine, known in England as Woodhouse's Marsala, is prepared here. It is strong and heady, and accounted unwholesome, from the quantity of lime and blood thrown in to purify it, which render it disagreeably bitter when mixed with water. In former times Marsala was famous for possessing the largest breed of domestic fowls in the world; but in the year 1517, on the death of Ferdinand, the Catholic king of Spain and Sicily, some soldiers, who were quartered there for the space of five months in order to prevent tumults, devoured the whole race, cocks as well as hens. On the departure of this hungry garrison the inhabitants, it is said, supplied themselves from the neighborhood with the ordinary breed, which soon increased in size, but never attained entirely to the prodigious growth of their unfortunate predecessors.

Of Lilybæum, on the site of which Marsa-

* Concluded from vol. xiv.

la is situated, but few vestiges remain: it was one of the strongest places in Sicily, and famous for the long resistance it made against the Romans in the first Punic war. Lilybæum sustained a siege by the Romans of ten years duration.

We started next day rather later than usual, having arranged to sleep at Trapani, which is not distant more than eighteen miles from Marsala. Just as we were on the point of setting out, a person, calling himself a campiere, presented himself to us, offering his services, and asserting we should infallibly be robbed, if we did not hire him. With a party so numerous, we did but laugh at his information, and told him, if he himself was afraid, he might travel in our company; for it was much more likely that he would want our protection than we his, at which supposition he appeared extremely indignant. On moving, we found him in the van armed up to the teeth, and spontaneously taking upon himself the character of our conductor. He appeared a shrewd, intelligent, and useful person, so we let him remain, having previously determined that he should have his pains for his only payment.

Travelling certainly is, and always has been, dangerous in Sicily. The laxity of the laws, the remissness of the police, the natural strength of the country, permit and encourage the existence of banditti in most parts of the island: they are more daring than in any other country in Europe, and extraordinary instances are given of their audacity and cruelty. The only secure method of travelling in Sicily is to hire guides, called campieri, who are bred up to the occupation from their youth, and accompany you, armed at all points. Nor is the danger so much diminished by travelling in numerous parties, as might be imagined. At every step the country presents positions where two or three resolute men might cut off your whole company, and that without risk to themselves. You must be careful, in the villages and hamlets, not to make a parade of your arms and strength: the peasants, who are half savage in the interior, easily take umbrage, and being naturally suspicious, imagine that you are come with some evil design upon them, and will very probably, under this impression, take an opportunity of falling on you unawares, as has been the case in more than one instance. The campieri are not so useful in increasing your force in case of an attack, although in such cases they will invariably stand by you to the last, as by a certain tacit protection they afford you against the brigands. By a mysterious agreement between these guides and the robbers, the parties accompanied by them are never attacked, at least by the regular banditti. One of them is a sufficient guard through a country infested by hundreds of these gentry, any of whom, if they meet they will point out, and you may even join them without any fear of insult or outrage. From this extraordinary alliance some have supposed a partnership to exist between them, and that the very charges of the campieri are subject to a tax in favor of their allies, to whom perhaps they give regular notice of the departure of travellers hardy enough to despise their assistance. Others have imagined them literally members of the marauding communities; but this is certainly not the case, as their's is a regular profession, to which, as I have said before, they are trained up from their youth, and which generally descends from father to son in the same families. The real reason appears to be, that the campieri throughout the island form a very numerous and formidable body of men, well armed, and expert at their weapons. From their employment they are acquainted with every angle of the country, and consequently with the lurking places of the different banditti, against whom, if they united, they would form a more dangerous enemy than any military force which could be sent against them, ignorant as it must necessarily be of their strongholds and manner of fighting. It is possible that the campieri, if inclined, could extinguish the brigands; but it would be at the same time to destroy their own means of subsistence, as their profession would, in consequence, be rendered useless. A robber rarely attacks a campiere; a campiere rarely betrays a robber; their respective interests unite them in strict alliance, and they live in amity at the expense of the traveller, who, if he refused to be fleeced by one, will most probably be flayed by the other.

At the time of which I am speaking, the late occupation of the island by the Austrians had somewhat injured these fraternal professions, which was one reason why we did not engage campieri; but they have since taken deeper root, and now flourish again in all their pristine vigor. It is in the interior of the island that the banditti are in greatest force. Between Syracuse and Messina, in the immediate neighborhood of Palermo, one may venture to travel without a campiere; but even in these parts it is never perfectly secure.

Near Marsala is a lake, called Stagnone, in which there are several verdant little islets: it lies close to Capo San Teodoro, commonly called Barruni, where there is a celebrated Tunney fishery; a little further on is the mouth of the Acithius, now Birgi. The whole of this coast abounds in salt pits, from which the state derives a considerable revenue. A very impetuous wind arising, accompanied with rain, we struck off the beach, which we had hitherto kept, to take refuge in a small village about a mile from the shore, situated on the skirts of a gloomy wood, where robberies and murders are not unfrequent. Here two incidents seriously alarmed the ladies.

After a stay of several hours, as it grew late, and the weather began to clear a little, we continued our route. Pasquale, for such was the name of our volunteer, always vaporing in front, telling strange stories of the banditti, of his own exploits, and hair-breadth escapes, when we suddenly came on a fiumara, which opened on and traversed our path:

there, to our surprise, under cover of a rock, in the beams of the evening sun, we unexpectedly all at once cast our eyes on a party of sixteen persons, who were taking a meal on the ground, whilst their horses were quietly grazing near them at leisure; their guns lay beside them, but their pistols and long knives were in their girdles, and with their huge zolfaniere, or ammunition pouches, their red sashes, with caps of the same color, their short velveteen jackets, with ponderous silver buttons, their ample whiskers and mustachios, gave them at once a most picturesque and suspicious appearance. Pasquale looked intelligently, and winked knowingly at us as we neared them; the ladies began to grow pale, and tremble; whilst we quietly, but without the ostentation of doing so, prepared ourselves for the worst. Setting aside our being encumbered with women, the party was much too strong for us, so that we were by no means eager for an encounter, and were glad to see them continue their repast without appearing to notice us. At length one of them recognized Pasquale, as was evident from his familiar salutation of "Buona sera compare," and the other's analogous reply. As we passed, they civilly invited us to partake of their provisions, an offer which we as politely declined, and continuing our course, were soon out of sight. Whether these people were really robbers, or merely a party sent out in search of these brigands, I have never been able to discover. Pasquale roundly swore that they were bandits of the first water, and were only deterred from attacking us by his presence. Be that as it may, we found Pasquale so entertaining a companion, and so useful in other respects, that we permitted him to accompany us to Palermo, and I afterwards took him on with me to Messina.

The other adventure seemed likely to prove more serious: the sun had set, and it was already dusk, when we came to an ascent so rugged and difficult, that the ladies were obliged to descend from their lettiga, and ourselves to alight and lead our horses: a mule happening to run restive and kicking violently, whilst we were busied in reducing it to order, the countess and Mrs. B———, to be out of the way, had preceded us up the narrow path, and having come to a turn in the road, were out of sight, when we were alarmed by a loud shriek. Hurrying forward to ascertain the cause, we found one of the ladies in a swoon by the side of a human body which lay across the way, and the other nearly fainting also, ineffectually endeavoring to assist her companion. All we could make out was, that the body had suddenly fallen at their feet, whence or how they could not tell, and terrified them in the manner described. The incident was certainly strange; the corpse was in an advanced stage of putrefaction, and diffused a most pestilential odour around. Pasquale, who soon came up, explained the matter, by showing us several other bodies swinging to and fro on the neighboring trees. They were those of malefactors, who had been hung some time previous for murder and robbery; and the wind, which was violent, had most *mal apropos* just snapped the weather-beaten rope as the ladies were passing. The body being removed, and our fair companion, not without difficulty, brought to herself, we resumed our journey in the melancholy mood naturally caused by so disagreeable an incident.

We reached Trapani late, much fatigued by the day's work, the weather having been bad, and the road as execrable as any I recollect in Sicily. We found Don Vincenzo Riccio, to whom we had sent forward our letters from Marsala, had almost given us up for the night. When we were received in private houses, it is not to be supposed that we carried our whole suite with us to incommode our kind hosts. The servants, with the exception of the count's cameriere and his lady's cameriera, who were always in attendance, were usually sent to the asteria, or inn of the place, such as it might prove.

Trapani is the Drepanum of antiquity, so named from δρεπάνη, a scythe, to the form of which the port bears some resemblance, as Messina was called Zanole from a similar circumstance. The same story of Saturn and his father, with the fall of the scythe, is told of both places. Virgil supposes it to have existed in the time of Æneas.

> Hinc Drepani me portus et illætabilis ora
> Accipit.—ÆNEID, lib. iii.

It was here that Adherbal, the Carthaginian, gave a signal defeat, in a naval engagement, to the Romans under Claudius Pulcher. We learn from Diodorus, that it was fortified by the celebrated Hamilcar Barcas, who saw the importance of its situation, and peopled it by a colony from Eryx. He perhaps embellished and increased it, but it by no means seems probable that he was the original founder. So eligible a port could not have escaped the attention of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Greeks for so long a period. Trapani is a large and flourishing place, reckoning at least twenty thousand inhabitants, who support themselves by the exportation of potash, wine, grain, oil, and coral; there is an extensive fishery of the latter in the harbor, which the workmen carve and polish with much neatness. Very beautiful cameos are likewise executed by the same hands. This coast is clearly the land of the Cyclops, as described by Homer, and not the neighborhood of Ætna, as supposed by Virgil. The small island of Favignana is that where Ulysses left the remainder of his fleet when he went with one ship only to explore the adjacent shores. The three isles, Favignana, Maritimo, and Levanso, formerly Ægusa, Sacra, and Probantia, are the Ægates of the ancients.

We remained two days at Trapani, and, on each day, made an agreeable excursion; on the first, we visited the interesting ruins of Segesta, the remains of which sufficiently bespeak its former importance. The cisterns of the houses, many of them have not been yet filled up by the hand of time: the walls,

as usual in ancient cities, are of prodigious thickness. The celebrated temple of Ceres, which is yet entire with the exception of the roof, is supported on thirteen lofty columns, and is a beautiful and perfect specimen of ancient architecture. I have elsewhere spoken of it at large. Our second trip was to the summit of Monte di San Giuliano, also called the Monte di Trapani, formerly Mount Eryx, after Eryx, the son of Butes and Venus, slain by Hercules, in the contest of the Cœstus. The prospect is beautiful and extensive, but yields to that of the Antenna Marc. Palermo was concealed from us by Mount Pellegrino; but we had a magnificent view of almost the whole of the Val di Mazzara. The little town of San Giuliano has taken the place of the ancient Eryx; it is romantically but inconveniently situated, as the inhabitants have to descend the hill, and go some distance for their work in the fields below: for which reason they are generally absent during the working days in the week, and visit their homes only on holidays. Some scanty vestiges of the famous temple of Venus exist on a spot where a Saracen castle afterwards stood, and a fountain, "La fonte di Venere," is still shown to the stranger.

As we were unwilling to burthen our hospitable entertainer, Don Vincenzo, with a longer stay, we continned our journey next morning, although the weather was not very promising and rain had fallen during the night. It was our intention to have slept at Alcamo, but from the badness of the roads and the passage of the river Foggio, it was two o'clock before we reached Baida, a miserable village, and our animals were unable to proceed without rest. When we came to the Foggio, and saw it so much swollen, we were near retracing our steps to Trapani; but Pasquale assuring us that there was no danger, and procuring the assistance of twenty stout peasants used to the work, ten of whom arranged themselves on each side, the lettigas were transported to the other bank, but not until that which carried the Countess and Mrs. B—— had been nearly overturned by a sudden jerk, and was half filled with water. Of the rest of the party some were carried on the backs of peasants, others were led over without dismounting. Having all crossed at length without further accident, and the ladies, violently alarmed, having changed their lettiga for the other, we once more resumed our journey. As we were not in a condition to proceed from Baida before five o'clock, we were obliged to content ourselves with the prospect of passing the night at Castelamare, but the fates had ordained otherwise. The badness of the weather and the wildness of the country increasing every step, scarce three miles from Baida we found the roads almost impassable, and our animals so harassed that, in an hour, we had scarcely travelled two miles. The sun was fast sinking, and the rain, which had been drizzling all day, now began to fall sharply, when to add to our distressed plight, one of the poles of the lettiga which had met with the accident in fording the Foggio, and had been probably strained at the time, suddenly snapped, and the vehicle which contained the young Count and the cameriera came to the ground. As the girl unluckily could not ride, we were obliged to lash the broken pole as well as we could; this operation cost us nearly an hour, and took up what little daylight was left. In a short time it grew so dark that we could scarcely see a yard before us; the rain poured down in torrents, the wind came whistling in violent gusts through the trees, and, finally, a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning burst directly over our heads: by the flashes we occasionally got a glimpse of the path, at one time winding up the rugged rock, at another leading along the verge of an appalling precipice, whilst the sound of the impetuous and resistless fiumaras rushing from the neighboring summits, increasing our alarm and augmenting our peril, was heard on all sides. Even by day, except on the high roads lately completed by the government, one cannot travel in Sicily without caution; at night, and in such weather, it was not only dangerous but almost impossible to proceed. We crept on slowly, notwithstanding, for some time longer. Pasquale and one of the muleteers leading the way on foot; on a sudden they halted, and said they believed they had taken a wrong path: this was alarming intelligence; the women became dreadfully frightened. It was evident that we could no longer expect to reach Castelamare; and we had before us the uncomfortable prospect of passing the night "al fresco" in such turbulent weather, which would probably prove of serious consequence to some, if not all, of the party. The animals were so scared by the lightning and by the loud and lengthened peals of thunder which, echoing a thousand times from the surrounding rocks and hollow ravines, seemed interminable and unceasing, that it was with the greatest difficulty they could be dragged on by their riders, who had all alighted. In this critical situation we came to a resolution, as our most prudent course, to halt under cover of a rock which overlooked the road, whilst Pasquale and another went forward to search for some place of shelter. In the the mean time, the tempest increased every moment in fury, and the piercing wind which penetrated our wet garments made every member shiver with cold.

In about half an hour, our scouts returned with information that by help of the lightning they had discovered a large house on a neighboring eminence, and that an avenue of trees which probably conducted to it was at no great distance. Cheered a little by this intelligence, we again set forward, but could hardly bring on the animals, which rearing and plunging in all directions, made it dangerous to approach them. The girl who occupied the damaged lettiga, though it was supported on the weak side by two of the party, could not be brought to think herself in safety, and almost in fits from apprehension, kept shrieking at every jolt of her crazy conveyance. Following Pasquale, we came

to the two pillars, or gallows, which formerly denoted that the proprietor enjoyed the privilege of feudal jurisdiction on his estate. At the upper extremity of the avenue, which was about half a mile in length, we came to a square-built mansion of great size and apparent magnificence. There were no lights to be seen at the windows, but we still relied on finding the custode of the villa, as the Sicilians scarcely ever leave their country-seats without one, who is in general also the fattore or steward of the property.

We knocked long and loudly, but to no purpose, and then accompanied our thundering applications at the door with a shout, which must have been heard by the occupants, had there been any,

From turret to foundation stone.

It was in vain, no one appeared. What was to be done? To pass the night without shelter, exposed to the fury of so violent a tempest, was dangerous to all, especially to the females, who were in a state of alarm and agitation that excited apprehension; the unfortunate cameriera had gone into hysterics, and was struggling in the arms of two of the domestics. Having called a council to deliberate on our condition, and to determine on the measures to be adopted in consequence, it was carried *nem. diss.* to enter the house at all events. We accordingly began to look about for some postern, or weak part convenient for storming. Pasquale offered to climb by means of a trellise of vines which ran along one of the sides of the house, and endeavor to find an entrance by one of the windows of the first story, those on the ground floor being secured by iron bars of formidable dimensions, as he would, if he succeeded, probably be enabled to open the doors to us without much difficulty. We consented. It is true, if the villa proved to be inhabited, we might find ourselves in an embarrassing predicament, and receive the contents of a blunderbuss from the mistaken and terrified inmates; but we felt confident of ensuring respect from our numbers—and what was the chance of a shot in endeavoring to get in, to the certainty of perishing of cold by remaining out? Pasquale, however, entered the mansion without resistance, by a small window, closed only by a window-shutter, in the rear of the house. Having lighted a lantern by means of our phosphorus box, he proceeded to explore his way to the door. Having kept us waiting in some anxiety for ten minutes, he again made his appearance, and told us that the front entrance was secured by several keys, but that he had found a small door in the back of the house that could be opened without much difficulty, and shut again in the morning, so as to leave all secure. This was good news: proceeding to the spot indicated by him, he soon set the door open to us, and we entered as readily as if we had been invited. Indeed, there was something so romantic in our situation, that when delivered from the real or fancied perils which threatened us, we were by no means at first dissatisfied with the adventure, and were congratulating ourselves on its happy termination, when an unexpected disappointment again overspread the face of the party with gloom. Notwithstanding our fatigue, alarm, and wetting, our appetites were sharply set, as we had taken nothing since we left Baida; our consternation then may well be conceived, at the doleful tidings that the pannier of provisions which had been attached to the lettiga, which broke down, had been left behind; not the magnificent apartment, with green silk hangings, in which we had taken up our quarters—not the blazing fire, kindled by the care of Pasquale, at which we warmed our benumbed limbs, and the prospect of dry clothes, and a comfortable bed, could console us—we sat in silent despair at so irremediable at loss. The servants, I am convinced, would have renewed their meal at Alexandria, though certain of paying the same penalty. For the ladies, we had, fortunately some sweet wine and biscuits, but these would go but a little way among so many hungry people. Nor were our animals, which we had also got under cover, better off than ourselves, so that it was doubtful whether we should be able to get them on in the morning. In this condition our ears were agreeably saluted by the tidings that provisions had been found in abundance. In fact, the Sicilian proprietors have always large magazines of wine and grain, and generally of dried provisions, in their country-houses, and they had ransacked the mansion until they at last in reality lighted on stores of this description. Having directed that nothing should be taken except what was absolutely necessary, we found ample entertainment for man and beast. Corn, hams, Bologna sausages, anchovies, Parmesan cheese, macaroni, rice, tunny in oil, and fruit, consisting of almonds, chestnuts, figs, and raisins; there was, besides, a variety of the best Sicilian wines. With these materials, oil and vinegar, with a few vegetables, which the servants were lucky enough to light on in the garden, our inimitable cook in the course of two hours put such a supper on the table as left us no reason to complain either of the want of bread or fresh provisions; a pudding served as a succedaneum for the former, a rich soup, and various vegetables stuffed with forcemeat, made up for the latter. We enjoyed our present good luck with so much zest after our past fatigue, that we did not retire to rest until a late hour, nor until the male part of the company had done honor to the cellar of our unknown and unknowing entertainer. After supper we examined the apartments: some of them were richly fitted up with damask hangings and mattresses of silk. The rooms were in general magnificently furnished, but in an ancient style; the chairs and tables were very massive, and, in the principal saloon, were superbly gilded; at one end of the same were portraits of the late king and queen, with a chair of state elevated on three steps, under a pavillion of crimsoned velvet, fringed with gold bullion.

Having provided for the ladies, we took the liberty of borrowing some dry mattresses, our own being completely soaked, and threw ourselves down on them in the hall on the ground floor in which we had supped.

As the house was full of furniture, containing immense wardrobes, chests of drawers, and other valuable property in most of the chambers, we were inclined to believe that it could not have been left without a custode. Pasquale next day told us he was pretty sure there were people in the house, who had probably taken us for robbers, and kept themselves concealed until our departure; in fact, we perceived signs in the kitchen, of the mansion having been very lately occupied; perhaps the keeper may have been accidentally absent at the time—he must have been surprised on his return to find what tenants had introduced themselves in his absence; certain it is, we neither saw nor heard any one except our own party.

In the morning, having put every thing in order, cleaned the apartments, and left a polite note for the proprietor of the house, with a handsome present for his servants, we made all secure, Pasquale fastening the door and retiring by the window as he entered, we resumed our course, highly delighted by the romantic adventures of the preceding evening. The stormy night, which had been succeeded by a tranquil and lovely morning, had served to refresh the air, and to double the pleasure of this day's journey. As our guides had conjectured, we found that we had mistaken the road. We now soon regained the right path, and proceeding through a spacious and fertile plain, reached Castelamare, a town containing four thousand inhabitants, which gives its name to a deep bay, formed by the points of San Vito and Sferracavallo, at the bottom of which it is situated. Alcamo, a thriving place, reckoning ten thousand souls, lies under Mount Bonifato; it is of Moorish origin, and indebted for its existence to Alcamach, a Saracen general, who A. D. 827, founded a city on Mount Bonifato, which was afterwards destroyed by Frederic II., who built another at the foot of the same mountain, transporting to it the inhabitants of the former, who gave it the same name. The adjacent country is very rich in olive groves; I also noticed the myrtle-leaved sumach in great quantity. Partenico, posted at the mouth of the valley so called, is a neat little town, it is the ancient Parthenicon. From this place to Valguarnera, a village built on an eminence called Raccali, we rode through the Val Partenico to the shore. We had some thoughts of sleeping at this place, but hearing that the air was far from good, we took up our quarters about a mile farther on, at a village to which we were recommended by the gentleman to whom we brought letters at Valguarnera; but we were by no means so well lodged as on the foregoing evening.

We breakfasted next morning at Cinisi, a small town situated in a fine and fertile vale, at the foot of Monte dell' Ursa, rich alike in vines, corn, and olives. The manna tree, the carubba, and the large berried juniper or oxyædrus, are also abundant in this smiling vale. From Cinisi to Murodi Carini, the ancient Hyccara, celebrated as the birth-place of the famous courtezan Lais, is about four miles. From hence we proceeded to the town of Carini, a small place, but beautifully situated on an elevation overlooking some of the richest country in Sicily. We reposed here during the heat, and, in the evening, passed on to Capaci, a charming spot, on a hill towering over the Pianura di Campo Pietro. From Capaci we rode about four miles through the lovely and luxuriant Conca d'oro, to the magnificent capital of Sicily, and were conducted by the Count to his Palazzo in Via Macqueda, where we were hospitably entertained for the space of ten days, beyond which, our stay in the island being limited, we were unable to remain; we then took leave of our kind and estecmed friends, the urbanity of whose manners, and the charms of whose society, will never be effaced from my recollection.

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## LE TAILLEUR ET LA FÉE.

Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an du Christ mille sept cent quatre vingt,
Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grandpère,
Moi nouveau né, sachez ce qui m'advint.
Rien ne prédit la gloire d'un Orphée,
A mon berceau qui n'était pas de fleurs,
Mais mon grandpère accourant à mes pleurs,
Me trouve un jour dans les bras d'une fée;
Et cette fée avec de gais refrains
Calmait les cris de mes premiers chagrins.

## THE TAILOR AND THE FAIRY.

In Paris' motley city, you must know,
A tailor lived, my grandsire was the man,
And in his house some fifty years ago,
The varied history of my life began.
Nought then foretold the future Orpheus' fame;
No flowers around my cradle flung their charms,
Till first I cried, and then my grandsire came,
And found his nursling in a fairy's arms:
And the kind fairy, with a magic lay,
Lulled all my cries and charmed my tears away.

The good old man, with some anxiety,
Then asked how fate my future course would mark,
The sprite replied, "The infant first will be
Boots at an inn, then printer, then a clerk;*
A thunderbolt will strike him from the skies,
But all anxiety at once dismiss,
For Heaven will spare him, and the boy will rise
To brave all other storms as well as this.

"All the delights that joyous youth afford
Shall wake his lyre to cheer the midnight hour;
Your grandson's songs shall bless the poor man's board,
And give a zest to opulence and power.

* Garcon d'auberge, imprimeur, commis voyageur.

But future wrongs the poet's fire will check,
His country's glory, freedom, all will go,
Still like a seaman who escapes the wreck,
He will survive to tell his tale of woe."

Then thus the tailor—"Must my grandson be
Maker of patchwork poetry? Why, zounds!
Better by far to sit and stitch like me,
Than like an echo, die in idle sounds."*
"Bah!" said the sprite, "a truce to useless fear;
A wreath of bays shall grace your grandson's head,
Each song he sings some Gallic heart shall cheer,
And soothe the tears our hapless exiles shed."
Thus the kind fairy, with her magic lay,
Lulled all my cries and charmed my tears away.

JOHN WARING.

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## LEAVES FROM MY MINUTE-BOOK.

### No. I.

### THE BARONET.

"A diverted blood, and bloody brother.
. . . . . Forbear to judge."
SHAKSPEARE.

IT was one of those charming mornings called *par éminence*, London's own. Without being actually wet, the atmosphere was sufficiently heavy to keep down every one's more cheerful feelings far below zero, the roofs of the houses were all but invisible, and the statue of the Duke,

"High throned all height above,"

was perfectly shut out from my view as I walked briskly along Regent Street. The pavement offered no sure resting-place for the sole of my feet, and the ludicrously earnest looks of those I met, who were sprawling about like shell-shod cats, testified to the difficulty of advancing. I wended on, however, with many internal execrations, until I found myself immediately behind a lady-form of peculiar grace, as far as I could judge; and the spirit—demon, if you will—of curiosity, suggested that it would be advisable to obtain a view of her face. I pushed forward, when suddenly the lady placed her tiny foot upon a more lubricated spot than common, slipped, and I do not precisely know what she might have broken, had I not received her in my arms. As it was, she only broke my watch-glass. This, I think, a most orthodox and interesting way of beginning a story.

I hope it will not be supposed that I was walking abroad because I had nothing to do at home. This is a conjecture particularly disadvantageous to a young solicitor, and therefore—I need say no more on that head. Having replaced the object of my attentions on her feet, I took the liberty of presenting my arm, and of escorting her to the house she named as her residence. What we said to each other during the walk, can concern nobody; and, as the lady is now my wife, the disclosure would be particularly impertinent. At that time, however, I had far more idea of extending my connections than of falling in love, and so, upon reaching No. —, St. James's Street, I merely begged to be allowed to inquire after Miss Emily ——— another day, threw my card to the porter, and proceeded to attend the King's Majesty at Westminster.

Lying, *more meo*, "'twixt sleep and wake," the following morning, meditating the operations of the day, I remembered the occurrence I have mentioned, and the recollection fairly awoke me. Having waited till a decent hour for appearing abroad, and having inflicted a respectable but decisive knock (an acquirement not easily gained) upon the door of the house aforesaid, I was admitted without hesitation. The owner of the mansion, Sir Fitzroy ———, was seated in his library, and upon my entrance, thought proper to express his particular obligations for the service I had rendered his niece. All due and civil things having been said, the Baronet, for he was no less, requested me to permit him to write a note of some importance; and while he was thus engaged, I had leisure to mark the features of a distinguished leader of fashionable society. That he had succeeded to the title and family estates on the sudden death of his brother, who, with Sir Fitzroy, was at the time engaged on a continental tour, I had learned through the ordinary newspaper channels. But I was a little surprised at his appearance, and indeed was puzzled to account for the deepened furrows on the brow of a man whom the baronetage told me could not be more than thirty. A full formed and noble figure, and a piercing eye, which lit up handsome, though not extraordinary, features, and I have mentioned all that struck me in Sir Fitzroy ———. We parted, when he gave me an unlimited invitation to his house, a permission I was not slack to use. I must pass over the next year and a half, during which time I was a frequent visitor in St. James's Street, and Sir Fitzroy had more than once called upon me, and indeed entrusted to me some matters of small moment, and proceed to an extract from my "Minute-Book" of the 12th of May, 183—.

Sir Fitzroy ——— was announced. He took a seat, and we conversed for some time upon indifferent matters, when the newspaper caught his eye.

"Any news to-day, Mr. R———?" and he glanced along the columns, when something arrested his gaze, apparently agitating him much. He rushed to the window, and seemed to re-read the passage, and, as if to be assured of its reality, he more than once passed his hand before his eyes. The next minute he threw down the journal, snatched up his hat, and wishing me a hasty farewell, said, "I must be off to the continent instantly," and left the house.

I took up the paper to endeavor to discover what had so disconcerted him; the mark of his nail had been violently impressed against

* Mourir en vains sons.

the following lines, an extract from a foreign journal.

"The body of the English gentleman, Mr. Hawker, who disappeared so mysteriously about two months ago, has been found by some fishermen in the Lake of Gerouinne. It is supposed the unfortunate person had been bathing, and had incautiously ventured beyond his depth," &c. &c.

Of course, the effect of this notice upon Sir Fitzroy was a perfect mystery to me, by no means explained by a note from Emily, received the same evening, which was to ascertain whether I could give her any account of her uncle, who had not returned to St. James's Street since the morning. The following day I made an inquiry at his banker's, where I found that he had entered apparently in great mental distress immediately on leaving me, and had drawn a considerable sum of money. Beyond this I could obtain no clue. Further measures were rendered unnecessary by this note, put into my hand by a very muddy courier, towards three o'clock.

"——— *Prison.*

"My Dear Sir,—Pray come to me instantly. "F.———.

"*Wednesday.*"

I am accustomed to obey instructions when I find it convenient to do so, and after a hard ride of four hours, I found myself before the prison from which Sir Fitzroy's note was dated, exactly ten minutes too late for admission that night. In vain did I exert my eloquence upon the keeper, he was inflexible; and a golden key only opened his lips so far that he promised to send my card up to the Baronet. This he did; and I was fain to betake myself to mine inn and order dinner, having first ascertained that I could see Sir Fitzroy at ten in the morning. The time passed even more dully than time at a country inn generally passes. It had been fair day at ———, and while waiting for my meal, I watched the smockfrocks and straw hats till I thought them the most hideous garb in the world; and when the smoked chops and inky port of mine host of the Carp and Candlesnuffers did arrive, I fear my temper delighted not much the bedizened Blowsalinda who brought them. Then the night; but I *must* forget this, atleast upon paper; and suffice it to say, that ten o'clock found me at the prison-gate. After some difficulty I was ushered into the dark, ill-furnished apartment, which the Baronet's manner, and probably his purse, had procured him. Sir Fitzroy was seated at a little table, scoring figures in the dust, which had apparently rested there for months. On my entrance he started with some nervousness, but rose to welcome me with as much cordiality as I had ever seen in his drawing-room in town.

"Ah! this is kind, R——. You did not think of finding me here when we parted yesterday."

"Indeed I did not. What, in heaven's name, does this mean?"

"For what do you suppose I am arrested?"

"I am totally at a loss to conjecture. The debtors' rooms are on the other side of the gaol. Pray tell me."

"On a charge of *murder*," said Sir Fitzroy, quietly.

"Good God! of whom—what—you are joking."

"Not I—it is no matter for mirth."

"But you are—are——"

"Innocent, you would say. Have you a doubt on the subject?"

"I?"

"But, however, something must be done, and to enable you to understand the case, I must unravel more of my history than I usually care to dwell on. Pray be seated."

"Well," thought I, "this is a singular thing." This was no very original idea, but it was my first. "I am here in ——— goal, with my Emily's uncle, (I have spared my readers my love story,) who is imprisoned on a charge of murder, and with whom, three nights ago, I was playing at chess in St. James's Street:" so I sat down to listen, not knowing what else to do. Sir Fitzroy told his story with an unbroken calmness of voice, but his eye was as restless as the reflected light that sparkles from water on the wall.

"You know that I accompanied my brother, who was nearly twenty years my senior, in the journey to Geneva, in which he died, but I believe I never told you that, both before we set out and while travelling, some serious differences arose between us. I insisted upon taking with me my servant, or rather page, an incumbrance he violently opposed while he knew this person was a mere attendant. But I carried my point, and the affair wore off, until on reaching Paris, Sir Frederic accidentally discovered that my page was neither more nor less than a female. He was himself a man of staid, and what he termed moral habits, and his wrath at such a dereliction of duty on my part knew no bounds. The alternative he offered me was an instant separation from Anna Crosby or from himself, and he hinted at wills and settlements. You know I am not fond of listening to dictation, and I answered him in his own way. We were both exceedingly loud, and attracted the attention of some other persons in the hotel, and "—

"I beg your pardon for this interruption—may I ask whether your feelings towards your *protégée* were concerned in this quarrel?"

"My pride was, I rather think—nothing else; for the girl was a great plague, had forced herself upon me in the journey, and compelled me to let her accompany us, and I should, at another time, have been glad of a good excuse for giving her up. But of course, under such circumstances, I chose to resist my brother's orders, and he worked himself into a most violent passion. After a hasty supper he retired to bed, and died in the night."

"It was very sudden."

"Very," said Sir Fitzroy, looking steadily at me. "I then, of course, took the necessary steps for proving his death, and

finding he had left your little friend Emily almost unprovided for, I soon afterwards adopted her. In doing this, it was of course necessary that I should get rid of my torment, Miss Crosby, a thing I was by no means sorry to do. I therefore pensioned her off, (after tears, and threats, and protestations on her part, too numerous to mention, as auctioneers say,) through an English gentleman at Paris, named Hawker, who has lately died."

"Hawker!" said I, my mind reverting to the newspaper, "What, Sir Fitzroy, disturbed you so much on reading the account of that gentleman's death?"

"Sir!" said the baronet, in a loud voice, "I am not accustomed to be cross-examined. Pooh—ah—I beg your pardon,' he continued, instantly changing his tone, "forgive me; the fact is, he was an old and dear friend, and his loss startled me a good deal. Pray, may I ask how you discovered the paragraph to be the cause of my emotion?"

"You marked it with your nail, Sir Fitzroy," said I, coldly.

"Did I!—strange. But I must tell you, that as I was on the very eve of sailing for Calais the other day, in order to follow my friend's body to the grave, I was arrested on the charge—you will hardly believe it—of murder—of the murder of my brother."

"Of Sir Frederic ——!" I exclaimed in the utmost surprise. The words came upon me like a sudden blow. I had almost expected to hear of the removal of the baronet's mistress, even by violence, but for this, I was totally unprepared.

"Ay, of fratricide; and the charge made by the ungrateful viper, Crosby: why, I cannot in the faintest way imagine; and what she can dream of adducing as proofs, I am equally at a loss to conceive: we must do something, however."

"I will instantly send a retainer to Sir ——— ———, and a request that he will come down. What the wit of man can do in such a case, he will advise. What magistrate committed you? I will write for the depositions?"

"I obtained a copy as a personal favor—they are here."

I looked through the papers; it was explicit and direct, charging Sir Fitzroy with the murder of his elder brother, *by poison*, at the —— Hotel, Rue des Cranbouges, Paris, and signed by Anna Crosby. I looked at Sir Fitzroy.

"What think you of it?"

"It is clear and straightforward, and evidently the work of no novice."

"There is one thing occurs to me," said the baronet, "this Crosby,—would it not be the shortest and safest method to get her out of the way at once?"

"Sir Fitzroy ———," said I, "whatever I do in this matter, and I will do all for you that can be done, must be fairly and openly performed; and I tell you further, that if I had the slightest suspicion that this wretched woman's deposition were true, nay, if I even imagined ———"

"Enough, my dear sir, I fully believe you, and but for my having such confidence I should not have permitted, shall I say, sanctioned your visits to the daughter of this very brother whom I am accused of ——" and Sir Fitzroy leaned his head upon his hands, and I fancied he wept.

I immediately took the requisite measures for the defence. The trial would take place at the ensuing ——— assizes, which were fixed for about a month from his arrest. The reader would find little interest in a detail of my operations, conducted, as they were, under the eye of the great ——— ———, who, with two other men of much talent, were secured for the trial. They did not allow a single doubt on their case to exist for a moment, and Sir Fitzroy was equally confident. I visited him on the evening before the judges arrived, and was much assured by the calm way in which he criticised the points of his defence, and by the preparations he spoke of for leaving —— immediately. We parted for the night to meet again in the court.

None but those who have been actually engaged, know the fierce excitement of a court of justice. Even in mere questions of land and money, the interest in the decision is immense, and its evidences—flush and paleness—succeed each other with harrowing quickness, not only in the faces of the contending parties, but even in those of men more remotely concerned. But this can be nothing to the emotions raised in a court of criminal law, where, upon a single sentence, may depend the life or death of a fellow-being. I, for one, have never been able to acquire the hardened indifference sneered at by modern writers as the hired advocate's badge, nor do I believe in its existence to any extent.

**"The court was convened, the counsel were met,**
**The judges all ranged a terrible show."**

The building was crowded to excess, and after the usual formalities, Sir Fitzroy ——— was placed at the bar. I was rejoiced that his case was the first. His step was firm, and his whole demeanor that of decided confidence of his acquittal. The crown council commenced his speech with professions of grief at the painful duty on his hands, and concluded an able harangue of two hours by calling Anna Crosby. A very beautiful woman appeared in the witness-box, whose charms, though somewhat faded by time, had lingered sufficiently long to show what she was in youth, and would be till age had far advanced. Her evidence did not differ much from her depositions. I fancied that a residence beneath a foreign sky had given something of foreign energy and animation to her manner. So clearly and admirably did she tell her story, that the opposite advocate with much address abstained from interrupting her by questions, and the interest in court was intense, as she turned to Sir Fitzroy, who was leaning with much compo-

sure against the side of the prisoner's box, and with sparkling eyes and finger pointed at the baronet, she exclaimed—

"Yes, you, Sir Fitzroy ———, you who, by false oaths, and promises you determined to break even while you were uttering them, enticed me from a mother's roof to ruin and ignominy,—who caused the transportation of my only brother for having presumed to question your treatment of his sister,—who, weary of the victim when she had lost the power to amuse you, cast me off to one of your libertine associates in exchange for a release from a gambling debt,—who again endeavored to be rid of me by more violent means in the streets of Boulogne,—who allowed the pension fear had wrung from you to be discontinued, little dreaming that I should escape starvation to impeach you here,—you, Sir Fitzroy ———, are now before a tribunal of your own country for murder—for the murder of a brother—for a murder you dare not deny. The poison that destroyed him you obtained long before that night,—you carried it about you concealed in the hollow of a pencil case, and on the evening of your last quarrel with your brother you drew that pencil out, on pretence of sending a note for me: as he turned his head you threw the powder into his glass. I knew what would be the result of Sir Frederic's having discovered my sex—I was watching you—deny it if you dare."

A half suppressed laugh from Sir Fitzroy followed this speech. It was instantly checked by a look from his leading counsel, who inquired whether the crown had any other witnesses. The reply was in the negative, and Sir ——— ——— proceeded to cross-examine Anna Crosby. She underwent a most searching and rigid inquiry without varying in a single particular, and after a fruitless attempt to confuse or disconcert her, the acute advocate sat down, and Sir Fitzroy was called upon for his defence. It is well known, that though the forms of law, do not permit the prisoner's counsel to argue in his behalf, the written defence read by the prisoner is composed for him under the very best advice. The Baronet, in a tone sometimes slightly varied by an expression of the deepest contempt for his accuser, commented on her character, her long-delayed testimony, and every other point we had imagined could bear upon the case. He concluded, after hinting at the fact of his having adopted the daughter of his alleged victim, by an impassioned appeal to the breasts of those before whom he stood, much in the style which long practice has shown to be most availing with men, who, with all their differences, have been of the same blood and passions in every age. The defence produced a decisive impression, and the judge was about to sum up, when the witness, Crosby, drew a small piece of paper from her bosom, on which a few pencilled lines appeared, and rushing up to the box, exclaimed rather in a scream of rage, than aught of ordinary speech, (for the bitter sarcasms of the prisoner had not been lost upon her,) holding out the document the while—

"Will Sir Fitzroy ——— deny this?"

The paper was handed to the court, and while the venerable judge was looking through it, both Sir ——— ——— and I turned to the prisoner. His lip quivered; he was ashy pale; he leaned against the front of the box for support—*he had recognised the paper.*

"You have but half instructed us, Sir Fitzroy," said the advocate, who instantly saw how matters stood, in a tone which, though low and confidential, was expressive of the deepest reproach.

"I—I—had forgotten this. Save me, save me, Sir ——— ——— save me, gentlemen—my fortune is yours—I——let me see the document?" he exclaimed in a loud voice—"a forgery, no doubt, well worthy of the producer."

The paper was given him. He looked at every line as if with intent to discover the falsehood, and I observed he brought it, by a very natural motion, nearer his eyes. Feigning to look at a particular word more closely, he folded back the note, for such it seemed, so as to reduce it to a small compass, and made a most rapid effort to thrust it into his mouth. I clasped my hands in agony at his folly—it was vain, for the wary officer near him had anticipated his purpose, seized his arm, and the document was rescued. This action of the prisoner's must have much altered the matter, had not the sessions-house clock at that moment struck *one*.

And what effect could this have had upon the trial? says a gentle reader, should I be so fortunate as to find one. Why, my dear young lady, you are perhaps not aware that at that hour the judge of an English court retires for five minutes to refresh himself with a glass of wine,—the counsel crack jokes,—the attorneys stretch themselves, and open the papers of sandwiches with which their affectionate wives have lined their pockets,—and the public in general, in the hall of justice assembled, elbows and pushes its individual members unawed by the majestic solemnity of the ermine robe. In these five minutes, the aspect of affairs was changed. Sir ——— ———, with that forethought for which he is to this day remarkable, had come into court provided for the very worst, and thought justly offended at the half confidence reposed in him by Sir Fitzroy, determined to make a last effort in his client's behalf. He beckoned my clerk to him,—a whisper succeeded,—and the young man discovered that he had deposited his hat in a corner of the court which was only attainable by passing through the jury-box. The bystanders supposed that Sir ——— ——— had intrusted him with a number of letters for the post, for after tumbling among the legs of the twelve wise men more than once, Mr. Hendon appeared to have accomplished his purpose in obtaining his hat and leaving the hall.

The learned baron re-entered, summed up the evidence, and having alluded to the sin-

gular action of the prisoner relative to the paper, which was handed round to the jury, concluded by a strong recommendation to them to give the prisoner the benefit of any doubts they might entertain. In five minutes the foreman stood up, and firmly pronounced the words—NOT GUILTY!

"The verdict is yours, gentlemen, not mine," said the judge. "Sir Fitzroy ———, you are at liberty."

Sir Fitzroy bowed, and on leaving the dock walked up to Sir —— ———, and offered him his hand, without speaking. As I had expected, it was declined, with a cool bow. I took Sir Fitzroy's arm, and we left the court. Anna Crosby had departed—or we had forgotten her existence. We reached the Carp and Candlesnuffers.

"A post-chaise for town, instantly," said the Baronet. In a few minutes the vehicle was at the door. A handsome gratuity flung to the bowing servants, and we were on the road. We did not exchange a single word until reaching D———.

"Horses on!"

I alighted, to expedite the movements of the ostlers, and on returning to the chaise, was surprised at seeing the opposite door open, and a boy in earnest conversation with Sir Fitzroy. An exclamation was upon my lips, when I saw the Baronet suddenly bend forward, and strike a violent blow at the new comer. The youth eluded it, and, the next instant, the flash of a pistol dazzled my eyes. Sir Fitzroy sprang up in the vehicle until his head nearly came in contact with the roof —and fell down among the straw—*a dead man!*

Many months afterwards an act was obtained for the dividing and enclosing of D—— Common. Among the first steps taken after the passing of the bill, was the removal of a large quantity of brushwood, and stunted trees, which had for many years been allowed to conceal an old sand pit, about a mile from the high road. In doing this the laborers discovered a skeleton, which on examination proved to be that of a female, apparently young, and finely formed. The winds and storms had removed any traces of apparel by which the deceased could be recognised, but a pair of rusted pocket pistols were found near the spot, both discharged. One of the left ribs of the body was slightly fractured. Those who were acquainted with the melancholy tale I have told, had little doubt that there the unhappy Anna Crosby had "found the sleep that knows no waking."

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## LE CHANT DU COSAQUE.

VIENS mon coursier, noble ami du Cosaque,
Vole au signal des trompettes du nord,
Prompt au pillage, intrépide à l'attaque
Prête sous moi, des ailes à la mort,
L'or n'enrichit ni ton frein, ni ta selle,
Mais attend tout du prix de mes exploits
Hennis d'orgueil, O mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.
La paix qui fuit m' abandonne tes guides,
La vieille Europe a perdu ses remparts, &c. &c.

## THE COSSAC'S SONG.

Come, my bold steed, the Cossac's trusty friend,
The northern trumpets bid our hordes advance,
Pillage as well as war thy steps attend,
And death shall ride triumphant on my lance.
No gold thy trappings may enrich, but stay,
And wait the prize thy master's prowess brings;
Then neigh with pride, my steed, and haste away,
To trample on the rights of men and kings.

Peace gives thy reins to me, and flies afar;
Europe has lost her bulwarks, then her strength,
Come thou enrich me with the spoils of war,
Paris will give us some repose at length.
Return, and drink in the rebellious Seine,
(To us far sweeter than our northern springs,)
Twice on her banks already thou hast been,
To trample on the rights of men and kings.

Haste, then, to where the rulers of the land,
Compelled to hear their suffering people groan,
Call for our aid, and bow to our command
Our vassals, tho' the tyrants of their own.
Armed with my lance, my ardent course I'll speed,
To crush all royal and all sacred things;
Then neigh with pride, my bold and trusty steed,
And trample on the rights of men and kings.

I saw a phantom of gigantic size
Scan our wild hordes encamped on yonder plain;
Armed with an axe, he points, and then he cries,
"In yon far west my reign begins again."
'Twas Attila's proud shade, and I'm his son,
My filial duty due submission brings;
Come, then, my steed, our task is now begun,
To trample on the rights of men and kings.

All the renown in which old nations trust,
The learning, arts, which no science can prove,
Shall all be lost amidst the clouds of dust
Raised by our gallant squadrons as they move.
Havoc's our aim, 'tis ours to overthrow
Laws, customs, all, to which fond memory clings;
Then neigh with pride, my steed, and onwards go,
To trample on the rights of men and kings.

JOHN WARING.

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## MR. BULWER'S RIENZI.

*Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes.* By the Author of "Eugene Aram," "Last Days of Pompeii," &c. &c.

WHOEVER looks upon any of Mr. Bulwer's works of fiction as the mere vehicles of amusement, does that author great injustice, and himself, unconsciously, a great wrong. All his novels and romances have been produced, not to exemplify a single moral, but

to elucidate a theory, work out a principle, or establish a science. To a superficial observer, the last clause of the preceding sentence may seem a strong one; and appear to give Mr. Bulwer more credit for deep-seeing views, and ultimate results, than even himself will lay claim to. But this is not so. In his several works he has endeavored to instruct mankind in—what ought to be to mankind their primal consideration—the relations of men to each other. In his lighter novels he has given us enduring and searching lessons on the social scheme, as circumscribed by a particular circle, or a single country. In this, his latest work, "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," he has deeply and despondingly expatiated, and made new discoveries on the most difficult, the most debated, and the all-important science of government.

In imparting wisdom to his countrymen and to the world, in the many volumes that he has written, he has become profoundly wise himself, with a wisdom that has brought a melancholy over the high aspirations of his soul; and which has given, at times, a scarcely-perceptible tint of misanthropy to his reflections. Whilst his mind is open to every generous sentiment, and his admiration and applause the free homage of every virtuous individual, he begins to despise and despair of mankind in the mass. He begins to understand—what we have long known—that, as yet, public virtue is like the dove sent forth from the ark on the face of the troubled waters. She cannot, from the overflowing seas of iniquity that cover the earth, find anywhere a resting-place. In the progress of knowledge she has certainly found an olive-branch—a token of the subsiding of the waters. But to the present era we see that the past affords no lesson, and the future gives scarcely any hope. Even in Mr. Bulwer's sanguine mind, the Utopian dreams of patriotism, and his faith in the public good, brought about by public virtue, are fast fading away, and are rapidly giving place to a conviction that sharp realities only will urge man on over his worldly course, regardless of public honor, wildly-extended views, or the general weal: almost every page in the work before us, furnishes proofs of this feeling growing upon him. Verifying his own doctrine, the man speaks out eloquently in the author. He will soon cease to be a political partisan, soon cease to believe in aristocratic Whig honesty on the one hand, or to court the most sweet voices of the seldom washed on the other. Literature will snatch him away from the disgraceful broils of faction, and placing him in the Temple of the Muses, he will there find his legitimate station, his just triumph, and his deserved immortality.

As a literary composition, "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," may be classed as a familiar prose epic; whether we regard the unity of its action, the eloquence of its diction, or the high and the melancholy truth which it so beautifully enforces. The story opens with a loving and quiet scene between the elder Rienzi, the hero, and a gentle being, his brother. In this interview the character of Cola, the predestined Tribune, is made to display itself very naturally and forcibly. His is a mind of great imaginings, imbued deeply with classic learning, and panting after the regeneration of Rome. He is also proud of his illegitimate lineage, derived from an Emperor of Germany, at that time the representative of all that was left of the once universal empire. At this period, the city is distracted and devoured by the two contending factions of the Colonna and the Orsini, nearly equal in strength and rapacity, though the former has a little the advantage, in being only less barbarous than its rival. To the Colonna, Cola Rienzi has attached himself, imitating in a graceful manner the conduct of the elder Brutus, though not to the extent to which that patriot is recorded to have went. He, Cola, descended only to a witty buffoonery. What he really thought of the men, whose festive honors he enlivened by his facetiousness, may be gathered from the following indignant burst.

"'The Colonna!" said Cola, with a bitter smile; 'the Colonna—the pedants!—They affect, dull souls, the knowledge of the past, play the patron, and misquote Latin over their cups! They are pleased to welcome me at their board, because the Roman doctors call me learned, and because nature gave me a wild wit, which to them is pleasanter than the stale jests of a hired buffoon. Yes, they would advance my fortunes—but how? by some place in the public offices, which would fill a dishonored coffer, by wringing, yet more sternly, the hard-earned coins from our famishing citizens! If there be a vile thing in the world, it is a plebeian, advanced by patricians, not for the purpose of righting his own order, but for playing the pander to the worst interests of theirs. He who is of the people, but makes himself a traitor to his birth, if he becomes a puppet for these tyrant hypocrites to lift up their hands and cry—'See what liberty exists in Rome, when *we*, the patricians, thus elevate a plebeian!' Did they ever elevate a plebeian if he sympathized with plebeians? No, brother; should I be lifted above our condition, I will be raised by the arms of my countrymen, and not upon their necks."

At that time, the deceived patriot had faith in plebeian virtue. The reader will also perceive the bitterness and the depth of the remark on that most plebeian of all ambitions, the wish to rise by making oneself the tool, or the parasite, of a patron, is here properly characterized; and shows the first dark dawning in the author's mind of the miserable light of one dismal truth of our fallen nature.

After this sweet interview with his brother, over which is spread that well-sustained classicality that no living author knows so well how to give to his subjects as Mr. Bulwer, the pair separate—the elder to muse over the miseries of his fallen city, and to cherish vague hopes for her resuscitated glory; the younger, with his heart light with innocence, seeks the cheerfulness of his home. In his way he is met by a band of the Orsini. They unhesi-

tatingly make him their captive guide to direct them to some purpose of rapine; and, as he is thus brutally urged on with the marauders, a stronger force of the Colonna put this band to flight. The poor unarmed boy flies with the fugitives, being distracted with a very natural terror; and just as his brother appears, and he shrieks out, "Save me! save me!" to Cola; "Mercy! mercy!" to his relentless pursuer, Martino di Porto, one of the Colonna, thrusts him through with his lance from back to breast. Rienzi falls on his knees before Stephen Colonna, the head of the house, and exclaims with all the pathos of a love made wretched—"It is my brother, noble Stephen, a boy, a mere child!—the best—the mildest! See how his blood dabbles the grass!—back, back—your horse's hoofs are in the stream! Justice, my lord, justice!—you are a great man!"

Justice is readily promised by the old chief, who supposed that the assassin was an Orsini; but when he finds that the assassin was a kinsman, the following scene, so characteristic of the times, occurs.

"'My poor youth,' said the old man, compassionately, 'you should have had justice against the Orsini, but see you not this has been an error? I do not wonder you are too grieved to listen to reason now. We must make this up to you."

"'And let this pay for masses for the boy's soul; I grieve me much for the accident,' said the younger Colonna, flinging down a purse of gold. 'Ay, see us at the palace next week, young Cola—next week. My father, we had best return towards the boat; its safeguard may require us yet.'

"'Right, Gianni; stay, some two of you, and see to the poor lad's corpse;—a grievous accident! how could it chance?'

"The company passed back the way they came, two of the common soldiers alone remaining, except the boy Adrian, who lingered behind a few moments, striving to console Rienzi, who, as one bereft of sense, remained motionless, gazing on the proud array as it swept along, and muttering to himself, 'Justice, justice! I will have it yet.'

"The loud voice of the elder Colonna summoned Adrian, reluctantly and weeping, away. 'Let me be your brother,' said the gallant boy, affectionately pressing the scholar's hand to his heart, 'I want a brother like you.'

"Rienzi made no reply; he did not heed or hear him—dark and stern thoughts, thoughts in which were the germ of a mighty revolution, were at his heart. He woke from them with a start, as the soldiers were now arranging their bucklers so as to make a kind of bier for the corpse, and then burst into tears as he fiercely motioned them away, and clasped the clay to his breast till he was literally soaked with the oozing blood."

From that moment, Cola's patriotism became nerved by revenge, his whole soul rose at once in eternal hate against the nobles; and rigidly and amply did he pay them back the devastation they had committed on his own race.

It is not our purpose to follow the hero through the slow development of his plans, his sagacious blinding of the aristocracy to his designs, and his veiled and astute cultivation of the good opinion of the working classes. Here we may remark a singularity in this romance, significantly indicative of a change in Mr. Bulwer's political opinions. The only truly noble, great, and good character, that he brings upon this exciting stage of action, is a patrician, Adrian, a branch of the Colonna family. Of the women, as they take the coloring of their minds from the men, we need say nothing. But of all the male characters, (with the exception of Adrian,) Rienzi among the rest, are such as to make us loathe our common nature. Rienzi's character is heroic, but it cannot be called good; great, but incomplete; such a one as might create a faithful adherent, but not one whom a pure mind would rejoice to hail as a familiar friend. His author attempts to justify him from the imputation of that weakest of all weaknesses—an affectation of the puerility of holiday pomp. The very entertaining of such gilded hollowness argues *pretension;* and wherever there is pretension, there is innate feebleness in some point of character. We do not think that Rienzi was justified in this foolish expense of wealth on the score of keeping up his popularity; for, though it flattered the citizens upon whose good will his power was solely found, in the end it undermined his strength with them, as well as brought about the necessity of taxation; and attempted taxation did, at last, shed his blood in the very midst of his former idolaters.

One almost uninterrupted color of black villany, and of weakness, worse even in its consequences than villany itself, is spread over the *dramatis personæ* of this intellectual work. From the pope to the meanest official in religion—from the statesman to the lowest Jack in office—from the general of armies to the degraded follower of the camp, all, all are miserable rascals. There is no repose for the mind of the reader [illegible] in the one character that we have [illegible]oned, and in that of his betrothed Irene, the gentle and beautiful sister of the Tribune.

Finely has the author castigated, and held up to immortal scorn, the Roman working classes, and the democrats. He describes them, and describes them truly, as being as ambitious, as revengeful, as cruel, as selfish, and as weak as the nobles, with all their vices made hideous by meanness the most disgusting, and sordidness the most revolting. For these frequent, and not too highly colored pictures, conservatism will be eternally grateful to the author.

Let us now suppose Rienzi to have expelled the nobles from Rome, or made them reside there as simple quiet citizens, demolished the fortifications of their strongholds, hung up some of their number for what were looked upon formerly as mere casual occurrences, a few murders or so, cleared the roads of banditti, brought profitable trade, and overflowing plenty within the walls, and administering justice with mercy, seemed to have chained peace within the city by the rosy bonds of brotherly love between man, and in

man—Rienzi has done all this; and now let us look at Mr. Bulwer's picture of democratic gratitude. The greasy plebeians have grown fat under the beneficence of his sway. Their store-houses are full of merchandize, and their purses full of florins. All looks well and prosperous within their city. But at the far off papal court of Avignon, the nobles are again making a demonstration; and the pope —O these popes!—have excommunicated the Tribune, because he bathed in the same stone bath as the heathen emperor, Constantine. Well—one hundred and fifty freebooters, in the pay of the patricians, steal into the city, and fortify themselves in one of the dismantled strongholds of the Colonna. Only one hundred and fifty! But we anticipate. To repel such an attempt as this, the citizens' benefactor wanted a little money—only a very little tax—hear how the demagogues now handle their former idol.

"Meanwhile as the declining day closed around the litter and its troop, more turbulent actors in the drama demand our audience. The traders and artizans of Rome at that time, and especially during the popular government of Rienzi, held weekly meetings in each of the thirteen quarters of the city. And in the most democratic of these, Cecco del Vecchio was an oracle and leader. It was at that assembly, over which the smith presided, that the murmurs that preceded the earthquake were heard.

"So,' cried one of the company—Luigi, the goodly butcher, "they say he wanted to put a new tax on us; and that is the reason he broke up the Council to-day; because, good men, they were honest, and had bowels for the people: it is a shame and a sin that the treasury should be empty."

"'I told him,' said the smith, 'to beware how he taxed the people. Poor men won't be taxed. But as he does not follow my advice, he must take the consequence—the horse runs from one hand, the halter remains in the other.'

"'Take *your* advice, Cecco! I warrant me his stomach is too high for that now. Why he is grown as proud as the pope.'

"'For all that, he is a great man,' said one of the party. 'He gave us laws—he rid the Campagna of robbers—filled the streets with merchants, and the shops with wares—defeated the boldest lords and fiercest soldiery of Italy——'

"'And now wants to tax the people!—that's all the thanks we get for helping him,' said the grumbling Cecco. 'What would he have been without us?—we that made can unmake.'

"'But,' continued the advocate, seeing that he had his supporters—"But then he taxes us for our own liberties.'

"'Who strikes at them now?' asked the butcher.

"'Why the Barons are daily mustering new strength at Marino.'

"'Marino is not Rome,' said Luigi the butcher. 'Let's wait till they come to our gates again—we know how to receive them. Though, for the matter of that, I think we have had enough fighting—my two poor brothers had each a stab too much for them. Why won't the Tribune, if he *be* a great man, let us have peace. All we want now is quiet.'

"'Ah!' said a seller of horse-harness, 'let him make it up with the Barons. They were good customers, after all.'

"'For my part,' said a merry-looking fellow, who had been a grave-digger in bad times, and had now opened a stall of wares for the living, 'I could forgive him all, but bathing in the holy vase of porphyry.'

"'Ah, that was a bad job,' said several, shaking their heads.

"'And the knighthood was but a silly show, an it were not for the wine from the horse's nostrils—*that* had some sense in it.'

"'My masters,' said Cecco, 'the folly was in not beheading the Barons when he had them all in the net, and so Messere Baroncelli says. (Ah, Baroncelli is an honest man, and follows no half measures!)—it was a sort of treason to the people not to do so. Why, but for that, we should never have lost so many tall fellows by the gate of San Lorenzo.'

"'True, true, it was a shame; some say the Barons bought him.'

"'And then,' said another, 'those poor Lords Colonna—boy and man—they were the best of the family, save the Castello. I vow I pitied them.'

"'But to the point,' said one of the crowd, *the richest* of the set, '*the tax is the thing*. The ingratitude to tax *us*. Let him dare do it!'

"'Oh, he will not dare, for I fear that the pope's bristles are up at last; so he will only have *us* to depend upon!'"

Here is satire over which the most bigoted Tory might gloat with rapture. It is of no use saying that these men are merely degraded Italians. Here they are not acting as Italians, but as sons of human nature. It is from the unchanging soul of man that the picture is drawn; the coloring is dismal, but it is correct. Would the large and fashionable furnishing ironmonger of our metropolis act more heroically than the huge Roman smith, Cecco del Vecchio? Mr. Bulwer knows he would not. Would the west end purveyor of meat (the word butcher is obsolete) be more ready than Luigi, to whet his knife in defence of a newly-acquired liberty? Or is there a rich radical vestryman of Marylebone, who would behave more nobly than the *richest of the set* of the Roman crowd. No—a few hundred, or a few thousands of years, make but small change in the common impulses of humanity. Again we thank Mr. Bulwer for this picture.

But the finishing stroke is still to be put to it. The hundred and fifty mercenaries are in the heart of the city, the Tribune has just been excommunicated by the pope's emissary. Rienzi harangues the Roman populace, in order to inflame them to arms, to drive out this handful of robbers. In his harangue he tells them that he will go and stand with his few attendants before the holding of the barbarians, that his trumpet shall sound three times, and that, if at the third blast, they do not rise and hasten to his banner, and to the attack, he will abandon them to the fruits of their ingratitude and cowardice, and to the tender mercies of the barons. He departs, and then one of the demagogues in the crowd thus begins:—

"'Look you, my masters,' said he, leaping up to the place of the Lion, 'the Tribune talks bravely, he always did, but the monkey used the cat for

his chesnuts: he wants to thrust your paws into the fire; you will not be so silly as to let him. The saints bless us; but the Tribune, good man, gets a palace and his banquets, and bathes in a porphyry vase—the more shame on him—in which San Sylvester christened the Emperor Constantine: all this is worth fighting for; but you, my masters, what do *you* get except hard blows, and a stare at a holiday spectacle? Why, then, if you beat these fellows, you will have another tax on the wine, *that* will be *your* reward!'

"'Hark,' cried Cecco, 'there sounds the trumpet,—a pity he wanted to tax us.'

"'True,' cried Baroncelli, 'there sounds the trumpet, a *silver* trumpet by the Lord! Next week, if you help him out of this scrape, he'll have a golden one. But go—why don't you move, my friends? 'tis but one hundred and fifty mercenaries: true they are devils to fight, clad in armor from top to toe; but what then?—if they do cut some four or five hundred throats, you'll beat them at last, and the Tribune will sup the merrier.'

"'There goes the second blast,' said the butcher, 'If my old mother had not lost two of us already, 'tis odds, but I'd strike a blow for the bold Tribune.'

"'You had better put more quicksilver in you,' continued Baroncelli, 'or you'll be too late. And what a pity that will be!—if you believe the Tribune, he is the only man that can save Rome. What, you, the finest people in the world—you, not able to save yourselves! you, bound up with one man—you, not able to dictate to the Colonna and Orsini! Why, who beat the Barons at San Lorenzo? Was it not you? Ah! you got the buffets and the Tribune the *moneta!* Tush, my friends, let the man go; I warrant there are plenty as good as he to be bought a cheaper bargain, And,—hark! there is the third blast; it is too late now!'

"As the trumpet from the distance sounded its long and melancholy note, it was as the last warning of the parting genius of the place; and, when silence swallowed up the sound, a gloom fell over the whole assembly. They began to regret, to repent, when regret and repentance availed no more; the buffoonery of Baroncelli became suddenly displeasing; and the orator had the mortification of seeing his audience disperse in all directions, just as he was about to inform them what great things he himself could do in their behalf.

"Meanwhile the Tribune passing unscathed through the dangerous quarter of the enemy, who, dismayed at his approach, shrunk within their fortress, proceeded to the castle of St. Angelo, whither Nina had already preceded him; and which he entered to find that proud lady with a smile for his safety—without a tear for his reverse."

And this ends the first reign of the Tribune. Many are the adventures that Rienzi in his self-imposed exile undergoes, and many, and highly-wrought, and beautiful, are the incidents that befall the other characters of this exciting story, which even to glance at we have no space. The eternal city, after its Tribune's departure, becomes saturated with the blood of her children; faction expels faction—massacre avenges massacre—till Heaven, either in vengeance or in mercy, in order to put a stop to the intercommunion of murder, pours down the vials of her wrath, and enacts the destroyer. The plague, in its inconceivable destructiveness, hushes the voices of all the contending factions in the not-to-be-broken silence of death. In this part of the work the eloquence of Mr. Bulwer often arises into sublimity. But we wish not to be mere panegyrists.

Let us hurry over a mass of events, and a long period, also, when time is chronicled by actions. The pope and his advisers find out, that if Rome is to be preserved to the church, it can only be brought about by the instrumentality of the banished, and now imprisoned, Tribune. His fetters are knocked off—he is relieved of the bann of his excommunication, and clothed in the senatorial robe, he goes again to govern Rome. Adversity now seems to have perfected his character. The same prosperity follows in his steps—the barons are again humbled, and Rome, if not again quiet, is again happy.

And now we come to the bitterest commentary on democracy that was ever formed to open the eyes of a deluded world. A tax is again necessary. A revolt of the free and good citizens of Rome is the consequence. We shall not advert to the bye-play introduced by Mr. Bulwer, in order to make his finale more dramatic. The Tribune advances to address the infuriated mob. Thus closes the eventful scene of the man *who would be the friend of the mere people.* Mark, it is a liberal—almost a radical that describes it.

"Then from earth to heaven rose the roar—'Down with the tyrant—down with him who taxed the people!'

"A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator,—still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant, but determined, thoughts;—but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard; '*and, doubtless,*' says the contemporaneous biographer, '*had he but spoken, he would have changed them all, and the work be[illegible]ed!*

"The soldiers of the Barons had already mixed themselves with the throng—more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude—darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking—'Way for the torches!' Red in the sunlight they tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

"Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall. He sat down; and tears, springing from no weak and woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his country rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love,—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes, and relieved, but *they changed* his heart!

"'Enough, enough,' he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; 'I have

risked, dared, toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice—I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish!—I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country!—she deserves not so high a sacrifice!"

* * * * *

"Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted, the fire burst out in volleys of smoke—the wood crackled—the lead melted—with a crash fell the several gates—the dreadful ingress was opened to all the multitude—the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time!—he passed the flaming door—the smouldering threshold;—he passed the outer gate unscathed—he was in the middle of the crowd. 'Plenty of pillage within,' he said to the by-standers, in the Roman patois, his face concealed by his load—'Suso suso a gliu traditore!' The mob rushed past him—he went on—he gained the last stair descending into the open streets—he was at the last gate—liberty and life were before him.

"A soldier (one of his own) seized him, 'Pass not—where goest thou?'

"'Beware, lest the Senator escape disguised!' cried a voice behind—it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his head—Rienzi stood revealed!

"'I *am* the Senator!' he said in a loud voice. 'Who dare touch the Representative of the People?'

"The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along, the Senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the grey image reflected a lurid light, and glowed—(that grim and solemn monument!)—as if itself of fire!

"There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing, round him. The whole Capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. [redacted]he long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna, the Orsini, the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

"'Die, tyrant!' cried Cecco del Vecchio: and he plunged his dagger in the Senator's breast.

We said this was written by a liberal, almost a radical. We unsay our words, for the epithet now must be impossible The very assassin that struck this cowardly, this ungrateful blow, was the most upright of all the democratical party. The moral is plain enough—any who run may read. In the hand that struck the blow, Mr. Bulwer is elucidating a principle, not detailing a fact. This stroke at democracy is gratuitous. The smith is a fiction of story, but an everlasting truth of principle.

Mr. Bulwer despairs of the human race—and so do we, for generations to come. They were not formed for self-government. The majority should, because as yet they are only fit for it, influence, not control, nor even elect their governors. Democratic liberty is the illusion of generous minds. How then could Mr. Bulwer have escaped it? Ourselves were carried away by it. We have been miserably undeceived. When reform was at first agitated, and the Bill promulgated, we hoped great things for the nation—we thought we saw a new light dawning upon mankind. What now has the country gained by it? What the world? The reins of government have passed into other hands, but they are held the more tightly, and the lash is applied the more incessantly. In mere form—in the babble of theory, the commonwealth appears to be more free; but actual oppression, in every present tyranny, gives proof to the contrary. These are not words of mere declaration. One half of the population, at least, cannot hold themselves secure of not being at some one time within the scope of the poor laws. Over the whole of these, Whig oppression grins horribly. Into how many circles have not the hateful commissioners of this government extended? They have already destroyed all local corporations. They are not a far distant, and almost an abstract grievance, that flourishes only near the person of a despot, or in the hot bed of a court; but it casts its withering shades over our hearths. But we dare not trust ourselves to descant upon this very galling subject. We can only congratulate Mr. Bulwer upon this highly elaborated and conservative production, one that we trust will do as much good to mankind as it does honor to his refined, subtle, and powerful intellect.

As a literary composition, it would justify any, and even contradictory praises. It is at times sweet and solemn, severe and gay—eloquent always, poetical often. It leads away the heart a willing captive, while it appeals to the judgment with the force of logic, and leaves upon us the conviction that we have been inspecting the leaves of a book, the title of which should be, "An eternal truth."

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## THOUGHTS IN AUTUMN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The leaves from the trees
Are all dropping away,
Like the friends of my youth,
That are gone to decay,
Vain world that I dwell in,
My Spirit is free
From thy spells, that once flung
Their enchantment o'er me.

We dream away life
From the mind's very birth,
And worship as idols,
The nothings of earth;
'Till Time wings the knell
Of our youth's dying years,
And thought, like the sear leaf
Of Autumn, appears.

Reflection comes late,
But it tarries full long,
When Life's banquet is stript
Of its garland and song:
Yet wisely doth God
In his mercy decree,
That our feelings should change
Like the leaves of the tree.

As the worm, that will turn
To a butterfly gay,
Spins its own snowy shroud;
So we creatures of clay
May wave such a garment
Of light, for the tomb,
As will lay up the soul
'Gainst a season of bloom.

The leaves from the trees
Are all dropping away,
Like the friends of my youth,
That are gone to decay:
But Hope points to me,
As to nature, a spring,
When my spirit shall rise
Like the bird on the wing.

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## MR. WILLIS'S "PENCILLNGS BY THE WAY."

THAT we intend to be severe, we acknowledge; but, at the same time, we will satisfactorily prove to our readers that Mr. Willis has, by his own conduct, provoked our indignation, and that he has been himself the attacking party; we are about to retaliate, and when we have said what we intend to say, Mr. Willis will perhaps have gained one useful lesson, and, in future, be careful how he ventures a blow at those who can hit much harder than himself.

Conscious of our own strength, we can afford to be generous, and we will, therefore, not assail Mr. Willis upon many points on which he could offer but a mere show of defence. On the contrary, we will ascribe much, which might be more seriously condemned, to inadvertence, and to want of tact and knowledge of the world.

We will not comment upon the work itself. It is one which will pass among the crowd with which the press now teems. There is originality in it; but it is not the originality of genius, rather that of unsophisticated and ignorant astonishment. It is evident that Mr. Willis has never, till lately, been in good society, either in England or America; for be it known, there is an aristocracy in America. Every body knows that there is nothing more amusing than the remarks of children, when they behold what never entered into their philosophy. Mr. Willis's work although full of errors, is amusing on that account. He opens wide his eyes, and, like a cockney Neophite, exclaims, "O crikey!" The work itself is very fairly written, and we will not quarrel with the author because he proves himself most intensely *green*. We do not blame Mr. Willis for sending over to his countrymen a police description of the features, height in inches, and peculiar marks, of celebrated personages. Those who have rendered themselves notorious either one way or the other become public property, and we have an undoubted right to describe personal appearance, whether it may be that of O'Connell or Fieschi, Lord Brougham or the Chimpanzee.

Neither do we blame him for his critiques upon the works of English authors, not even for his remarks upon the writings of our proprietor, Captain Marryat. Mr. Willis has as much right to give his opinion as any one else; and however offensive that opinion may be, it is what an author must be prepared to expect and to submit to. There is, however, a little drawback contingent upon this right, which Mr. Willis will probably admit before we have done with him, which is, that others can criticise as well as he, and that, if he commence a paper war, he must not only be prepared for retaliation, but may sometimes fall in with a dangerous opponent.

Now we will even be more liberal. Mr. Willis committed himself greatly by taking short-hand notes of what passed in the English society to which he *was* admitted. He repeated conversations and opinions which might have created much mischief, and which, had it been supposed that they would ever be published, would certainly have never reached his ears. This breach of confidence, for such it really was, has been severely handled by the "Quarterly Review;" and Mr. Willis is very much mistaken if he imagines that his own countrymen will side with him. If not immediately put a stop to, as we feel convinced that it has been, by the remarks of the "Quarterly," the consequence must have been that, in future, the doors of the English aristocracy would have been shut to all Americans. They would have been considered as spies, or if admitted, every one would have put a guard upon his tongue. The remarks of the "Quarterly Review" have pointed out to the countrymen of Mr. Willis, that such conduct will not be allowed; and, although we believe that few of them would have been so indiscreet as he has been, it will be received as a caution; and our aristocracy, satisfied with the impropriety having been pointed out, will trust to the good feelings of our transatlantic brothers, and receive them with the same urbanity as before. The conduct, therefore, of the editor of the "Quarterly," so far from creating dissension between the two countries, will have the very opposite effect, for it has healed up at once, what might long have been an irritating and uncicatrized sore. And we may add, that we consider the conduct of the editor of the "Quarterly" towards Mr. Willis to have been marked by excessive leniency. The whole of the original letters were before him, and had he made further extracts, Mr. Willis would have appeared in a much less amiable

light; but he confined himself to what he considered as important in a national point of view, and as necessary to *cement* the good feeling between the two countries. Content with having so done, he left the remainder of Mr. Willis's reputation unscathed. Now, although we agree with the editor of the "Quarterly" in the absolute necessity of such conduct as that of Mr. Willis being held up to general condemnation, we will admit that it was *an error of judgment* on his part, arising from want of tact, and a knowledge of good society. Few would admit so much; but we wish to be as generous as we can.

Mr. Willis will be inclined to say, what then are your charges against me, having made all these admissions? In a few words, not for his writings in the "New York Mirror," but for what he has done since he wrote those papers. But we will not anticipate.

Although we are well acquainted with the birth, parentage, and history of Mr. Willis, previous to his making his continental tour, we will pass them over in silence; and we think that Mr. Willis will acknowledge that we are generous in so doing. Mr. Willis shall first make his appearance as an *attaché* to the American Legation at Paris. And here we must tell our friends in America, that they must be more circumspect on this point. Letters of recommendation are certainly necessary to procure admission into the best English society; for there is one inconvenience attending a democratic form of government, which is, that where all assume equality, it is not easy to know who people are; but the American government have committed a very great error in allowing the travelling part of their community to hoist, what in England would be considered as false colors. We presume that this mistake arises from their form of government, which very much affects opinions upon certain points. In England, being attached to an embassy, implies that the parties so employed are of high connection, or of acknowledged talent. The very circumstance, therefore, of presenting your card with *attaché* engraved on it, is sufficient, in England, to serve as a passport to the highest circles. Now, with the Americans, the case is very different, they have their real *attachés* who receive the salary and perform the duty. Washington Irving was one in this country, and every one who was acquainted with him, is ready to acknowledge that, in every point, no better selection could have been made. But the American government allows, what may be termed, *spurious attachés*; that is, the permission to their countrymen so to call themselves, for the "*convenience of travelling*." This is the American phrase used, and to give the English reader some idea of the carelessness with which these passports to society have been granted, we are credibly informed that Mr. M'Lean, the former American ambassador at Paris, had granted not less than twenty-five to different persons. The French authorities took umbrage at this, and, as all the *attachés* of every description were considered as dismissed when the ambassador was recalled, his successor, Mr. Livingston, has been much more particular. Mr. Willis, however, obtained a renewal of his, for the *convenience of travel*. But we again repeat, that this system is unfair. The old world is left to suppose that Mr. Willis, who presents his flourishing card, is a person selected by the American government for his abilities or consequence in their country, who is receivng their pay, and is entrusted with diplomatic secrets, when in fact, he is only a traveller paying his own way by his "Pencillings on the Way" in the "New York Mirror."

Mr. Willis arrives in London—goes to Scotland—is every where admitted, and he pencils on his way. He commits a great indiscretion, which we have kindly attributed to an error in judgment; but now commence the real grounds of complaint which we make against Mr. Willis. He makes invidious, uncharitable, and ill-natured remarks upon authors and their works; all of which he despatches for the benefit of the reading public of America, and, at the same time, that he has thus stabbed them behind their backs, he is requesting to be introduced to them—bowing, smiling, and simpering. This is our first serious charge against Mr. Willis. We know all about his exculpatory letters to those to whose table he had been invited, and we know the substance of the replies.

The next complaint we have against Mr. Willis is, the unfairness of his publication, of which we intend to review but the preface. He states, that he has been compelled to publish the work, in consequence of the severe attack in the "Quarterly." If so, and Mr. Willis considered himself unfairly treated, in submitting his writings to the ordeal and decision of the English public, it was his duty to have published the work as *it appeared* in America, and not with all the alterations and elisions with which it now comes out. All the unhandsome remarks have been omitted, all his criticism expunged, his observations softened down, and it is no longer the same work; in his preface Mr. Willis tells us, that he has in some *slight* measure corrected these "Pencillings by the Way."

The great excuse brought forward by Mr. Willis in extenuation of his conduct is, the distance of *three thousand miles*. Three thousand miles sound very magnificent to people of confined ideas; but we tell Mr. Willis, that now-a-days three thousand miles are little more than a *twopenny post*. But admitting that conversations may be repeated at a distance of three thousand miles, is there any known distance on the compass of the whole globe which can shield or do away with the sin of ingratitude? Is a man warranted to smile in your face in England and abuse you behind your back three thousand miles off? Perhaps Mr. Willis will inform us the precise number of degrees of latitude and longitude established in his peculiar moral code at which all honesty is to cease. The antipodes we presume, will be the exact spot, for as

those who reside there stand reversed, so may the printed opinions of Mr. Willis, which are so much the antipodes to his conduct and bearing in this country.

We have said before, that we care little what criticisms Mr. Willis may make. What he did say, he has omitted in the present publication; but we shall take the liberty of laying before the public what he said relative to the works of Captain Marryat. It commences as follows:—

"Marryat's works, although they can scarcely be dignified with the name of literature, sell considerably about Wapping."

Such is the opinion of Mr. Willis, and we do not quarrel with his opinion. If it is his opinion, he has an undoubted right to say so: what we find fault with is, his bows and his smiles to those he has maligned when introduced to them. Indeed on the whole, Captain Marryat ought to take these remarks as a compliment and an acknowledgement of his superiority, for he has, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that his works sell *somewhere*, whereas it is well known that "Melanie" sells no where.

It does, however, appear, that Mr. Willis made a *great* mistake in printing these remarks, even in America. Notwithstanding the enormous distance of three thousand miles, we very soon afterwards received a letter from a distinguished literary character in that country, an extract from which we shall quote, to prove that Mr. Willis is no prophet in his own country.

"There are no writings more popular among all classes in the United States, than those of the author of 'Peter Simple' and 'Jacob Faithful.' There was a pleasing evidence of the truth of this lately. A Mr. Willis, a writer of pretty poetry, now in London, took occasion to say in one of his letters to the 'New York Mirror' newspaper, in speaking of British literature, that Marryat's works, though they could scarcely be dignified with the name of literature, sold considerably about Wapping, &c. &c. It seemed as if the admirers of 'Peter' and 'Jacob' rose at once from Maine to the Rocky Mountains to resent this remark, as if it had been a personal insult, and the city, the county journals, the whitey-browns, seven-by-nines of the small villages, pounced upon the opinion as one 'most tolerable, and not to be endured."

After such a failure at the distance of three thousand miles, Capt. Marryat may safely forgive Mr. Willis every thing which he has said about him, but *we* cannot forgive what we consider his greatest error of all, and to which we now arrive, which is the *presumption* he has show in his preface.

When Mr. Willis came into this country, he may be said, as an author, to have sued *in forma pauperis*. With "Melanie" in his hand, he solicited the favorable reviews of the English editors. He had to gain that which is most important to an American author, and to none, from various reasons, so important as to Mr. Willis, to wit, what is termed in America an *European reputation* to carry back with him as a passport into the best society upon his return. The English always foster transatlantic literature; they are too generous to crush the plant which, if nursed and watered, may one day stretch forth magnificent branches, and that has indeed expanded, to a certain degree, already. Nothing would have been more favorable to Mr. Willis if he had only played his cards, but he *revoked*, and has lost the game. He was generally received, and his card of *attaché* was seen in halls where it will never be seen again. His poems, although they will not bear comparison with his American contemporaries, Bryant, poor Brainard, Percival, and one or two others, were kindly received, much more kindly than they would have been, had they not been of American origin, and Mr. Willis continued his course with studding sails below and aloft. His first error, we have called it an error in judgment, was his repeating private conversations; his next was, his trifling mistake as to distance affording security to unfair criticism. His last has been, in not receiving quietly the castigation of the "Quarterly," although he acknowledges that he had committed himself, and in supposing that every one will agree with him in his venomous remarks upon one, "the latchet of whose shoe he is not worthy to unloose." And what does Mr. Willis tell us?—that the editor of the "Quarterly" is the most *unprincipled writer* of the age, a *bravo in literature*, a *reptile of criticism*, upon which it is his (Willis's) duty to *put his heel*, and winds up by saying, that he has, thank God, escaped the *slime* of his approbation. Here is indeed a *puddle in a storm*.

In the first place, the proofs which Mr. Willis would bring forward of Mr. Lockhart's want of principle are, that he has always written down democratic principles, thereby "creating ill-will between England and America." We consider this *always*, and so also do all Englishmen who are opposed to him in opinions, as a proof of *consistency* and *principle*. We perfectly agree with Mr. Lockhart. The Americans may uphold their democracy as long as they can, but we know how much this country has always been, and how much she is now threatened by the present extension of democratic sentiments. We have no objection to democracy in America, if they like it; it is but a name after all, for there is no such thing,—but where once monarchy has been established, we know that a change to what is called democracy cannot take place without a sacrifice too dreadful to think of, and which was fully exemplified in the French revolution. We know also that the system, if established, can never last; but, according to the cycle of history, must revert to despotism, and from despotism to monarchy again. Every one, therefore, who wishes well to this country will do as Mr. Lockhart has done, and be admired as Mr. Lockhart is; and, so far from Mr. Willis finding, as he confidently expresses himself in his preface, that every one but the editor of the "Quarterly" will agree with him, we

can tell him, that he will stand alone in his minority. The fact is, that every abusive term used against Mr. Lockhart recoils upon himself. It is Mr. Willis who is an *unprincipled* critic, for he has proved it in his "Pencillings," and such was his character in America; it is Mr. Willis who is a *bravo* in literature, for he has stabbed people behind their backs. It is Mr. Willis who is also a *reptile* of criticism, for his criticism is in itself contemptible, and we think it *our* duty, as Englishmen, to put *our heel* upon Mr. Willis. We have not said all that we could say, because we do not care to break a butterfly on the wheel. We know much more about America, and what is going on there, than Mr. Willis may imagine. Did Mr. Willis ever read a work called "*Truth, or a New Year's Gift for Scribblers*," published in Boston about four years ago. If so, he must have seen a description, with which we will now conclude, as it shall be from an AMERICAN tomahawk that he receives his *coup de grace*. This will prove that Mr. Willis's character has long been well known in America, and that his countrymen have been more severe upon him than we are now; for out of charity, we shall leave out the major part.

"Then Natty filled the statesman's ribald page
With the rank breathings of his prurient age,
And told the world how many a half-bred Miss,
Like Shakspeare's fairy, gave an ass a kiss;
Long did he try the art of sinking on
The muddy pool he took for Helicon;
Long did he delve and grub with fins of lead
At its foul bottom, for precarious bread.

* * * * *

*Dishonest critic* and *ungrateful friend*,
Still on a *woman** thy stale jokes expend.
Live—at thy meagre table still preside,
While foes commiserate and friends deride;
Yet live—thy wonted follies to repeat,
Live—till thy printer's ruin is complete:
Strut out thy fleeting hour upon the stage,
Amidst the hisses of the passing age."

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## MY OWN EPITAPH!

STRANGER, who lingerest passing by,
To read this marble drear,
And ken who underneath doth lie,
To living friends once dear;
It little boots what name or state
The sleeper held on earth,—
Of humble or renowned fate,—
Of mean or noble birth:—

The soul's the thing; then seek not here
For what the soul put on,
While hous'd within its walls of care,
But mark—for time goes on—
The dust that lies beneath thy feet,
Once trod like thee on flowers,
And felt the impulse strong and sweet,
Of life and all its powers.

And linked in chain of sympathy,
To beings of its kind,
Felt human griefs, and joys like thee,
But all are now resigned;
And "dust to dust" again returned,
Doth call thee, from the tomb,
To learn that lore too rarely learned
From lips of mortal bloom.

Though love and friendship strew thy way,
With gems of living light,
They may not tarry: thou and they,
As dancers for a night,
Join hands and tread the flow'ry space,
Heart full of hope and glee,
Then part, and each unto his place,
The cold grave, cold like me.

Go, then, make peace with all the world,
And keep thy conscience free,
A bark with all her sails unfurl'd,
Bound for eternity.
Look not behind, but steer away,
To gain "the promised land,"
Led by that Star,* whose polar ray
Outshines Orion's band.

That Star that sentinels man's grave,
Watching till darkness cease
God's scattered flock, o'er land and wave,
To fold them up in peace,
'Till at the golden dawn of day,
To Paradisian bowers,
The Shepherd will his own convey,
'Mid living streams and flowers.

His own, alas! and who are they?
Of all the sleepers here,
Of all that tread the green earth, say,
Who claims that title dear?
Not wealth, not wisdom, not renown,
Not all that man controls,
But love for Him, who wore the crown
Of martyrdom for souls! C

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## THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR;

### OR, A MIDSHIPMAN'S CRUISES.†

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

THE *soyez tranquille* of Monsier Manuel had but a transient effect. It brought no consolation with it. What I had heard, seemed to clog the usual healthy beating of my heart; my respiration labored, and I fell into a bitter reverie. The profoundest pity, the most impassioned admiration, and the most ardent desire to afford protection,—are not these the ingredients that make the most potent draught of love? Let universal humanity reply—I loved. But the feeling, generally so blissful, came upon my young heart and steeped it in the bitterness of apprehension. My bosom was swollen with big resolves, with the deep

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* Mrs. Child.

* The blessed Redeemer.

† Continued from vol. xiv.

est affection for one, and hate for all the rest, of my species; and the thought came over me vividly, of flight with the young and pensive beauty into the inaccessible seclusion of the woods, and the unalloyed happiness, and the imaginary glories, of a savage life. In this sudden depression of spirits my mind looked not loathingly on mutual suicide. It was a black and a desponding hour, and fell upon me with the suddenness of a total eclipse on a noontide summer's day.

I sat with my clasped hands between my knees, and my head hanging upon my breast almost unconscious of the black servitors around me, who were re-ordering the room that I had so recently disarranged. I noted all this as something that did not belong to the world in which I had existence. Everything around me seemed the shadows of somebody's dream in which I had no part, and could take no interest. I had but two all-absorbing ideas; and these were—injustice and Josephine. So distraught was I with the vastness of the one and with the loveliness of the other, that, when the young and splendid reality stole into the apartment softly, and moved before my eyes in all the fascination of her gracefulness, yet was I scarcely conscious of the actual presence of her whose ideal existence was torturing my brain.

To the cold, the unimpassioned, or the unpoetical, this may seem impossible. I will not go into metaphysical reasonings on the subject. I only know, that it was true. Whilst I was conceiving her flying from oppression with me, her protector, into some grim solitude, she came and placed herself, almost unnoticed, by my side, took my unresisting hands between her own, and seeing how little I appeared to notice the endearment, she gradually sank on her knees before me, and placing her forehead upon my hands, remained for a space in silence. Feeling her hot tears trickling through my fingers called me back from my dark reverie, and as I became aware of the present, a sigh so deep and so long, burst forth, that it seemed to rend my bosom.

Those dark, lustrous, melancholy eyes, swimming in tears, were then lifted up to mine. Ages of eloquence were contained in that one look. In it, I read the whole story of her life, the depth of her love, the fealty of her faith, and the deep, the unspeakable prayer for sympathy, for love, and for protection. The mute appeal was unanswerable. It seemed to be conveyed to me by the voice of destiny; to my mind, louder and more awful than thunder. At that moment I pledged myself eternally to her, and gradually drawing up her yielding, light, and elastic form from my knees to my bosom, I sobbed out, "Whilst I breathe, dearest, thou shalt never writhe under the lash," and then, giving way to an uncontrollable passion of weeping, I mingled my tears with hers—and we were happy. Yes, our young love was baptized with tears—an ominous and a fitting rite. We cried in each other's arms like children, as we were, at first with anguish, then with hope and affection, and, at length, in all the luxury of a new-born bliss.

When this passion had a little subsided, and smiles, and murmuring ejaculations of happiness, had driven away the symbols of what is not always anguish, old Manuel approached, and appeared much pleased at the tokens of affection that we mutually lavished upon each other. And then with my arm encircling Josephine's slender waist, and her fair face upon my shoulder, he began his artful discourse. Gradually he led me to speak of myself, my friends, my views, and, ultimately, my strange and mysterious story was fully unfolded. Even in this prolonged relation, I was amply rewarded by the impassioned looks, at once so tender and so thrilling, of the beauteous listener by my side, by the ready tear at every passage that told of suffering; the fond creature creeping still more closely to me at every instance of danger, and, bright the beam of triumph would flash from her eye, responsive to every incident of my success.

When all was told, and half wondering, and faintly smiling, I finished by the rather silly expression of—"And here I am," I was immediately imprisoned in the arms of Josephine, as she pathetically exclaimed, "and for ever."

"Josephine speaks well," said Manuel, rising and placing patriarchally a hand on the head of each of us. "My children, would it were for ever! It appears, by the narrative that Monsieur has done us the great honor to relate, that he is a castaway—an unowned—and if my young friend makes use of all the wisdom he doubtless possesses in so high a degree, he will join us in blessing Providence, that has given the gallant young homeless one a home; for I need not tell him, that all he sees around is his, the land and the house, and to the hitherto unloved a young and tender heart that will cherish him, to the fatherless a father."

And thus the old *emigré* concluded his speech, with a tear glistening in his eye—and an unexceptionable bow. Had he flung himself into my arms, the effect would have been complete. I hate to record these sort of scenes; but, as I have imposed the task upon myself, I will go through it; and, though the temptation is great, seeing what I was then, the disciple as well as the offspring of romance, and what I now am, worldly in the world's most sordid worldliness, to do my penance in self-mockery—for the sake of the young hearts still unseared, I will refrain.

I was exceedingly affected and agitated at this appeal, the purport of which I could not misunderstand. My emotions, at first, prevented me from speaking. I arose from the sofa, Josephine still hanging upon my shoulder, and taking her father's hand, led them both to the window. The sun was near the horizon, and mountain, sea, and green valley, and dark forest, were steeped in a roseate glory. About three miles distant and beneath us, my gallant frigate sate in the bosom of the gently rippling waters, like a sultana

upon her embroidered divan, her ensign and her pennant streaming out fair and free to the evening breeze. I pointed to her, and with a voice scarcely articulate, for, at that period, the sob would rise too readily to my throat, and the tear start too freely to my eye, I exclaimed,

"Behold my home—my country claims the duty of a son!"

"Monsieur knows best," said Manuel, almost coldly. "His countrymen have conquered us: you are a gallant race, undoubtedly, but one of them has not shown much mercy to my daughter."

The passionate girl was at my feet—yes, kneeling at my feet, and her supplicating hands were clasped in that attitude of humility that is due only to God. Who taught her the infinite pathos of that beautiful posture? Taught her! She had no teachers save nature and love.

"Josephine," said I, lifting her gently up, and kissing her fair brow, "you are breaking my heart. I cannot stand this—I must rush out of the house. I have never said I loved you"—(mean subterfuge.)

"But you do, you do—it is my fate—it is yours—for three years I have been expecting you—disbelieve me not—ask the Obeah woman. It is true,"—and then hurrying out the words like the downpouring of the mountain torrent, she continued, "Do you love me—do you love me—do you love me?"

"I do, Josephine—I do—distractedly!—but stern honor stands in the way."

"And what is this honor!" she exclaimed with genuine simplicity; for it was evident that if she had ever heard the word before, she had not the remotest idea of its meaning: "Et quelle est cette honneur-là?" and there was contempt in her tone.

I had no words to reply.

"Will this honor do that for you which my father—which I will do? What has this honor done for him?—tell me, father. Has it put that gay blue jacket on him, or that small sword by his side: show him, my dear father, the rich dresses that we have, and the beautiful arms. Will honor watch you in your hours of sickness—take you out in the noon-day heats, and show you the cool shady places, and the refreshing rippling springs? What is this honor, that seems to bid you to break my heart, and make me die of very grief?"

"Monsieur Manuel," said I, extremely confused, "have the kindness to explain to dear Josephine what honor is."

"A rule of conduct," he replied with severity, "that was never recorded, never understood, and which men construe just as suits their convenience. One honest impulse of the heart is worth all the honor I ever heard of."

This was a delicate helping of a friend in a dilemma. I turned for relief from the sarcastic father to the beautiful countenance of the daughter, and I there beheld an expression of intense sorrow that agonized me. Her sudden and, to me, totally unexpected animation had disappeared: melancholy seemed to have drooped her darkest wings over her. I thought that she must soon die under their noxious shadow. For one instant, my eyes caught hers: I could not stand the appeal.

"I will stay," said I gently, "until the ship sails."

I had then, for the first time, to witness the enthusiasm of the melancholy temperament—the eloquence of unschooled nature. The bending figure, that seemed to collapse in weakness upon my supporting arm, suddenly flung herself from me, her rounded and delicate figure swelled at once into sudden dignity, her muscles assumed the rigidity, yet all the softness of a highly-polished Grecian statue, and stood before me, as if by enchantment, half woman, half marble, beautiful inexpressibly. I was sorely tried. There was no action, no waving of the arms as she spoke. Her voice came forth musically, as if from some sacred oracle, that oracle having life only in words. Monsieur Manuel had very wisely departed.

"Not an hour,—not a minute,—not an instant, or—*for ever!* Young sir, you have already staid too long, if you stay not always. Leave me to dream of you, and to die. The thorn is in my heart: it may kill me gradually.—Go. Why, sir, have you looked upon me as man never before looked? Why, why have you mingled your false tears with mine that were so true—and, oh, so loving? But what am I, who thus speak so proudly to a being, whom if I did not know he was treacherous, I should think an angel? (*un des bons esprits.*) I, a poor, weak, ignorant girl of color—born of a slave, to slavery—whose only ambition was to have been loved, loved for a short, short while—for know, that I am to die early—I should not have troubled you long. But you are too good for me—I was a presumptuous fool. Go, and at once, and take with you all that I have to give—the blessing of a young born-bondswoman."

All this time she had stood firmly and nearly motionless, with her hands folded beneath her heaving bosom, at some distance from me. I approached her with extended arms, and had some such foolish rhapsody on my tongue, as "Beautiful daughter of the sun," for I had already contemplated her under a new character, when retreating and waving me from her, she continued—

"Already too much of this—let me die by cruelty rather than by caresses, which are the worst of cruelty. I feel a new spirit living within me. I am a child no more. Yesterday I should have crouched before you, as one degraded, as I ought to do. You have pressed me to your bosom—you have spoken to me as your equal—even your tears have bathed my brow. You have ennobled me. Oh! it is a happiness and a great glory. I, formerly so humble, command you to go—go, dear, dear Edward. You will not kill me quite by going *now*, therefore be generous, and go."

I was already sufficiently in love, and began to feel ashamed of myself, for not

having, as yet, caught a little of her enthusiasm.

"Josephine," said I, in a quiet, serious tone, "give me your hand." I took it—it was deadly cold. At that moment all her best blood was rallying round her heart. I led her to the open window, and showed her the noble frigate so hateful to her sight, and said, "Dear Josephine, in that ship there are more than three hundred gallant fellows, all of whom are my countrymen, and some of them my familiar friends. I have often shared with them danger, unto the very jaws of death. I have broken my bread with some of them, constantly, for nearly three years. These are all claims on me; you see that I am speaking to you calmly. I had no idea what a little impassioned orator you were—do not look so dejected and so humble. I love you for it the more. I only made the remark to convince you, that what I say, is not the mere prompting of a transient impulse. Now, Josephine, in my own far-away land, I have also a few friends; nor am I wholly a cast-away; there is a mystery about my origin which I wish to dissipate, yet that I cherish. If I conduct myself as I have hitherto done, in time I shall have the sole control and government of a vessel, as proud as the one before you, and of all the noble spirits it will contain. The mystery of which I have spoken I am most sanguine will be cleared up, and I may, peradventure, one day take my place among the nobles of my land, as it now is among the nobles of the sea. Weep not thus, my love, or you will infect me with emotions too painful to be borne. Let us be calm for a little space. The reign of passion will commence soon enough. Mark me, Josephine. For you—God forgive me if I commit sin!—for you, I cast off my associates—sever all my ties of friendship, let the mystery of my birth remain unravelled, renounce the land of my birth—for you, I encounter the peril of being hung for desertion. Josephine, you will incur a great debt—a heavy responsibility. My heart, my happiness is in your hands. Josephine, I stay!"

"For ever!"

"For ever!" A wild shriek of joy burst from her delighted lips, as she leaped to my bosom; and for the first time, our lips sealed the mysterious compact of love. After a moment, I gently released myself from the sweet bondage of her embrace, and said, "Dear Josephine, this cannot be to me a moment of unalloyed joy. You see the sun is half below the horizon; give me one moment of natural grief, for so surely as I stay here, so surely like that orb are all my hopes of glory setting, and for ever." And the tears came into my eyes as I exclaimed, "Farewell, my country—farewell, honor—Eos, my gallant frigate, fare thee well!" As if instinct with life, the beautiful vessel answered my apostrophe. The majestic thunder of her main-deck gun boomed awfully, and methought sorrowfully, over the waters, and then bounded among the echoes of the distant hills around and above me, slowly dying away in the distant mountains. It was the gun which, as commodore, was fired at sunset. "It is all over," I exclaimed. "I have made my election—leave me for a little while alone."

She bounded from me in a transport of joy, shouting, "He stays, he stays!" and I heard the words repeated among the groups of negresses, who loved her; it seemed to be the burthen of a general song; the glad realization of some prophecy, for ere the night was an hour old, the old witch, who had had the tuition of Josephine, had already made a mongrel sort of hymn of the affair, whilst a circle of black chins were wagging to a chorus of

"Goramity good, buchra body stays!"

I saw no more of Josephine that night. The old gentleman her father joined me after I had been alone nearly two hours—two hours, I assure the reader, of misery. I contemplated a courtship of some decent duration, and a legal marriage at the altar. I tried to view my position on all sides, and thus to find out that which was the most favorable for my mind's eye to rest upon. It was but a disconsolate survey. Sometimes a dark suspicion, that I repelled from me as if it were a demon whispering murder in my ear, would hint to me the possibility that I was entrapped. However, the lights that came in with Monsieur Manuel, dissipated them and darkness together. He behaved extremely well. Gave me an exact account of all his possessions, and of his ready money, the latter of which was greatly beyond my expectations, and the former very considerable. He immediately gave me an undertaking, that he would, if I remained with him, adopt me as his son, allow me during his life a competency fit to support me and his daughter genteelly, and to make me his sole heir at his death. This undertaking bound him also to see the proper documents duly and legally drawn up by a notary, so as to render the conditions of our agreement binding on both parties. We then spoke, as father and son, of our future views. We were determined to leave the island immediately we could get any thing like its value for the plantation, and the large gang of negroes upon it. But where go to then? England?—my desertion. France?—yes, it was there that we were to spend our lives. And thus we speculated on future events, that the future never owned.

I have said before, that during the whole time that I was in the navy, I never was intoxicated—and never once swallowed spirituous liquors. Both assertions are strictly true. This memorable evening, over our light supper, I drank, perhaps, two glasses of claret more than was my wont at Captain Reud's table. I was excessively wearied, both in mind and body. I became so unaccountably and lethargically drowsy, that, in spite of every effort of mine to the contrary, I fell fast asleep in the midst of a most animated harangue of the good Manuel, upon the various perfections of his lovely daughter—a strange subject for a lover to sleep upon, but so it was. Had Josephine's nurse and Obeah woman any

thing to do with it? perhaps. They are skilful druggers. If my life, and the lives of all those dearer to me than life itself, had depended upon my getting up and walking across the room, I could not have done it. How I got to bed I know not, but I awoke in the morning in luxuriant health, with a blushing bride upon my bosom.

And then ensued days of dreamy ecstasy; my happiness seemed too great, too full, too overflowing to be real. Every thing around me started into poetry. I seemed to be under the direction of fairy spirits: all my wants were cared for as if by invisible hands. It appeared to me that I had but to wish, and gratification followed before the wish was half formed. I was passive, and carried away in a trance of happiness. I was beset with illusions, and so intense were my feelings of rapture, mingled with doubt, and my blissful distraction so great, that it was late in the day before I noticed the dress I had on. The light and broad-brimmed planter's hat, the snowy white jean jacket and trowsers, and the infinitely fine linen shirt, with its elaborately laced front, had all been donned without my noticing the change from my usual apparel. It was a dress, from its purity and its elegance, worthy of a bridegroom. I learnt afterwards, that Josephine's old negress-nurse, had, with many, and powerful incantations—at least, as powerful as incantations always are—buried under six feet of the earth every article of clothing in which I had first entered the mansion.

Well, there we were, a very pretty version of Paul and Virginia—not perhaps quite so innocent, but infinitely more happy, roving hand in hand through orange bowers, and aromatic shades. Love is sweet, and a first love very, very delightful; but when we are not only loved, but almost worshipped, that, that is the incense that warms the heart, and intoxicates the brain. Wherever I turned I found greetings and smiles, and respectful observance hovered along my path. The household adored their young mistress, and me through her.

Old Manuel seemed serenely happy. He encouraged us to be alone with each other. I could write volumes upon the little incidents, and interesting ones too, of this singular honeymoon. I observed no more bursts of passion in Josephine; her soul had folded its wings upon my bosom, and there dreamed itself away in a tender and loving melancholy. How I now smile, and perhaps could weep, when I call to mind all her little artifices of love to prevent my ever casting my eyes upon the hated ship. As I have related before, our little squadron at anchor in this secluded bay, departed one by one, leaving only the Eos, with her sorely wounded captain; yet, though I saw them not, I knew by Josephine's triumphant looks, when a vessel had sailed. All the jalousies in front of the house were nailed up, so that, if by chance I wandered into one of the rooms in that quarter, I saw nothing.

I had been domesticated in this paradise—a fool's perhaps, but still a paradise—a month, and I was sitting alone in the shade, reading, behind the house, when Josephine flew along the avenue of lemon trees, and flung herself into my arms, and sobbing hysterically, exclaimed, "My dear, dear Edward, now you are almost wholly mine; there is only one left."

"And that one, my Josephine?"

"Speak not of it, think not of it, sweet; it is not yours. But swear, swear to me again, you will never look upon it again; do, dearest, and I will learn a whole column extra of words in two syllables."

And I repeated the often iterated oath, and she sate down tranquilly at my feet, like a good little girl, and began murmuring the task she was committing to memory.

And how did the schooling get on? Oh! beautifully; we had such sweet, and so many, school-rooms, and interruptions still more sweet and numerous. Sometimes our hall of study was beneath the cool rock, down the sides of which, green with age, the sparkling rill so delightfully trickled, sometimes in the impervious, quiet, and flower-enamelled bower, amidst all the spicy fragrance of tropical shrubs, and sometimes in the solemn old wood beneath the boughs of trees, that had stood for uncounted ages. And the interruptions. Repeatedly the book and the slate would be cast away, and we would start up, as if actuated by a single spirit, and chase some singularly beautiful humming bird; sometimes the genius of frolic would seize us, and we would chase each other round and round the old mahogany trees, with no other object than to rid ourselves of our exuberance of happiness; but the most frequent interruptions were, when she would close her book, and bathing me in the lustre of her melancholy eyes, bid me tell her some tale that would make her weep; or, with a pious awe, request me to unfold some of the mysteries of the universe around her, and commune with her of the attributes of their great and beneficent Creator.

Was not this a state of the supremest happiness? Joy seemed to come down to me from heaven in floods of light—the earth to offer up her incense to me as I trod upon her beautiful and flower-encumbered bosom—the richly plumaged birds to hover about me as if sent to do me homage—even the boughs of the majestic trees as I passed them seemed to wave to me a welcome. Joy was in me and around me—there was no pause in my blissful feelings. I required no relaxation to enjoy them the more perfectly, for pleasure seemed to succeed pleasure in infinite variety. It was too glorious to last. The end was approaching, and that end was very bitter.

I had been living in the plantation nearly three months. My little wife, for such I held her to be, had made much progress in her education—more in my affection she could not. I had already put her into joining hand; and I began to be as proud of her dawning intellect, as I was of her person and of her love. I had renounced my country, and, in good faith, I had intended to have held by her for

ever; and when I should find myself in a country where marriage with one born in slavery was looked upon as no opprobrium, I had determined that the marriage ceremony should be legally performed. To do all this I was in earnest; but events—or destiny—or by whatever high-sounding term we may call those occurrences which force us on in a path we wished not to tread—ruled it fearfully otherwise.

I religiously abstained from looking towards the ship, or even the sea; yet I plainly saw, by the alternations of hope, and joy, and fear, on Josephine's sweet countenance, that something of the most vital importance was about to take place. They could not conceal from me that parties of men had been searching for me, because, for a few days, I had been in actual hiding three or four miles with Josephine, up in the woody mountain. I must hurry over all this; for the recollection of it, even at this great lapse of time, is agonizing. The night before the Eos sailed she would not sleep—her incessant tears, the tremulous energy with which she clasped me, and held me for hours, all told the secret that I wished not to know. All that night she watched, as a mother watches a departing and a first-born child—tearfully—anxiously—but overcome with fatigue, and the fierce contention of emotions, as the morning dawned, her face drooped away from mine, her clasping arms gradually relaxed, and murmuring my name with a blessing—she slept. Did she ever sleep again? May God pardon me, I know not.

I hung over her, and watched her, almost worshipping, until two hours after sunrise. I blessed her, as she lay there in all her tranquil beauty, fervently, and, instead of my prayers, I repeated over and over again my oath, that I would never desert her. But some devil, in order to spread the ashes of bitterness through the long path of my after life, suggested to me that now, as the frigate had sailed for some time, there could be no danger in taking one last look at her; indeed, the thought of doing so, took the shape of a duty. I stole out of bed, and crept softly round to the front of the house. The place where the gallant ship had rode at anchor for so many weeks was vacant—all was still and lonely. I walked on to a higher spot, and far distant among the sinuosities of the romantic entrance to the harbor, my eye caught, for a moment, her receding pennant. I therefore concluded that every thing was safe—that I was cut off, and for ever, from my country. A little qualm of remorse passed through my bosom, and then I was exceeding glad. The morning was fresh, and the air invigorating, and I determined to walk down to the beautiful minutely sanded beach, and enjoy the refreshment of the sea breeze just sweeping gently over the bay. To do this I had to pass over a shoulder of land to my left. I gained the beach, and stood upon it, for some minutes, with folded arms. This particular walk had been so long debarred to me, that I now enjoyed it the more. I was upon the point of turning round and seeking the nest where I had left my dove sleeping in conscious security, when, to my horror, I beheld the Eos's pinnace full-manned and double-banked, the wave foaming up her cutwater, and roaring under her sixteen oars, rapidly round the rocky hummock that formed the eastern horn of the little bay. Her prow soon tore up the sand, and the third lieutenant, a master's mate, and the officer of marines, with four privates, leaped ashore immediately. For a few moments I was paralysed with terror, and then suddenly springing forward, I ran off at the top of my speed. I need not say, that my pursuers gave chase heartily. I had no other choice but to run on straight before me; and that unfortunately was up a rocky, rugged side of a steep hill, that rose directly from the beach, covered with that abominable vegetable, or shrub, the prickly pear. I was in full view, and being hailed, and told that I should be fired upon if I did not bring to, in the space of a short three minutes, before I was out of breath, I was in the hands of my captors—a prisoner.

I prayed—I knelt—I wept. It was useless. I have scarcely the courage to write what then took place, it was so fearful—it was so hideous. Bounding down the hill, in her night dress, her long black hair streaming like a meteor behind her, and her naked feet, usually so exquisitely white, covered with blood, came Josephine, shrieking, "Edward!" Her voice seemed to stab my bosom like an actual knife. Behind her came running her father, and a number of negro men and women. Before she could reach me, they had flung me into the stern sheets of the boat.

"Shove off! shove off!" shouted the lieutenant, and the boat was immediately in motion. Like a convicted felon, or a murderer taken in the fact, I buried my craven head in my knees, and shut my eyes. I would not have looked back for kingdoms. But I could not, or did not, think of preventing myself from hearing. The boat had not pulled ten yards from the beach, when I heard a splash behind us, and simultaneous cries of horror from the boat's crew, and those on shore; among which the agonized voice of the heart-broken father rose shrilly, as he exclaimed, "Josephine, my child!" I looked up for a moment, but dared not look round; and I saw every man in the boat dashing away the tears from his eyes with one hand, as he reluctantly pulled his oar with the other.

"Give way! give way!" roared the lieutenant, stamping violently against the grating at his feet. "Give way! or by G—d she'll overtake us."

The poor girl was swimming after me.

"Percy," said Selby, stooping down and whispering in my ear, "Percy, I can't stand it; if it was not as much as my life was worth, I would put you on shore directly." I could answer him only by a long, convulsive shudder. The horrible torment of those moments!

Then ascended the loud howling curse of

the negroes behind us. The seamen rose up upon their oars, and, with a few violent jerks, the pinnace shot round the next point of land, and the poor struggler in the water was seen no more. Tidings never after came to me of her. I left her struggling in the waters of the ocean. My first love and my last—my only one.

I was taken on board stupified. I was led up the side like a sick man. No one reproached me—no one spoke to me. I became physically, as well as mentally, ill. I went to my hammock with a stern feeling of joy, hoping soon to be lashed up in it, and find my grave in the deep, blue sea. At first my only consolation was enacting over and over again all the happy scenes with Josephine; but as they invariably terminated in one dreadful point, this occupation became hateful. I then endeavored to blot the whole transaction from my memory—to persuade myself that the events had not been real—that I had dreamed them—or read them, long ago, in some old book. But the mind is not so easily cheated—remorse not so soon blinded.

Notwithstanding my misery, I became convalescent. I went to my duty doggedly. Every body saw, and respected, my grief; and the affair was never mentioned to me by any, with one only exception, and that was six months after, by a heavy, brutal master's mate, who had been in the pinnace that brought me off.

He came close to me, and without preparation, he electrified me by drawling out, "I say, Percy, what a mess you made of it at Aniana, that girl of yours, to my thinking, burst a blood-vessel as she was giving you chase. I saw the blood bubble out of her mouth and nose."

"Liar!" I exclaimed, and seizing a heavy block that one of the afterguard was fitting, I felled him to the deck.

The base-hearted poltroon went and made his complaint to Captain Reud, who ordered him to leave the ship immediately he came into harbor.

We must now retrograde a little in the narrative, in order to show what events led to the disastrous catastrophe I have just related. Captain Reud, having been lying for many, many weeks, apparently unconscious of objects around him, one morning said, in a faint, low voice, when Dr. Thompson and Mr. Farmer, the first lieutenant, were standing near him, "Send Edward Percy to read the Bible to me."

Now, since my absence, some supposed I had been privately stabbed by one of the few ferocious and angry marauders still left in the town; but, as no traces of my body could be found, still more of my shipmates believed that I had deserted. In plain sincerity, these latter friends of mine were, as our transatlantic brethren say, pretty considerably, slap-dashically right. However, as the shock to the wounded captain would have been the greater to say, that I had been assassinated, they chose the milder alternative, and told him, that "they feared that I had deserted."

Captain Reud merely said, "I don't believe it;" turned his face to the bulkhead, and remained silent for three or four days more. Still, as he was proceeding towards convalescence, he began to be more active, or rather, ordered more active measures to be taken to clear up the mystery of my disappearance. Parties were consequently sent to scour the country for miles round; but I was too well concealed to permit them to be of any utility. The only two seamen that had seen me near Manuel's premises, belonged to the frigate which had sailed before my captain had recovered his faculties.

But I was not to be so easily given up; perhaps he remembered that what remained of life to him was preserved by me, and, notwithstanding his cruel usage, I well knew that he entertained for me a sincere affection. As the Eos got under weigh, after remaining so long at anchor in the port, that the men observed, she would shortly ground upon the beef-bones that their active masticators had denuded and which were thrown overboard: the wind was light, and the boats were all out towing, with the exception of the pinnace, which was ordered to sweep round the bay and look into all the inlets, in order to seek for some vestige of my important self. For good, or for evil, the heart-rending results ensued.

How short is the real romance of life! A shout of joy—a pulsation of ecstacy, and it is over! In the course of my eventful life, I have seen very fair faces and many very beautiful forms. To the fascinations of exterior loveliness, I have met with high intellect, unswerving principles, and virtuous emotions, awful from their very holiness. The fair possessors of many of these lofty attributes I have sometimes wooed, and strove to love; but though I now sighed and prayed for a return of that heart-whole and absorbing passion, there was no magic, no charm to call the dead embers into life. That young and beautiful savage swept from my bosom all the tenderer stuff: she collected the fresh flowers of passion, and left——it is of no consequence—Josephine—farewell.

Let us talk idly. It is a droll world:—let us mock each other, and call it mirth. There is my poor half-deranged captain cutting such antics, that even authority with the two-edged sword in his hand, cannot repress the outbursting of ignoble derision. First of all, he takes a mania for apes and monkeys, disrates all his midshipmen, taking care, however, that they still do their duty, and makes the ship's tailor rig out their successors in uniform. The officers are aghast, for the maniac is so cunning, and the risk of putting a superior officer under an arrest so tremendous, that they knew not what to do. Besides, their captain is only mad on one subject at one time. Indeed, insanity seems to find a vent in a monomania, actually improving all the faculties on all other points. Well, the

monkey midshipmen did not behave very correctly: so Captain Reud had them one forenoon all tied up to one of his guns in the cabin, and, one after the other, well flogged with the cat-o'-nine-tails. It was highly ludicrous to see the poor fellows waiting each for his turn, well knowing what was to come: they never, than when under the impression of their fears, looked more human. That night they all stole into the cabin, by two and three, in the dead of the night, and nearly murdered their persecutor. This looked very like combination, and an exercise of faculties that may be nearly termed reasoning.

They were all thrown overboard. The next phantasy was the getting up of the forecastle carronades into the tops, thereby straining the ship, and nearly carrying away the masts. That folly wore out, and the guns came down to their proper places. Then a huge bear came on board—a very gentlemanly, dignified fellow; never in a hurry, and who always moved about with a gracious deliberation. Captain Reud amused himself by endeavoring to teach him to dance; and a worthless blackguard who could play on the pipe and tabor, and who probably had led a bear about the country, was taken into especial grace and was loaded with benefits, in order to assist his captain in his singular avocations.

"Come and see my bear dance,—do come and see him dance," was now the little Creole's continual cry. But the bear did not take his tuition kindly, and grew daily more ferocious; till at length, seizing his opportunity, he caught up the diminutive skipper and nearly hugged the breath out of his body, and almost rubbed his red nose off his yellow face, in endeavoring to bite him through his muzzle. The star of Ursa Major was no longer in the ascendant, and he was bartered away with the master of the first merchant vessel we met for a couple of game cocks, and the bear-leader turned back into the waist, and flogged the next day for impertinence, whilst, two days before, the vagabond was too proud to say "sir" to a middy.

But it would be impertinent to enumerate the long succession of these insane whimsicalities, each later one being more *bizarre* than the preceding.

Whether man be mad or not, Christmas will come round again. Now Jack, from time immemorial, thinks that he has a right undeniable to get drunk on that auspicious day. In harbor, that right is not discussed by his officers, but is usually exercised *sub silentio* under their eyes, with every thing but silence on the part of the exercisers. Even at sea, without the ship be in sight of the enemy, or it blows hard enough to blow the ship's coppers overboard, our friends think it hard, very hard, to have their cups scored next morning upon their back; and, indeed, to keep all a frigate's crew from intoxication on a Christmas-day, would be something like undertaking the labor of Sysiphus, for as fast one man could be frightened or flogged into sobriety another would become glorious.

It was for this very reason that Captain Reud, the Christmas-day after he had received his wound, undertook the task, and, as the weather was fine, he hoped to find it to be quite as hard as rolling a stone up a steep hill, and invariably seeing it bound down again before it attains the coveted summit. Immediately after breakfast, he had the word passed fore and aft that no man should be drunk that day, and that six dozen (not of wine) would be the reward of any who should dare, in the least to infringe that order. What is drunkenness? What it is, we can readily pronounce, when we see a man under its revolting phases. What is not drunkenness, is more hard to say. Is it not difficult to ascertain the nice line that separates excitement from incipient delirium? Not at all, to a man like Captain Reud. To understand a disease thoroughly, a physician will tell you, that you will be much assisted by the having suffered from it yourself. Upon this self-evident principle, our Æsculapius with the epaulettes was the first man drunk in the ship. After dinner that day he had heightened his testing powers with an unusual, even to him, share of claret.

Well, at the usual time we beat to quarters; that is always done just before the hammocks are piped down; and it is then that the sobriety of the crew, as they stand to their guns, is narrowly looked into by the respective officers: for then the grog has been served out for the day, and it is supposed to have been all consumed. The captain, of course, came on the quarter-deck to quarters, making tack and half tack, till he fairly threw out his starboard grappling iron, and moored himself to one of the belaying pins round the mizen mast.

"Mister Farmer," said he to the first luff, "you see I know how to keep a ship in discipline—not (hiccup) a man drunk on board of her."

"I doubt it, sir," was the respectful answer.

"I think, sir, I can see one now," said he, taking his eyes off his superior, after a searching glance, and looking carelessly around.

"Where is he?"

"Oh, sir, we must not forget that it is Christmas-day: so, if you please, sir, we will not scrutinize very particularly."

"But we will scru—scrutinize very particularly: remember me of scru—scrutinize, Mister Percy—a good word that scru—screws—trenails—tenpenny nails—hammers—iron-clamps, and dog-fastenings—what were we talking about, Mr. Farmer? Oh; sobriety! —we will—assuredly (hiccup) find out the drunken man."

So, with a large *cortége* of officers, the master-at-arms, and the ship's corporals, Captain Reud, leaning his right arm heavily upon my left shoulder, for he was cunning enough, just then, to find that the gout was getting into his foot, we proceeded round the ship on our voyage of discovery. Now, it is no joke for a man half drunk to be tried for drunkenness by one wholly so. It was a curious and a comic sight, that examination, for many of

the examined were conscious of a cup too much. These invariably endeavored to look the most sober. As we approached the various groups around each gun, the different artifices of the men to pass muster were most amusing. Some drew themselves stiffly up, and looked as rigid as iron-stanchions; others took the examination with an easy, *debonnair* air, as if to say, "Who so innocent as I?" Some again, not exactly liking the judge, quietly dodged round, shifting places with their shipmates, so that when the captain peered into the eyes of the last for the symptoms of ebriety, the mercurial rascals had quietly placed themselves first.

To the sharp, startling accusation, "You are drunk, sir," the answers were beautifully various. The indignant "No, sir!"—the well-acted surprise, "I, sir?" the conciliatory "God bless your honor, no sir,"—the logical, "Bill Bowling was cook to-day, sir,"—and the sarcastic, "No more than your honor's honor," to witness, were, as we small wits say, better than a play.

The search was almost unavailing. The only fish that came to the net, was a poor idiotic young man, that, to my certain knowledge, had not tasted grog for months; for his messmates gave him a hiding whenever he asked for his allowance. To the sudden "You're drunk, sir," of Captain Reud, the simple youth, taken by surprise, and perhaps thinking it against the articles of war to contradict the captain, said "Yes, sir; but I haven't tasted grog since——"

"You got drunk, sir; take him aft, master-at-arms, and put him in irons."

The scrutiny over, our temperate captain went aft himself, glorifying that in all the ship's company, there was only one instance of intoxication on Christmas-day, and thus he delivered himself, hiccupping, on the gratifying occasion—

"I call that discipline, Mr. Farmer. The only drunken man in his Majesty's vessel under my command, aft on the poop in irons, and that fellow not worth his salt."

"I quite agree with you," said the sneering purser, "that the only fellow who has dared to get disgracefully drunk to-day, is not worth his salt, and he is not in irons, aft on the poop."

"I am sure he is not," said the first lieutenant.

"That is as—astonishing," said the mystified extirpator of intemperance, as he staggered into his cabin, to console himself for, and to close his labors with two other bottles.

The reader will perceive from these incidents, that it was time that Captain Reud retired to enjoy his laurels on his *solum natale*, in *otium cum*, as much *dignitate* as would conduce to the happiness of one of his mischief-loving temperament. The admiral on the station thought so too, when Reud took the ship into Port Royal. He superseded the black pilot, and took upon himself to con the ship; the consequence was, that she hugged the point so closely, that she went right upon the church steeple of old Port Royal, which is very quietly laying beside the new one, submerged by an earthquake, and a hole was knocked in the ship's fore foot, of that large and ruinous description, which may be aptly compared to the hole in a patriot's reputation, who has lately taken office with his quondam opponents. With all the efforts of all the fleet, who sent relays of hands on board of us, to work the pumps, we could not keep her afloat, so we were obliged, first putting a thrummed sail under her bottom, to tow her alongside of the dock-yard wharf, lighten her, and lash her to it.

The same evening, by nine o'clock, she had an empty hull, and all the ship's company and officers were located in the dock-yard, and preparations were made, the next day, for heaving the frigate down. It was the opinion of every body, that had not our skipper been the nephew of the very high official of the Admiralty, he would have been tried by a court marshal, for thus attempting to overturn sub-marine churches, and cracking the bottom of his majesty's beautiful frigate. As it was, we were only ordered to be repaired with all haste, and to go home, very much indeed to the satisfaction of every body but the captain himself. As I never intended this to be a mere journal of my life, I have omitted a multiplicity of occurrences, highly interesting in themselves, but which, if they were related, would swell the work to a small library; as they were not immediately personal to myself, I have omitted even to enumerate them.

However, I must retrograde. It may seem surprising that I have made so little mention of my messmates, for it would seem, that to a midshipman, the affairs and characters of midshipmen would be paramount. To me they were not so, for reasons that I have before stated. Besides, our berth was like an eastern caravansary, or the receiving-room of a pest-house. They all died, were promoted, or went into other ships, excepting two, and myself, who returned to England. It must not be supposed that we were without young gentlemen, sometimes we had our full complement, sometimes half. Fresh ones came, and they died, and so on. Before I had time to form friendships with them, or to study their characters, they took their long sleep beneath the palisades, or were thrown overboard in their hammocks. This was much the case with the wardroom officers. The first lieutenant, the doctor, and the purser, were the only original ones that returned to England with us. The mortality among the assistant-surgeons was dreadful; they messed with us. Indeed, I have no recollection of the names, or even the persons of the majority of those with whom I ate, and drank, and acted, they being so prone to prove this a transitory world.

We were tolerably healthy till the capture of St. Domingo, when, being obliged to convey a regiment of French soldiers to the prisons at Port Royal, they brought the fever in its worst form on board, and, notwithstanding every remedial measure, that the then

state of science could suggest, we never could eradicate the germs of it. The men were sent on board of a hulk, the vessel thoroughly cleansed and fumigated, and finally, we were ordered as far north as New Providence; but all these means were ineffectual, for, at intervals, nearly regular, the fever would again appear and men and officers die.

Hitherto I had escaped. The only attack to which I was subjected, took place in the capstan-house, for so the place was called where we were bivouacked during the heaving down of the ship. I record it, not that my conduct under the disease may be imitated, but on account of the singularity of the access, and the rapidity of the cure.

I had to tow from Port Royal up to Kingston a powder hoy, and through some misconduct of the coxswain, the boat's awning had been left behind. Six or seven hours under a sun, vertical at noon, through the hotter part of the day, and among the swamps and morasses, so luxuriant in vegetable productions, that separate Port Royal from Kingston, is a good ordeal by which to try a European constitution. For the first time, my stamina seemed inclined to succumb before it. When I returned to Port Royal, at about four in the afternoon, the first peculiar sensation with which I was attacked, was a sort of slipping of the ground from under me as I trod, and a notion that I could skim along the surface of the earth if I chose, without using my legs. Then I was not, as is most natural to a fasting midshipman, excessively hungry, but excessively jocular. So, instead of seeking good things to put into my mouth, I went about dispensing them from out of it. I soon began to be sensible that I was talking much nonsense, and to like it. At length, the little sense that I had still left, was good enough to suggest to me that I might be distinguished, by my first interview, with that king of terrors, Saffron-crowned Jack. "Shall I go to the doctor?" said I. "No—I have the greatest opinion of Doctor Thompson—but it is a great pity that he cannot cure the yellow fever. No doubt he'll be offended, and we are the greatest of friends. But, I have always observed, that all those who go to the doctor, begin going indeed—for from the doctor they invariably go to their hammocks—from their hammocks to the hospital—and from the hospital to the palisades." So, while there was yet time, I decided to go in quite an opposite direction. I went out of the dock-yard gates, and to a nice, matronly, free mulatto, who was a mother to me—and something more. She was a woman of some property, and had a very strong gang of young negroes, that she used to hire out to his Majesty, to work in his Majesty's dock-yard, and permit, for certain considerations, to caulk the sides and bottoms of his Majesty's vessels of war.

Notwithstanding this intimate connexion between his Majesty and herself, she did not disdain to wash, or caused to be washed, the shirts and stockings of his Majesty's officers of the navy; that is, if she liked those officers. Now she was kind enough to like me exceedingly; and though very pretty, and not yet very old, all in a very proper and platonic manner. She was also a great giver of dignity balls, and when she was full dressed, Miss Belinda Bellorosa was altogether a very seductive personage. A warrant officer was her abomination. She had refused the hands of many master's mates, and I knew, "for true," to use her own bewitching idiom, that several lieutenants had made her the most honorable overtures.

Well, to Miss Belinda I made the best of my way. I am choice in my phrases. I could hardly make my way at all, for a strange sort of delirium was supervening. Immediately she saw me, she exclaimed, "Ah Goramity! him catched for sure—it break my heart to see him. You know I lub Massa Percy, like my own piccaninny. S'elp me God, he very bad.

"My queen of countless Indians! dear duchess of doubloons! marry me to-night, and then you'll be a jolly widow to-morrow!"

"Hear him! him! how talk of marry me!"

"Oh! Bella dear, if you will not kill me with kindness, what shall I do? I cannot bear this raging pain in my head. You've been a kind soul to me. Pardon my nonsense, I could not help it. Let one of your servants help me to walk to the doctor."

"Nebber, nebber, doctor!" and she spat upon the floor with sovereign contempt. "Ah, Massa Eddard, me lub you dearly—you sleep here to-night—me lose my reputation—nebber mind you dat. What for you no run, Dorcas, a get me from Massa Jackson's store, bottle good port? Tell him for me, Missy Bellorosa. You Phœbe, you oder woman of color there, why you no take Massa Eddard, and put him in best bed? Him bad, for certainly—make haste, or poor Buckra boy die."

So, with the assistance of my two dingy handmaidens, I was popped into bed, and, according to the directions of my kind hostess, a suffocating number of blankets heaped upon me. Shortly afterwards, and when my reeling senses were barely sane enough to enable me to recognise objects, my dear doctress, with two more negresses to witness to her reputation, entered, and putting the bottle of port, with a white powder floating at the top of it, into a china bowl, compelled me to drink off the whole of it. Then, with a look of great and truly motherly affection, she took her leave of me, telling the two nurses to put another blanket on me, and to hold me down in the bed if I attempted to get out.

Then began the raging agony of fever. I felt as one mass of sentient fire. I had a foretaste of that state which, I hope, we shall all escape, save one, of ever burning and never consuming, but though moments of such suffering tell upon the wretch with the duration of ages, this did not last more than half an hour, when they became exchanged for a dream, the most singular, and that will never be forgotten whilst memory can offer me one single idea.

Methought that I was suddenly whisked out of bed, and placed in the centre of an interminable plain of sand. It bounded the horizon like a level sea: nothing was to be seen but this white and glowing sand, the intense blue and cloudless sky, and directly above me the eternal sun, like the eye of an angry god, pouring down intolerable fires upon my unprotected head. At length my skull opened, and from the interior of my head a splendid temple seemed to arise. Rows of columns supported rows of columns, order was piled upon order, and as it rose, Babel-like, to the skies, it extended in width as it increased in height, and there in this strange edifice, I saw the lofty, the winding, the interminable staircase, the wide and marble-paved courts, nor was there wanting the majestic and splashing fountain, whose cool waters were mocking my scorched-up lips: and there were also the long range of beautiful statues. The structure continued multiplying itself until all the heavens were full of it, extending nearly to the horizon all around.

Under this superincumbent weight I long struggled to stand. It kept bearing down more and more heavily upon the root of my brain; the anguish became insufferable, but I still nobly essayed to keep my footing, with a defiance and a pride that savored of impious presumption. At length, I felt completely overcome, and exclaimed, "God of mercy relieve me, the burden is more than I can bear." Then commenced the havoc in this temple, that was my head, and was not; there were the toppling down of the vast columns, the crashing of the several architraves, the grinding together of the rich entablatures; the breaking up, with noise louder than ever thunder was heard by man, of the marble pavements, the ruins crushed together in one awful confusion above me;—nature could do no more, and my dream slept.

The sun was at its meridian height when I awoke the next day in health, with every sensation renewed, that is, in so sweet a feeling that makes the mere act of living delightful. I found nothing remarkable, but that I had been subjected to a profuse perspiration.

Miss Bellorosa met me at breakfast all triumph, and I was all gratitude. I was very hungry, and as playful as a schoolboy who had just procured a holiday.

"Eh! Massa Eddard, suppose no marry me to-day—what for you no say yes to that?"

"Because, dear Bella, you wouldn't have me."

"Try,—you ask me," said she, looking at me with a fondness not quite so maternal as I could wish.

"Bella, dearest, will you marry me?"

"For true?"

"For true."

"Tanky, Massa Percy, dear, tanky; you make me very happy; but, for true, no. Were you older more fifteen year, or me more fifteen year younger, perhaps—but tank ye much for the comblement. Now go, and tell buckra doctor."

So, as I could not reward my kind physician with my hand, which, by-the-by, I should not have offered, had I not been certain of refusal, I was obliged to force upon her as splendid a trinket as I could purchase for a keepsake, and gave my sable nurses a handful of bits each. Bits of what? say the uninitiated.

I don't know whether I have described this fever case very nosologically; but very truly, I know I have.

During all the time that these West Indian events had been occuring, nearly three years, I had had no other communication with England than regularly and repeatedly sending there various pieces of paper, thus headed, "This, my first of exchange, my second and third not paid;" or, for variety's sake, "This, my second of exchange, my first and third," &c.; or, to be more various still, "This, my third, my first and second,"—all of which received more attention than their strange phraseology seemed to entitle them to.

But I must now introduce a new character; one that attended me for years like an evil shadow, nor left me until the "beginning of the end."

The ship had been hove down, the wound in her forefoot healed; that is to say, the huge rent stopped up, and we were beginning to get water and stores on board, and I was walking on the quay of the dockyard, when I was civilly accosted by a man having the appearance of a captain's steward. He was pale and handsome, with small white hands, and, if not actually genteel in his deportment, had that metropolitan refinement of look that indicated contact with genteel society. Though dressed in the blue jacket and white duck trowsers of the sailor's Sunday best, at a glance, you would pronounce him to be no seaman. Before he spoke to me, he had looked attentively at several other midshipmen, some belonging to my own ship, others, young gentlemen who were on shore on dockyard duty. At length, after a scrutiny sufficient to make me rather angry, he took off his hat very respectfully, and said,

"Have I the honor of speaking to Mr. Edward Percy?"

"You have; well, my man?"

"Ah, sir, you forget me, and no wonder. My name, sir, is Daunton. Joshua Daunton."

"Never heard the name before in my life."

"Oh, yes you have, sir, begging your pardon, very often indeed. Why, you used to call me Jossey: little Jossey, come here, you little vagabond, and let me ride you a pick-a-back."

"The devil I did!"

"Why, Mr. Percy, I was your fag at Mr. Roots' school."

Now I knew this to be a lie, for under that very respectable pedagogue, and in that very respectable seminary, as the reader well knows, I was the *fagged*, and not the fagger.

"Now really, Joshua Daunton," said I, "I am inclined to think that you may be Joshua the little vagabond still; for, upon my honor,

I remember nothing about you. Seeing there were so many hundred boys under Mr. Roots, my schoolfellow you might have been, but may I be vexed, if ever I fagged you or any one else. Now, my good man, prove to me that you have been my schoolfellow first, and then let me know what I can do for you afterwards, for I suppose that you have some favor to ask, or some motive in seeking me."

"I have, indeed," he replied, with a peculiar intonation of his voice, that might have been construed in many ways. He then proceeded to give me many details of the school at Islington, which convinced me, if there he had never been, he had conversed with some one who had. Still, he very skilfully evaded all my attempts at cross-examination, with a skill which gave me a much higher opinion of his intellect than of his honesty. With the utmost efforts of my recollection, I could not recall him to my mind, and I bluntly told him so. I then bade him tell me who he was, and what he wanted.

"I am the only son of an honest pawnbroker of Shoreditch. He was tolerably rich, and determined to give me a good education. He sent me to Mr. Roots' school. It was there that I had the happiness of being honored by your friendship. Now, sir, you perceive, that though I am not so tall as you, by some inches, I am at least seven or eight years older. Shortly after you left school, to go to another at Stickenham, I also left, with my education, as my father fondly supposed, finished. Sir, I turned out bad. I confess it with shame—I was a rascal. My father turned me out of doors. I have had several ups and downs in the world since, and I am now steward on board of the London, the West Indiaman that arrived here the day before yesterday."

"Very well, Joshua, but how came you to know that I went to school at Stickenham?"

"Because, in my tramping about the country, I saw you, with the other young gentlemen, in the play-ground on the common."

"Hum! but how in the name of all that is curious, came you to know that I was here at Port Royal dock-yard, and a young gentleman belonging to the Eos?"

"Oh! very naturally, sir. About two years ago I passed again over the same common with my associates. I could not resist the wish to see if you were still in the play-ground. I did not see you among the rest, and I made bold to inquire of one of the elder boys where you were. He told me the name of the ship, and of your captain. The first thing on coming into the harbor that struck my eye, was your very frigate alongside the dock-yard. I got leave to come on shore, and I knew you directly that I saw you."

"But why examine so many before you spoke to me? However, I have no reason to be suspicious, for time makes great changes. Now, what shall I do for you?"

"Give me your protection, and as much of your friendliness as is compatible with our different stations."

"But, Daunton, according to your own words, you have been a sad fellow. Before I extend to you what you require, I ought to know what you really have done. You spoke of tramping—have you been a tramper—a gipsy?"

"I have."

"Have you ever committed theft?"

"Only in a small way."

"Ah! and swindled—only in a small way of course?"

"The temptations were great."

"Where will this fellow stop," thought I: "let us see, however, how far he will go," and then giving utterance to my thoughts, I continued, "The step between swindling and forgery is but very short," and I paused—for even I had not the confidence to ask him, "are you a forger?"

"Very," was the short, dry answer. I was astonished. Perhaps he will confess to the commission of murder.

"Oh! as you were just saying to yourself, we are the mere passive tools of fate—we are drawn on, in spite of ourselves. If a man comes in our way, why you know, in self-defence,—hey?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"A little prick under the ribs in a quiet way. The wanderings and jerkings of the angry hand will happen. You understand me?"

"Too well, I am afraid, sir; I have never yet shed man's blood. I never will. Perhaps, sir, you would not depend upon my virtue for this—you may upon my cowardice—I tremble—I sicken at the sight of blood. I have endeavored to win your confidence by candor—I have not succeeded. May I be permitted to bid you good day?"

"Stop, Daunton, this is a singular encounter, and a still more singular conference. As an old school-fellow, you ask me to give you my protection. The protection of a reefer is, in itself, something laughable: and then, as an inducement, you confess to me that you are a villain, only just in guilt, short of murder. Perhaps, by this bravado sort of confession, you have endeavored to give me a worse impression of your character than it really deserves, that you might give me the better opinion of your sincerity. Is it not so?"

"In a great measure it is."

"I thought so. Now let me tell you, Daunton, that that very circumstance makes me afraid of you. But still, I will not cast aside the appeal of an old school-fellow. What can I do for you?"

"Give me the protection afforded me by a man-of-war, by taking me as your servant."

"Utterly impossible! I can press you directly, or give the hint to any of the many men-of-war here to do so. But the rules of the service do not permit a midshipman to have a separate servant. Do you wish to enter?"

"Only on board of your ship, and with the privilege of waiting on you, and being constantly near your person."

"Thank you; but what prevents my impressing you, even as you stand there?"

"These very ample protections." And he produced them.

"Yes! I see you are well provided. But why give up your good berth on board the London?"

"Mr. Percy, I have my reasons. Permit them, as yet, to remain secret. There is no guilt attached to them. May I sail with you in the capacity of your servant!"

"I have told you before, that you cannot be my servant solely. You must be the servant of the midshipmen's berth."

"Yes, with all my heart, provided you pledge me your honor that I shall never be put to any other duty."

I was astonished at this perseverence, and very honestly told him all the miseries of the situation for which he seemed so ambitious. They did not shake his resolution. I then left him and spoke to Mr. Farmer. "Let the fool enter," was the laconic reply.

"But he will not enter but on the conditions I have mentioned, and his protections are too good to be violated."

"Then I authorize you to make them. We are short of men."

But Joshua would not enter: he required to be pressed; so I went on board his own merchant ship, according to previous arrangement, and pressed him. He made no resistance, and produced no documents: he only called the master of the ship and the first and second officer to witness that he was a pressed man, and then, taking his kit with him, he even cheerfully tripped down the side into the boat, and thus, for three eventful years I was the instrument of placing my evil genius near me.

(*To be continued.*)

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## THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.*

### WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

But to return to my narration of events. During the first two or three years I took office, I neglected to take notes of what transpired, but after having executed about one hundred and fifty malefactors in town and country, and having seen many of my former acquaintance upon the scaffold, I thought I might as well keep a book and put down circumstances as they happened. After I had made this resolution, the first person who was brought out was Richard H——, who had been found guilty of forging the ace of spades, in order to avoid the duty upon playing cards. He was, at the time of his detection, in a very respectable way of business, and much looked up to among his neighbors. The man who first persuaded him to sell these cards, informed against him at the stamp-office, and occasioned a trap to be laid to procure evidence for his conviction. He had a host of respectable men to give him a good character, but all would not avail: forgery of every description was at that period punished with death, and this man, after taking a last farewell of a wife and children, submitted himself, with great fortitude, to his fate, although, while he was in the cells he never ceased to reprobate the law which inflicted death upon man for such a crime. Thirty years have wrought a wonderful revolution in the minds of legislators; now, no government would dare to put a man to death for such an offence.

The same year John B——, aged twenty-eight, was executed for the same crime, or for cheating the revenue; his practice was to make seven or eight impressions of the ace of spades out of one, which he got stamped at the government office. He used a peculiar kind of cardboard, which took the impression all through, then split them and pasted them upon other cards: this being discovered, he was condemned and executed. When brought out, he said, "I have been guilty of no offence, and the time will come when the country will be ashamed of these acts of cruelty: it is a disgrace to it: but I must submit."

The number of young persons the government thought proper to execute about this period, surprised every person with whom I conversed upon the subject. One for forgery, (passing a note,) aged sixteen years; two young women, ages eighteen and nineteen, for shoplifting; also a woman for coining, and a young man, under twenty, for a burglary not by any means of an aggravated nature.

The two most remarkable cases which occurred this year was one for forgery, and the other for extortion, threatening to accuse publicly a gentleman under government of an unnatural offence. John Rogers Turner was executed for forging a transfer of stock, amounting to 4,070l. This man was a clerk in a mercantile house: with the intention of going to America, he had the audacity to personate the holder of the stock, and but for his being accidentally met by a person who knew him, at the house of the gentleman who had been induced by some means to introduce him to a stockbroker as the actual person to whom the stock belonged, he would have obtained the money. Some efforts were made to save this man upon the grounds, that as he had not obtained the money, he should be reprieved; for my part, I have ever thought that a distinction should be made between the attempt to rob and the actual stealing the property. I am aware that is not a general opinion; but no one can tell what compunctions may come over the mind between the

* Continued from vol. xiv.

intention and the act. By way of illustration, I will relate a case of compunction after the act of stealing, but before the profits were realized, which occurred so recently as the year 1829.

A butler in a gentleman's family, residing in the neighborhood of Cavendish Square, packed up all his master's most portable plate in one parcel, having a confederate who was to receive and melt it down immediately. As the man expected, at a certain hour in the evening, his master sent him out to deliver a letter at some distance off; availing himself of this, he took with him the ready-packed plate, leaving the door ajar, that it might be supposed some person during his absence had got in and robbed the pantry where the plate was kept. When the butler came out of the house, he met his confederate, who was anxious to be off with the booty. "Stop," said the thief, "I feel that I am doing wrong, and must take time to consider of the matter." "But you cannot now carry it back without a certainty of detection," replied the other. "Ah!" rejoined the butler, "but I can place it in more security than by handing it to you;" and he immediately went to the Green Man and Still coach-office in Oxford Street, and there deposited it as a parcel to be left until called for, taking a check, so that no other person should obtain it besides himself; he then went and delivered his letter, and returned home with all possible speed, just in time to witness the family in consternation at the discovery of the robbery. Nobody accused the butler; he, however, spent a sleepless night in planning how he should restore the property, while his master was, at the same time, making up his mind that he was the actual thief.

This occasioned his apprehension in the morning, and subsequent committal to Newgate for trial. When the period arrived, and he was placed at the bar, he defended himself with great ingenuity, proving that, from the expedition he had used upon his message, that there was no time, even if he had stolen the plate, to dispose of it. After a long trial he was acquitted and discharged; all this time the plate was lying at the Green Man and Still. When, however, he was released, he went and restored the property to his master, confessing the crime, but assuring him that he had no sooner taken it than he resolved to make restitution as speedily as possible, with security to himself.

Upon the notion of *intent* was Lord Ellenborough's act framed for cutting and maiming. And a very salutary law it is, where grievous bodily injury is intended; but I have seen too many men executed under this act, wherein the law has been wrested contrary to its primitive intention. Suppose a man steals to the value of a shilling, and is in the act of escaping with the property, but is pursued, it certainly must be admitted that it is as natural for a man to defend himself and struggle for escape, as it is to steal; yet, if in these hasty proceedings a bruise or a scratch is given to an officer, or any other person, it comes under the law of cutting and maiming. The act is too loose and undefined. Many shocking cases having transpired, in my time, wherein the culprits have been hung most unjustly; and I may affirm, had not the policy of modern government relaxed the hand of the executioner in these matters, that all thieves would, in a very short time, have carried daggers for their defence, seeing that so little distinction was made in their conduct while committing petty offences. Happily these things have, in a great measure, passed away. One case, however, grieved me much. A young man suffered for stealing a pillow, value five shillings: he was indicted under the above act, having endeavored to defend himself when detected: for this he was hung, not for the robbery. The officer who took him, had long had a pique against him, and had vowed revenge whenever he should have him in custody. It seems that, upon a former occasion, when an associate had been taken up upon some charge, the malefactor in question had, by his exertions and evidence, prevented three Bow Street officers from sharing some considerable plunder which came into their hands. This circumstance cost the young man (aged twenty-four years) his life, although only guilty of stealing to the value of five shillings. As the system of runners is now altered, I will not enlarge upon this subject; but a viler system, I must say, never was tolerated in any country. Many faults as there are in the present police system, it is purity itself compared with the former. I have seen two or three Bow Street officers come into a room full of thieves, and say, after looking round, "Gentlemen, we don't say there's any body here we want, but some of you have been in rare luck, and are well up in your stirrups; it's damned hard that we can't enjoy ourselves as well as you." Then after receiving four or five guineas from those who had money, walked away to some other house, and repeated their contributions upon other portions of the family community, as it was their custom to call the body of public thieves. The offenders, under an impression that they conciliated the runners, and bribed them to silence when taken up and called upon to speak in court as to their general character, never failed, when in cash, to be liberal, and fee them well.

This act, like most of the British penal statutes, produces the effect it was meant to prevent, viz. to lessen personal violence on the part of the robber, either towards the person he robbed, or against the officer who might go to apprehend him for the offence. Every man who goes out to commit an unlawful act, runs an immediate risk of being interfered with, either by the owner of the property or the emissaries of the law; it is therefore a foolish policy which makes it the interest of the thief, if he is once tempted to resistance, and a first blow is struck, to follow it up and slay his opponent. Yet this is the tendency of the law; a blow renders him

liable to come under the charge of cutting and maiming, and to be executed for it; when it is once given, he therefore says, "I must follow it up, it is now a struggle for life—I must destroy the evidence." This generates murder, and tends to make the mere thief a more desperate character. I have read that human laws proceed from human necessities; but human tribunals should always be so constituted as to be able to avail themselves of the moral code. It is singular enough that all those who have speculated most upon the improvement of penal laws, have so far forgotten the end of all laws, (which is happiness,) as to banish the moral code and render the legal code all in all. Lord Ellenborough was a terrorist in the strictest sense of the word: he was what is called a stern man, and like most of his profession, was hard of heart and unbending to reason when in power. Such characters as he was, may be likened to a figure cut in stone, but hollowed so as to contain the statutes, both ancient and modern: when they were wanted, there they might be found; but to use any argument of reason with one, where the place which should contain the cerebrum and cerebellum was crammed with dry musty parchment, was like talking to the statue of King Charles at Charing Cross.

I remember going to the Parliament House to hear the debate upon Sir Samuel Romilly's motion for repealing so much of the statute of 12th Anne, as made the stealing to the amount of forty shillings in a dwelling felony, without benefit of clergy. Upon that occasion I shall never forget the words of Mr. Frankland; it was in the year 1811, sometime in the month of March, and I never afterwards performed my business with any satisfaction to myself. He said—"There may be, indeed there must be, cases, in which human necessities must compel the moral code to depart from the human tribunal, and the dread sanction of the law must be enforced on him who, as a moral agent, may little deserve punishment." This sentence went home to my heart, for I well knew that I never had a wish either to steal, or to be an executioner, yet there I stood a guilty man, and could, in no way, justify myself, but by adopting the fortune-teller's system of fatalism. He went on to say—"These are fearful contemplations which oblige us to harden our hearts. Our reason approves, but our eyes weep. I have deep and trembling sensations on these subjects, but I cannot express them. No image to my mind is so awful as that of man sitting in judgment upon man." Ah! at that moment how I did long for the old Recorder who sentenced me to death to be there. "Though imperious necessity stares me in the face, and commands the dreadful duty to be performed, I still exclaim, 'Who are we that we should judge one another?' I feel beat down and overcome by the sense of human infirmity, of human ignorance, and of our miserable, narrow, and imperfect views. Nothing supports me, nothing consoles me, but to trust in the other and mightier principles, in the other and mightier wisdom, in the other and mightier means which govern the affairs of men." This is language which goes straight to the heart, and carries with it the strong evidence of good sense, not the result of opinions imbibed in a cold-hearted lawyer's office by reading the statute law.

"Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind leading of the blind;
* * * * *
And no breasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, opinion.
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination;
And, when it seizes any part,
It strikes the *poison* to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humors match;
And nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opiniator."

*Butler's MSS.*

May, 1807.—This month, a circumstance occurred at Jersey, which, although not precisely within the range of my own experience, was the means of my afterwards being called to that island to officiate at several executions. A soldier, named Hales, of the thirty-fourth regiment of foot, having been sentenced to death for felony, was turned off, and he had hung about a minute and a half when the executioner suspended himself to his body; by this additional weight the rope extended in such a manner that the feet of the criminal touched the ground. The executioner then pulled him sideways in order to strangle him, but being unable to effect this, got upon his shoulders; when, to the no small surprise of the spectators, the criminal rose upright on his feet with the hangman upon his shoulders, and loosened the rope from his throat with his fingers. The sheriff now ordered another rope to be prepared, but the spectators interfered, and, at length, it was agreed that it should be deferred until the will of the magistrates should be known, and subsequently the case was sent to his Majesty, who pardoned the man. He is, I believe, now alive, at least, he was a few years since, and generally known by the cognomen of *half-hung Hales*. He, after the circumstance, married a wife and had a large family.

The year before this, on the 11th of January, 1806, a man was hung at Dublin for cow-stealing; when the rope broke, and the man fell against some paling. He was dreadfully bruised, but another rope being procured, he was again hanged. Both these circumstances, remarkable as they are, were excelled in singularity by an occurrence which transpired at Botany Bay in September, 1804. A man, named Samuels, was thrice hung in one morning, the rope breaking each time. The fourth attempt was about to be made, when the *prévot* ordered the execution to be suspended, and the man ultimately obtained a pardon through the governor. In all these cases, there must have been most shameful neglect in not proving the ropes before they were used, but un-

der all the circumstances it was proper they should be pardoned. The people every year have felt an increasing repugnance to these scenes; such accidents therefore only add to their disgust and hastens the period when they shall cease altogether. A great deal has been said about the effects of executions; several books have been handed to me upon the subject, but, I believe, few understand what they write upon this question. Most persons think it operates as a great terror upon mankind: this is a palpable error. Death is, at all times, awful, more particularly when it is violent: judging from my own feelings when I was in crime, and that of some five hundred others with whom I have been acquainted, I am quite sure the thoughts of hanging never restrained one man in his course. Many, when things went cross with them, would court it, especially if low in pocket and hypped, saying, "D—n it, what's the use of living such a humbug life as this? I'll do something to be topped and get out of it." In such a temper I have known scores of my old associates absolutely rush upon the laws in the character of suicides; when, however, it comes to the last moment they wish themselves out of it again; but this does not deter others. If I were to give my opinion upon executions as regards the body of the people, I should say, they feel horror and disgust; and yet upon every repetition of such scenes are, in a great degree, brutalized. In some persons it excites a pleasurable sensation which is unaccountable; such generally attend every execution. I have noticed the same faces at the Old Bailey in the crowd nearest the scaffold for years together, particularly one family of females, who hired a first-floor opposite the place of execution upon every occasion, and, as the daughters got married and became mothers, they brought their children. Some time after my appointment in the year 1806, a young lad, sixteen years of age, attended to witness several executions, and became so excited and curious upon the subject, that he called upon me to gratify his propensity by conversing about it. His name was Matthew Mark Watson: and one day after seeing several men hung, he went home and tied himself up to ascertain the sensations, and thereby deprived himself of every feeling, for it occasioned his death.

In this same year there was another instance that the witnessing of executions does not deter men, from the fear of death. At April Lancaster assizes, Edward Barlow, aged sixty-nine, who had been executioner for the county twenty years, during which time he had officiated upon forty-eight criminals, was tried and convicted for horse-stealing, when he was sentenced to death, sharing the fate of Perillus, who was roasted in his own brazen bull; and a few years subsequently to this occurrence, two men who had witnessed an execution in the morning, in the evening of the same day tossed each other which should hang the other; the losing party then submitted to be tied up to a lamp-iron in the Hampstead Road, but the watchman seeing him, immediately afterwards cut him down, when the man struck him several blows for his interference, saying, as he had lost the toss it was all fair, and then went back to his companion to be again suspended, but this, the guardian of the night prevented by taking them both into custody.

I have before said, that when I was a boy, I attended with the other young sneaks to witness all the executions at Newgate: this we did more as a mark of respect, and with a view of remembering the character who suffered and becoming acquainted with the biography and history of those we considered as belonging to our own much ill-used and persecuted class. The theme of our conversation was, what the malefactor had done, how many times he had been tried, and more particularly whether he behaved game, and was talked about as an out-and-out swell in the fancy world. I never came away at that period, nor did any of my companions, from an execution, with any melancholy feelings or dread of the same fate; it was more an amusement—a kind of real play—a tragedy to be sure, but then we were only the spectators, not the actors; but the familiarity of the scene made us each time better prepared to die game when it came to our turn, and consequently made us more careless regarding the time. One general impression, among many others, which executions produce is, I believe, a sense of great injustice on the part of the government, overturning in all minds the most settled notion of right and wrong. This is a very injurious effect; the offender justifies himself under a notion that the laws are defective, while society in general are induced to show a commiseration which seems to countenance crime. I am of an opinion that when more were hung than in the present day, that the thieves were better satisfied with the law, because, although more severe, it had the semblance of justice with it; not that it then deterred them from crime. Now, when, as happened in the year 1819, one thousand two hundred and fifty-four are condemned, and only ninety-seven are executed out of that number, and knowing, as they do, that the ninety-seven are not selected because of their greater crimes, but by lottery, merely to keep up the system of hanging, they cannot but consider every particular case a species of legalized murder, and express themselves so accordingly.

The number of executions in the metropolis have much decreased of late years compared to the country, taking into consideration the convictions in each; this difference is the result of opinion, so loudly expressed in London against the punishment of death under any circumstances, excepting only murder. But even in cases of murder, distinctions should be made; many who have, in my time, been executed for this crime were comparatively innocent, to desperate housebreakers and some other kind of offenders.

Deliberate murder is unquestionably the heaviest crime of man, but in the hatred we feel against the homicide, we jumble all shades

of criminality, from the midnight assassin, to the man who, when inebriated and aggravated to desperation by a scolding wife, in an unguarded moment of irritation, gives a blow which causes death. All punishments should be adequate: a murder committed with the sword of justice is the most horrible event which can occur in any country, and in all well-regulated states the maxim, "Better ten guilty escape than that one innocent be punished," has been unquestioned. A distinction should be made between those cases where death ensues by a deliberate act, and those which arise out of circumstances on the spur of the moment. I am aware that the law of manslaughter was made for this purpose; but it has not effected, at all times, the object in view. The world at large, and the judges and the juries carry with them, upon these occasions, a prejudice, and in their desire that the death of a fellow creature shall be revenged, they prejudge all who are charged with the crime of murder. The law, too, which deprives the prisoner of counsel in these, as in all other cases, is a vile one, and ought speedily to be amended. The case of Mr. Steele's murder is one of remarkable prejudice, and improper proceedings, in the history of our criminal courts. Two men, John Holloway, aged thirty-nine, and Owen Haggerty, aged twenty-four, were executed for the murder of John Cole Steele, of No. 15 Catherine Street, Strand, on the 18th of February, 1806, and solely upon the evidence of a man named Benjamin Hanfield, *alias* Enfield, who was under sentence of transportation for seven years, and pardoned upon his own statement, for the purpose of giving evidence against them. Mr. Steele left town on the 5th of November, 1802, to go to Feltham, where he had lavender grounds. He left Feltham on the 6th, the following day, about seven in the evening, having about twenty-seven pounds in his pocket, and was subsequently found murdered upon Hounslow Heath, near to a clump of trees. During five years every effort was made to discover the perpetrators of this deed. Many persons were apprehended and underwent examinations, until at length the minds of the authorities were actually burning with rage, and the magistracy thirsting for vengeance; a state of feeling I have often noticed them to be in upon many occasions; but it is one in which they seldom mete out much justice. Regarding the recorders at the Old Bailey, I speak advisedly and conscientiously, when I state that most of them during my time appeared to care very little when a crime of great enormity was committed, and the public were calling for punishment, whether they got hold of the right offender or not, so long as they could acquit the deed, and satisfy justice, as they termed it, by hanging some one.

This feeling was strikingly shown in the case of Mr. Steele's murder: I knew both the men who suffered, and also the man who was allowed to become king's evidence against them. My belief is, that they were both innocent of the crime for which they suffered. From the first, when I heard Hanfield had accused them, I said it was only a scheme to get himself off from transportation. When, therefore, he was taken down in a post-chaise to Hounslow Heath by the officers, to point out the spot where the murder was committed, I attended, and was particularly struck with the difficulty he had to make out the particular place and the clump of trees where the body was left after the murder, upon which I remarked to him, "It is strange you should not know the clump, if you forgot the spot where he was first stopped on the road," upon which the approver replied, that it was so dark a night that he could scarcely see his hand. This, at the time, appeared to be a sufficient answer: when, however, the men were executed and I received a stronger impression of their innocence, I made further inquiry, and can now bring good evidence that it was a a very bright moonlight night. This, if it had been proved on the trial, must have saved them: during the time they were under examination by the magistrates, they were so placed in confinement as to be overheard in all they should say to each other; three of these conversations were given in evidence, in addition to that of Hanfield's, against them, but in my opinion there is nothing to implicate them in that evidence if it be fairly commented on. The men over and over again declared their innocence to me even up to the last moment of their existence. The execution was attended with the loss of many more lives. It was a morning remarkable in the annals of Old Bailey exhibitions: the noise that had been made about the murder, the length of time that had elapsed before the parties were brought to justice, added to the diversity of opinion as to whether they were really guilty, collected an immense concourse of persons to witness their execution. Just however as they were turned off, a pieman's basket was upset in the crowd, upon which some thoughtless fools commenced a scramble for the scattered patties; the confusion this created in a compact and dense mob, enclosed on every side, occasioned a rush to the few narrow outlets or avenues there were: hundreds were in a moment thrown down, while others trampling upon them, all struggling for escape and for life. The result of this accident was the death of many and the wounding of still more persons. Haggerty and Holloway, it must be observed, were men who had lived in crime, and this they did not attempt to deny; but it is my opinion, that the murderers of Mr. Steele were not that day executed.

About a week after this event, while smoking my pipe one afternoon at home, a gentleman about forty years of age called upon me: he had all the appearance of being sane, and very respectable, but his conversation was so remarkable, that I must give it literally. "Don't disturb yourself," said he, taking a seat unasked, "I only wish to make an inquiry. I saw the last execution; the men appeared to die momentarily. I must tell you, that I am very curious about knowing which is the easiest kind of death. You

must know something of hanging—what think you of it? If it is not the easiest, you, I suppose, will agree with me, that the government should, while the punishment of death is a part of our law, go the most humane way about inflicting it."

"Certainly," I replied; "and I suppose those whose business it is to look to these matters, consider that suspension of the body is the easiest kind of death."

"They consider!" exclaimed he; "why don't you know that governments in all ages have only thought how they might be most cruel; hence your burning, boiling in lead and oil, roasting, flaying, impaling, gibbeting, cutting out the bowels and tongue, beheading, &c. &c. Death, the greatest punishment man can inflict, they think to make more terrible by the manner of carrying it into effect: foolish, weak men, to suppose that when death itself will not deter human nature from error, that the manner of it will be taken into a desperate man's consideration. In every case of cruelty it is the public feeling which is outraged, and the weakness of the government which is shown, more than the wickedness of those they rule. In this, however, the age is mended; we have no drawing and quartering in the present day; and I hope to live to see the time, when man shall dare not to take the life of another man away, under any pretence whatever. I had a sight of some manuscript state papers the other day, when I was very much struck with the sentence passed upon Guy Faux: the judge, addressing him, said, 'You are to be taken from hence to the place of execution, there to have your right hand, which did the deed, cut off; also your feet, with which you walked to commit the act, cut off; the brains which conceived the plot are to be taken out; the tongue that communicated the scheme to the other conspirators is to be cut out at the root; and lastly, the bowels which nourished the diabolical mass are to be taken out, and the whole burned, so that no remains of the same shall hereafter be found upon Christian land.' This is a tolerable specimen of what those persons are, who make and administer the laws—(Lawyers in general.) It would be a happy thing for mankind, if all persons connected with the administration of the laws were rendered incapable of sitting in either House of Parliament; we shall never have wholesome enactments until such a measure be carried into effect. It is anomalous in the extreme, that they should act in both characters."

"But, sir," said I, interrupting him, "what mode of killing do you patronize?"

"None," he replied; "but I am come to consult you upon that which you think the easiest and most expeditious, not that I am about to commit suicide."

This last expression made me think that he was a monomaniac, who really did contemplate self-destruction. I then told him, that for public example, probably suspension by the neck was the best, and could in no way be improved but by putting a cloak on the malefactor, which would give a more decent appearance to the exhibition, than allowing the arms, legs and body of a man to hang dangling in the air for an hour, in the heart of a populous and highly-civilized city."

"What do you say to the bow-string?" inquired he.

I answered, "It is precisely the same kind of death as hanging; as to the sufferance, it is death in both cases by strangulation. But as I said before, hanging is done more for example than for any other consideration."

"Example!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Pooh! don't you know, the more you hang, the more there always come to be hanged? Look at your forgeries of small bank-notes; it is not the hanging which deters them; crime will always be committed where there are great facilities held out to the wrong doer.* But do you know," continued he, "that I never see a man hung but I am always for a whole month afterwards, thinking of the sensation, and have a disagreeable inclination to try the experiment upon myself; and then all the ills of this life come like a torrent rushing in upon my mind; this you may conceive is very unpleasant, and there's no knowing how it may end; especially as a friend of mine always had the same feeling, and he at last one day hung himself in his own stable—and what is more singular, he never could stay away from an execution. It is my belief that he went to harden himself to it, and that the frequency of the sight at last rendered him callous to the suffering, careless about death, and dissatisfied with his state of existence. Yet have men fallen into the fatal error, that public executions are useful in preserving the morals of the people. Nothing that man has ever done is so preposterous, so absurd, or less founded upon principles of reason. If we were without prisons, or any means of otherwise punishing the wicked, and protecting the industrious portions of the community against depredators, there might be some excuse for putting men to death. As, however, we have all these means, there is no way in which the advocates for the punishment of death can justify themselves. I wish, Mr. Ketch, you would throw up your office, and set the authorities an example worthy of their imitation, by publishing your reasons, and showing the world the utter uselessness of executions."

I rejoined, "But, sir, how am I to live? I may as well hang myself, as starve to death; besides, if I were out of office to-morrow, some other person would be found to fill it, and the work of killing go on just the same."

"True, true! I forgot," said my visiter; "but now tell me what you think is the most easy way of finding death."

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* This opinion experience has since proved to be correct, The government might have executed one half the population of London, and not have stopped the circulation of forged notes—they at length took the only method which could succeed, namely, to withdraw them altogether, and issue a good and wholesome currency.

"Perhaps," I answered, "Lord Castlereagh found it when he pierced the carotid artery with a pen-knife; and I heard a surgeon say, if he had used an instrument pointed like a heart, with blunt edges at the base, similar to what the cutlers sell for erasers, that he might have drawn it out again, and the wound remained undiscovered, as the bleeding would have been wholly internal—the lips of the puncture closing externally: be this as it may, it is a speedy death. It comes, however, soon enough upon us all, without seeking for it," added I.

"But I have a most particular reason," said my interrogator, "for making the inquiry; and beg you will tell me all you know upon the subject."

"Well, then," I replied, "puncturing the spine is unquestionably the readiest way of taking the leap from life to death—from light into utter darkness. I saw a curious case of this kind once, which I will relate to you:—A drunken coalheaver fell from a waggon going up Ludgate Hill. He was covered with mud, and appeared to be hurt; I and two others laid him upon a shutter, and took him to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He was stripped, and the surgeon examined him, but no injury could be discovered; still he said he could not rise up in the bed. Mr. Abernethy happened to come in shortly afterwards, when the case was shown to him, but he could make nothing of it. 'Let him,' said this great surgeon, 'be washed thoroughly clean, and send for the barber, and have that beard taken off, which appears to be of a month's growth.' About an hour after this, as I was relating to the surgeons the manner in which he fell from the waggon, a message was brought that the man had instantaneously, while he was undergoing the operation of shaving, given up the ghost. We all immediately repaired to the spot, where laid the man half shaved, but quite dead. The barber said he appeared to be well, and was talking to him one instant, and the next was a dead man. 'I had hold of him,' said he, 'by the nose, and I did but turn his head very gently to use the razor, when he without breathing or a sigh, went off.' Abernethy turned to the young students, and told them this was a case for study, saying, 'There was a cause for the man's death: that the following morning he would open the body, and find it out. But,' added he, 'think of the case, and before I make the examination, tell me in the morning, each of you, your opinion, what it is that has so suddenly deprived him of his life. One of the students said, 'I think a vertebral bone is fractured, and that as the barber turned his head to shave him, a splinter penetrated the spinal chord.' 'You have it,' cried Abernethy, 'turn him up, and we will see.' They immediately cut down the back, and discovered a small piece of fractured bone, not bigger than the half a pin, which had penerated the spine; then taking the corpse by the nose, they observed, as they turned the head one way, the splint came out, and as they turned it the contrary, it entered the vital chord. The problem of his death was now at once solved, and I learnt how little it took to stop the great machine of life in man.

"There is also another mode of loosing life in a very simple way, which I became acquainted with in consequence of an accident. A man was found in a field quite dead, with a hay-fork or prong by the side of him; he was opened, but no probable cause of his sudden death could be discovered. At length, one of the surgeons sent for the fork, in consequence of a witness saying, that it was only a few minutes before his death that he saw the deceased leaning upon it with the points upwards, as he was standing in the field. On the point of one prong of the fork was discovered something like a small speck, but no wound could be found upon the corpse. The surgeon now pushed back the corner of the eye next the nose, and then declared he had discovered the manner of the man's death; namely, that while leaning on the fork he had slipped, and the point of it had entered the corner of the eye under the nose, and produced instant death. 'For,' added he, 'we all know in this manner we may be killed with a pin or needle, without having any external wound so as to indicate the cause. He (the surgeon) then explained to the presons present, that this peculiarly vulnerable part could not be reached, excepting only by the means above described; that is, putting the instrument used sideways into the corner of the eye, and then immediately direct it in a straightforward manner, so as to penetrate in a direction towards the brain, under the upward part of the nasal bone. 'Such an operation,' he said, 'performed with the smallest needle, produced instantaneous death.'"

I observed that these two anecdotes had a peculiar effect upon my inquisitor; he fell into a reverie, and spoke not for ten minutes; then taking out his pocket-book, wrote down the cases at more length than I have related them in this place. "What think you," said I, "of the old English mode of execution by the maiden death? an invention, in error, attributed to the French, in consequence of their free use of the guillotine during the revolution. The Maiden instrument, which severed the head from the body as expeditiously as that celebrated machine, although constructed somewhat differently, is of English origin, many of our old works, which have been put into my hands, describing it most minutely. No death can be more speedy than decapitation; but then it spills blood, which should upon these occasions, if possible, be avoided."

"It is very singular that I should not have heard of these modes of dying before, considering how much pains I have been at to ascertain all kinds of death. See," continued he, "I have written them down—my list is now complete—give me your opinion. I have incurred them all, as well as suffered every kind of punishment——"

"Good God!" said I, "what do you mean?"

*(To be continued.)*

# THE METROPOLITAN.

No. LVIII.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1836.

## THE ENSUING SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

The pure Whig, (we use the words pure Whig in contradistinction to the Conservative one,)—the pure Whig is, at bottom, a very respectable sort of a person. It is true, that he has all the tyrannizing vices of the ultra Tory; but, these he betrays only in his actions—in all his private ones, in his public, whenever he dares. In his professions you will find none of these vices, and, as he has much more profession than principle, he passes for a very liberal animal. He is a deceptor; but, as he sets up for a politician, and, as policy is nearly allied to, if not absolutely identical with deception, he is, in his own estimation, not only entitled to no blame for this, but actually to the praise of sagacity. He is a waverer—not sufficiently inclined towards the good, from his obtusiveness of intellect; and equally withheld from the atrocious, by the good moral sense of Englishmen in general, and his own pusillanimity in particular. The Radical is a fiercer and a nobler animal, but infinitely more dangerous, and, therefore, should be chained up, whilst the Whig should be merely kicked out of those high places he is so prone to defile, and where alone he can be mischievous; and then suffered to run innoxiously at large.

The reader will perceive that we have a very good sort of feeling towards these Whigs; though we have a horrible distaste for their government. We would willingly come to their relief. They, poor creatures, are in a dilemma, and they know it—the best of them have climbed the ladder of promotion and of office, and, now they are at the very top of it, have a good view of their situation, and looking round, they perceive how disconsolate is their prospect. At this summit there is no landing-place, hardly a standing for them. They see that they cannot there build their nests, or take up a permanent habitation. They find on this level, too high for them, neither the platform of popularity, nor the marble courts of royalty. Their elevation is dangerous to their safety; but how to descend with dignity. Aye, there's the rub—for every step of the ladder beneath them is so slippery, and so befouled with the slime of the tail, that the descent is absolutely as dangerous as it would be disgusting.

This is exactly their predicament, and we are sorry for them. Let us see if we can assist them, for they have still respectability enough to make an orderly, decent opposition; but they must not wait too long, for the poison of the tail is fast inoculating the body, and they must free themselves from this corruption with all despatch. Let them remember the story of the clumsy blacksmith, who spoiled his iron, and could finally make of his horse-shoe only a hiss. If there is not good metal enough left in Whiggery to make a handsome bracket whereon to hang the constitution, there is still enough of it to be beaten up into a respectable and wide-mouthed knocker, with which "any robusteous periwigged-pated fellow" may make a reasonable noise enough; let it not be so corroded by the filth sticking to it, that at length it will be only fit to create a hiss. There is yet time. Now we will give them our advice.

On the first general question after parliament has assembled, the very first question that is started upon which the strength of parties may be ascertained, all the honest and respectable Whigs must divide against the Radical tail. When Conservatism put forth all its strength, the ministerial majority did not exceed a score—in the recess they have lost some half dozen. Surely there may be found twenty just men among the patriotic Whigs. In refusing to act with O'Connell and his joints, they will be guilty of no inconsistency; they will not betray their party; they may still proclaim their principles—

nd, what is more, not only will the country owe them a deep debt of gratitude for their manliness, but their own partisans will, at first silently, and afterwards loudly, thank them for it. Well, let us suppose, that at the very opening of the sessions, the ministry find themselves in a small minority. We do not think that, under all the circumstances of their position, they would immediately resign. The question would be again tried; and, most assuredly, on every fresh trial, the courage of honesty would increase, and the majority against the present government multiply. It only requires some twenty real and thoroughbred English gentlemen to make the commencement, not of apostasy, not even of tergiversation, but of a determination of not acting in a body with the Radical tail. But the Conservatives should do their utmost, not, on this occasion, to compromise the principles of the true lovers of the country on the side of the house opposed to themselves; by so wording the amendment to the address, as to give every Conservative Whig who wished to throw off the O'Connel manacles, the opportunity of voting with them. It should be so expressed, as to strike only at the domination assumed by the most unworthy part of the representation. It should intimate, that his Majesty's faithful Commons viewed with distrust the undue influence exercised by a party in the state, who avowed their intention of compassing ends little short of treasonable, by the most demoralizing process, that of agitation. To an amendment worded in this view, we could name at least fifteen upright, conscientious Whigs, who would most joyfully accede, and not one of them would, or could feel, that he had compromised either his principles, or, in a moral point, his party, by this act of genuine patriotism. They would only express their real feelings; and in that honorable expression three fourths of the country would enthusiastically join.

Yes, the present ministry is easily overthrown. It requires but a fraction of manliness, in a fraction of the independent party, and the loose fabric will be immediately dissolved into its component elements—and what are they? we shall see presently.

Upon what ground do the men at present holding office stand? Upon the favor of their sovereign? Can they boast of more than his constrained sanction? Upon the good opinion of the aristocracy, whether that aristocracy be of birth, of talent, or of wealth? Upon the respect paid to their government abroad, or their popularity with the middle classes at home? Upon the wisdom of their measures? the great estimation of their talents as individuals, or the solid wisdom of their councils as a body? We would ask these questions, not of their enemies; not even of those who are neutral; we ask them of their advocates and friends, and we know that the answers will be, almost unanimously, in the negative. Upon what basis are they then supported in their places? Simply this —their friends confess that they are bad, but the king and the country are compelled to that least difficult of all choosings, "Hobson's choice," that or none.

If this really were so, grieved and dispirited as it would make us, we should be the very last to agitate the question of their removal. The health, moral and political, of the empire is bound up in the firmness of the government, and in the respect paid to legally-constituted authority. If there were no redemption to our thraldom, rather than let revolution show its sinister head, or anarchy lift its blood-desiring fangs, imbecile as we think the Whigs to be, we would stand by them, and all that they still permit to us of our incomparable institutions, even to the death.

But we are not yet reduced to these straits —they may be removed from their usurpation, not only without convulsion, but without regret, perhaps, even, without exciting a really national notice. They are installed upon our fears, they reign like the nightmare upon our terrors; we have but to awake and throw off our lethargy, and they exist no more. Were they out of office to-morrow, we would immediately show how easily an efficient, a wise, and a stable government might be formed—a government equally popular in the kingly palace, the lordly mansion, the corporation hall, and the peasant's cottage.

The parties that at present exist, may be thus shadowed down in a scale, consisting of twenty units: of these the fiery and red-hot Ultra-Tory may be estimated at one—the honest Conservative Tory, seven—the honest Conservative Whig, seven—the Whig waverer, three—the Papistico-Radical tail, two. There is another party, the Anythingarians, who veer round with that wind which always points to power; who fight not the battle, but who are always found in the field after the victory, begging to share the spoil. These, of course, we shall not count, as they are always most willingly chained to the cars of the victors.

That the Ultra-Tory, whose influence we have estimated at one, will amalgamate with no other party cordially, though it will always support the upper against the lower factions, we have enumerated, we are aware. That party, though it could not keep a Conservative ministry in office, would in all crises give it support; it may be looked upon, therefore, in a friendly point of view. In the Conservative Tories we find almost all the talent, the weight, and the vigor. To this party we shall look principally for our ministers. Peel, Wellington, Lyndhurst, rank among it; but they should not monopolize all the places of power and trust; coalescing with the Conservative Whigs, they should share with them the offices and the influence of government. Each of these two powerful parties, so nearly blending into each other, should make some sacrifices. Events, those inexorable taskmasters, have liberalized the conscientious Tory almost into the high-minded Whig; the conscientious Whig, in his turn, seeing the rapid march of revolu-

tionary principles, has been sublimated nearly into the liberal Tory. Neither the Peel nor the Wellington of 1835 is the Peel or the Wellington of 1828. The Ultra-Tory will attest this with a groan. Nor is the Burdett of the present year the Burdett of the Tower and the mob processions. The Radical will swear to this with a curse.

The difference, then, between these two parties, whose strength we have estimated at fourteen, is nearly nominal. If they were united, they would conciliate the Ultra-Tory, despise the Whig waverer, and crush into indignant helplessness the blatant-papistico-Radical.

It is not for persons, humble as ourselves, to presume to arrange a prospective ministry. But we, in common with every lover of our country, are both disgusted and disheartened, at seeing the union now formed between the respectable and the disreputable, which union, carrying only a bare majority, arrogates to itself the direction of the destinies of this vast empire.

It may be urged that, the calm Tories, and the sensible Whigs, having, each as an adherent to his respective party, pronounced definite and opposing opinions upon certain measures, cannot, without a dereliction of principle, either on the one part or the other, combine to forward such measures effectually. But this difficulty would be found to be one in appearance only. Time has removed many of these subjects of contention. The Reform Bill has passed, and can we but rid ourselves of the present Whig-Radical government, that affair is settled, and we trust for ever. We should hear no more prating of that famous Bill being only the means to an end. The means, God knows were exasperating enough, and it is time we now saw the end of it. Surely the Catholics will not be permitted farther encroachments upon the establishment of our liberal and Protestant church. On this subject no difference could arise. Mr. Peel has already offered the Dissenters more than they chose to accept. The *questio vexata* of the Municipal Corporations has been disposed of—unjustly enough we think—but we never wish to revive disputations.

Indeed, when we come to examine the matter closely, we see no grounds, not even a prospect of disunion between these two parties. Perhaps, when they came to act together, it would be found that the liberal Tory was inclined to grant much more to popular clamor than the Conservative Whig.

There is, however, another delicate point as to this hypothetical coalition. Which of the parties shall make the first overtures towards a reconciliation? We will not debate the question, whether the carrying of the olive branch to an adversary be, or be not, a tacit admission of inferiority. We must regard how things are managed in this mortal world of ours. The Melbourne ministry is ousted—as ousted it surely will be—we will allow the country two days for congratulation, and his Majesty will occupy that period, perhaps, in consulting with the elders of the land, as to whom to entrust the details of the government of this mighty kingdom. After his royal mind had been fully made up, ought he, in order to propitiate the scarcely adverse parties, of moderate Whigs and moderate Tories, to send for a Tory and lay his commands upon him to form a government, including some of the sensible Whigs, such as Graham and Stanley, or send for a Whig, to act in a similar manner towards the Tories?

We can only say, however the monarch may decide, it is the duty of the subject to obey, be that subject Whig or Tory; and no real lover of his country, whatever may be his party, ought to refuse to obey the royal intentions, not only in appearance, but in a truly royal spirit.

Under such a government as we have anticipated would O'Connell dare to agitate? We think that he would not. He is a shrewd individual, with no disposition to be hanged: no man living knows better than himself how to conform to circumstances. If the senate in its wisdom should pronounce the exciting of an ignorant peasantry to resist the laws, to plunder property, and to perpetrate murder, to be a capital crime, that crime, we are assured, O'Connell would be too wary to commit. He is not so all-powerful either as his friends or his enemies suppose: he is the creature of circumstances—the mushroom springing from the hot and fetid dung-heap of poverty. Ireland produces agitators as naturally as rottenness creates fungi. Were discontent is universal, complaint will be bred, and ignorance being always reckless, the natural results of violence must ensue. It is this ebullition that has thrown O'Connell to the surface: had he not have been the object some other most certainly would: had that object been less crafty than the present agitator he would, ere this, have died on the gibbet; had he been more greatly ambitious, he might, *pro tempore*, have been the crowned sovereign of Ireland; had he been wise and good, he might have been almost the savior of his country. But O'Connell being neither great nor good, but only crafty, he is just what he might be expected to be—a pestilent agitator, an inconsistent radical, a temporizing Catholic, a foe to his own country, and a scourge to society.

But he is all this only by sufferance. He is not of importance in spite of obstacles, but through the weakness and incapacity of all those who have hitherto come in contact with him. Therefore, in any new ministerial arrangement that may be made, neither he nor his sycophants should be regarded for a moment.

We humbly conceive that we have shown that we possess the elements of forming a good, wise, and a popular government; that that first blow to be struck against the present personification of misrule should come from the patriotic votes of a few of the conscientious Whigs, and that the blow, instead of being looked upon as dishonorable to them-

selves, would clothe them in a bright garment of glory. But no time is to be lost: the Whigs are fast acquiring the low wisdom of this generation: they have learned how to burrow in the earth, so as to undermine the popular fortifications opposed to them, and to extend over the land the hateful ramifications of their interest, and thus cover the healthy soil with their weeds of selfishness.

For every commissioner created, they create some score of needy adherents. For every jobbing expectation gratified (and corruption knows how numerous these jobs have been) they have called into their ranks fifty unflinching expectants. Though the plant of Whiggery is a very nettle, neither lofty nor fragrant, bearing no wholesome fruit, and adorned with no beautiful flowers, yet it prospers wonderfully in the ground; its roots spread in darkness and in dirt, and the sordid weed that may be easily eradicated to-day, may, to-morrow, be too firmly settled in the earth to be destroyed without injuring that which is graceful and good around it.

It is one of the contingencies of the present state of affairs that Parliament may be dissolved. The Radical-Whigs, even if goaded to despair by an adverse majority, may make, trusting to their newly-created corporated influence, a stand upon the issue of a general election. We hope that this will not ensue at the present juncture, for many reasons which we have not here space to enumerate. If they do this mad act, we trust to the energies and the good sense of our countrymen to make it the consummation of their eternal disgrace. Let us remember, that we have yet a great deal left worth preserving.

At no period in our history was a wise, a firm, and a strong government so necessary to the well-being, perhaps the salvation, of our country, than it is at this present juncture. Here, at home, we have our constitution honeycombed, not by time, but by wild experiments, and thus weakened, as it is, to the very core; unable to bear that pressure of national disaster or foreign combination against it, which it formerly did in a manner so glorious. Ireland is fast verging to rebellion—our stupendous commerce drags itself wearily along—men's minds are unsettled—the poor hoping to acquire riches by convulsion, the rich trembling at the doctrines the poor are too rapidly imbibing. All these, and many more evils and dangers we find fermenting wildly within the seas that girt our two islands.

Is the present that wise, that firm, that strong government, that will, or that can, offer remedies to all this? No, for its very existence depends upon the perpetration of some of the evils that it is its duty to repress with the strong hand of power.

In our foreign relations, though the prospect is now sufficiently quiescent, the ground swell, that foretells the approaching storm, is beginning to heave. The next European war will be a war of principle; and consequently universal. The various powers are silently preparing for it—and, when the shock shall come, as come it must, and how soon none can tell—if we have not a vigorous and united government, we fear that this noble empire will reel under it. Succumb to any attacks, we believe she never will. But we would spare the blood of her gallant sons in the onset.

Let us then, preparing for the foreign combat, or the domestic struggle, "shuffle off," with all speed, "this mortal coil" of Radical-whiggery, with its tinsel trappings, and its new-fangled ornaments, and, putting on the good old iron armor of Conservatism, that has stood the sword and spear for so many ages, bid defiance to all aggressors, preserve peace at home, and our character for power, dignity, and moderation over the rest of the world.

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## SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER IV.

In which there is a desperate combat.

Even at this period of the English history, it was the custom to put a few soldiers on board of the vessels of war, and the Yungfrau cutter had been supplied with a corporal and six men, all of whom were belonging to the Dutch marine. To a person who was so unpopular as Mr. Vanslyperken, this little force was a great protection, and both Corporal Van Spitter and his corps were well treated by him. The corporal was his purser and purveyor, and had a very good berth of it, for he could cheat as well as his commandant. He was, moreover, his prime minister, and an obedient executor of all his tyranny, for Corporal Van Spitter was without a shadow of feeling—on the contrary, he had pleasure in administering punishment; and if Vanslyperken had told him to blow any man's brains out belonging to the vessel, Van Spitter would have immediately obeyed the order without the change of a muscle in his fat, florid countenance. The corporal was an enormous man, tall, and so corpulent, that he weighed nearly twenty stone. Jansen was the only one who could rival him; he was quite as tall as the corporal, and as powerful, but he had not the extra weight of his carcase.

About five minutes after the summons, the huge form of Corporal Van Spitter was seen to emerge slowly from the hatchway, which appeared barely wide enough to admit the egress of his broad shoulders. He had a flat foraging cap on his head, which was as large as a buffalo's, and his person was clothed in blue pantaloons, tight at the ankle, rapidly increasing in width as they ascended, until they diverged at the hips to an expanse which was something between the sublime and the ridiculous. The upper part of his body was

* Continued from page 21.

cased in a blue jacket, with leaden buttons, stamped with the rampant lion, with a little tail behind, which was shoved up in the air by the protuberance of the parts. Having gained the deck, he walked to Vanslyperken, and raised the back of his right hand to his forehead.

"Corporal Van Spitter, get your cats up for punishment, and when you are ready fetch up Smallbones."

Whereupon, without reply, Corporal Van Spitter put his left foot behind the heel of his right, and by this manœuvre turned his body round like a capstern, so as to bring his face forward, and then walked off in that direction. He soon reappeared with all the necessary implements of torture, laid them down on one of the lee guns, and again departed to seek out his victim.

After a short time, a scuffle was heard below, but it was soon over, and once more appeared the corporal with the spare, tall body of Smallbones under his arm. He held him, grasped by the middle part, about where Smallbones' stomach ought to have been, and the head and heels of the poor wretch both hung down perpendicularly, and knocked together as the corporal proceeded aft.

As soon as Van Spitter had arrived at the gun he laid down his charge, who neither moved nor spoke. He appeared to have resigned himself to the fate which awaited him, and made no resistance when he was stripped by one of the marines, and stretched over the gun. The men who were on deck, said nothing; they looked at each other expressively as the preparations were made. Flogging a lad like Smallbones was too usual an occurrence to excite surprise, and to show their disgust would have been dangerous. Smallbones' back was now bared, and miserable was the spectacle; the shoulder-blades protruded so that you might put your hand sideways under the scapula, and every bone of the vertebræ, and every process was clearly defined through the skin of the poor skeleton. The punishment commenced, and the lad received his three dozen without a murmur, the measured sound of the lash only being broken in upon by the baying of Snarleyyow, who occasionally would have flown at the victim, had he not been kept off by one of the marines. During the punishment Mr. Vanslyperken walked the deck, and turned and turned again as before.

Smallbones was then cast loose by the corporal, who was twirling up his cat, when Snarleyyow, whom the marines had not watched, ran up to the lad, and inflicted a severe bite. Smallbones, who appeared at the moment to be faint and listless—not having risen from his knees after the marine had thrown his shirt over him, roused by this new attack, appeared to spring into life and energy; he jumped up, uttered a savage yell, and, to the astonishment of every body, threw himself upon the dog as he retreated, and holding him fast with his naked arms, met the animal with his own weapons, attacking him with a phrenzied resolution with his teeth. Every body started back at this unusual conflict, and no one interfered.

Long was the struggle, and such was the savage energy of the lad, that he bit and held on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, tearing the lips of the animal, his ears, and burying his face in the dog's throat, as his teeth were firmly fixed on his windpipe. The dog could not escape, for Smallbones held him like a vice. At last, the dog appeared to have the advantage, for as they rolled over and over, he caught the lad by the side of the neck, but Smallbones recovered himself, and getting the foot of Snarleyyow between his teeth, the dog threw up his head and howled for succor. Mr. Vanslyperken rushed to his assistance, and struck Smallbones a heavy blow on the head with his speaking trumpet, which stunned him, and he let go his hold.

Short, who had come on deck, perceiving this, and that the dog was about to resume the attack, saluted Snarleyyow with a kick on his side, which threw him down the hatchway, which was about three yards off from where the dog was at the time.

"How dare you strike my dog, Mr. Short?" cried Vanslyperken.

Short did not condescend to answer, but went to Smallbones and raised his head. The lad revived. He was terribly bitten about the face and neck, and what with the wounds in front, and the lashing from the cat, presented a melancholy spectacle.

Short called some of the men to take Smallbones below, in which act they readily assisted; they washed him all over with salt water, and the smarting from his various wounds brought him to his senses. He was then put in his hammock.

Vanslyperken and the corporal looked at each other during the time that Short was giving his directions—neither interfered. The lieutenant was afraid, and the corporal waited for orders. As soon as the men had carried the lad below, Corporal Van Spitter put his hand up to his foraging cap, and with his cat and seizings under his arm, went down below. As for Vanslyperken, his wrath was even greater than before, and with his hands thrust even farther down in his pockets than ever, and the speaking trumpet now battered flat with the blow which he had administered to Smallbones, he walked up and down, muttering every two minutes, "I'll keel-haul the scoundrel, by heavens! I'll teach him to bite my dog."

Snarleyyow did not re-appear on deck; he had received such punishment as he did not expect. He licked the wounds where he could get at them, and then remained in the cabin in a sort of perturbed slumber, growling every minute as if he were fighting the battle over again in his sleep.

## CHAPTER V.

### A consultation in which there is much mutiny.

This consultation was held upon the forecastle of his Majesty's cutter Yungfrau, on the

evening after the punishment of Smallbones. The major part of the crew attended! all but the Corporal Van Spitter, who, on these points, was known to split with the crew, and his six marines, who formed the corporal's tail, at which they were always to be found. The principal personage was not the most eloquent speaker, for it was Dick Short, who was supported by Obadiah Coble, Yack Jansen, and another personage, whom we must introduce, the boatswain or boatswain's mate of the cutter, for although he received the title of the former, he only received the pay of the latter. This person's real name was James Salisbury, but for reasons which will be explained he was invariably addressed or spoken of as Jemmy Ducks. He was indeed a very singular variety of human discrepancy as to form: he was handsome in face, with a manly countenance, fierce whiskers and long pigtail, which on him appeared more than usually long, as it descended to within a foot of the deck. His shoulders were square, chest expanded, and, as far as half way down, to where the legs are inserted into the human frame, he was a fine, well-made, handsome, well-proportioned man. But what a falling off was there—for some reason, some accident, it is supposed, in his infancy, his legs had never grown in length since he was three years old: they were stout as well as his body, but not more than eighteen inches from the hip to the heel: and he consequently waddled about a very ridiculous figure, for he was like a man *razeed* or cut down. Put him on an eminence of a couple of feet and not see his legs, and you would say at a distance, "What a fine looking sailor!" but let him get down and walk up to you, and you would find that nature had not finished what she had so well begun, and that you are exactly half mistaken. This maleconformation below, did not, however, affect his strength, it rather added to it, and there were but few men in the ship who would venture a wrestle with the boatswaim, who was very appropriately distinguished by the cognomen of Jemmy Ducks. Jemmy was a sensible, merry fellow, and a good seaman; you could not affront him by any jokes on his figure, for he would joke with you. He was indeed the fiddle of the ship's company, and he always played the fiddle to them when they danced, on which instrument he was no mean performer, and, moreover, accompanied his voice with his instrument when he sang to them after they were tired of dancing. We shall only observe, that Jemmy was a married man, and he had selected one of the tallest of the other sex: of her beauty the less that is said the better—Jemmy did not look to that, or perhaps at such a height, her face did not appear so plain to him as it did to those who were more on a level with it. The effect of perspective is well known, and even children now have as playthings castles, &c. laid down on card, which, when looked at in a proper direction, appear just as correct as they do preposterous when lying flat before them.

Now it happened that from the level that Jemmy looked up from to his wife's face, her inharmonious features all in harmony, and thus did she appear what is very advantageous in the married state—perfection to her husband, without sufficient charms in the eyes of others to induce them to seduce her from her liege lord. Moreover, let it be recollected, that what Jemmy *wanted* was *height*, and he had gained, what he required in his wife, if not in his own person; his wife was passionately fond of him and very jealous, which was not to be wondered at, for, as she said, "there never was such a husband before or since."

We must now return to the conference, observing that all these parties were sitting down on the deck, and that Jemmy Ducks had his fiddle in his hand, holding it with the body downwards like a bass viol, for he always played it in that way, and that he occasionally fingered the strings, pinching them like you do a guitar, so as to send the sound of it aft, that Mr. Vanslyperken might suppose that they were all met for mirth. Two or three had their eyes directed aft, that the appearance of Corporal Van Spitter or the marines might be immediately perceived, for although the corporal was not a figure to slide into a conference unperceived, it was well known that he was an eaves dropper.

"One thing's sartain," observed Coble, "that a dog's not an officer."

"No," replied Dick Short.

"He's not on the ship's books, so I can't see how it can be mutiny."

"No," rejoined Short.

"Mein Got—he is not a tog, he is de tyfel," observed Jansen.

"Who knows how he came into the cutter?"

"There's a queer story about that," said one of the men.

Tum tum, tumty tum—said the fiddle of Jemmy Ducks, as if it took part in the conference.

"That poor boy will be killed if things go on this way; the skipper will never be content till he has driven his soul out of his body—poor creature! only look at him as he lies in his hammock."

"I never seed a Christian such an object," said one of the sailors.

"If the dog aint killed, Bones will be, that's sartin," observed Coble, "and I don't see why the preference should be given to a human individual, although the dog is the skipper's dog—now then, what d'ye say, my lads?"

Tum tum, tum tum, tumty tumty tum, replied the fiddle.

"Let's hang him at once."

"No," replied Short.

Jansen took out his snickerree, looked at Short, and made a motion with the knife as if passing it across the dog's throat.

"No," replied Short.

"Let's launch him overboard at night," said one of the men.

"But how is one to get the brute out of the cabin?" said Coble; "if its done at all it must be done by day."

Short nodded his head.

"I will give him a launch the first opportunity," observed Jemmy Ducks, "only—continued he in a measured and lower tone)—I should first like to know whether he really *is* a dog or *not*."

"A tog is a tog," observed Jansen.

"Yes," replied one of the forecastle men, "we all know a dog is a dog, but the question is—is *this* dog a dog?"

Here there was a pause, which Jemmy Ducks filled up by again touching the strings of his fiddle.

The fact was, that, although, every one of the sailors wished that the dog was overboard, there was not one who wished to commit the deed, not on account of the fear of its being discovered who was the party by Mr. Vanslyperken, but because there was a great deal of superstition among them. It was considered unlucky to throw any dog or animal overboard, but the strange stories told about the way in which Snarleyyow first made his appearance in the vessel, added to the peculiar diabolical temper of the animal, had often been the theme of midnight conversation, and many of them were convinced that it was an imp of Satan lent to Vanslyperken, and that, to injure or to attempt to destroy it would infallibly be followed up with terrible consequences to the party, if not to the vessel and all the crew. Even Short, Coble, and Jansen, who were the boldest and leading men, although when their sympathies were roused by the sufferings of poor Smallbones they were anxious to revenge him, had their own misgivings, and, on consideration, did not like to have any thing to do with the business. But each of them kept their reflections to themselves, for, if they could not combat, they were too proud to acknowledge them.

The reader will observe that all their plans were immediately put an end to until this important question, and not a little difficult one, was decided—Was the dog a dog?

Now, although the story had often been told, yet, as the crew of the cutter had been paid off since the animal had been brought on board, there was no man in the ship who could positively detail, from his own knowledge, the facts connected with his first appearance—there was only tradition, and, to solve this question, to tradition they were obliged to repair.

"Now, Bill Spurey," said Coble, "you know more about this matter than any one, so just spin us the yarn, and then we shall be able to talk the matter over soberly."

"Well," replied Bill Spurey, "you shall have it just as I got it word for word, as near as I can recollect. You know I wasn't in the craft when the thing came on board, but Joe Geary was, and it was one night when we were boozing over a stiff glass at the new shop there, the Orange Boven, as they call it, at the Pint at Portsmouth—and so you see, falling in with him, I wished to learn something about my new skipper, and what sort of a chap I should have to deal with; when I learnt all about *him*, I'd half a dozen minds to shove off again, but then I was adrift and so I thought better of it. It won't do to be nice in peace times you know, my lads, when all the big ships are rotting in Southampton and Cinque Port muds. Well, then, what he told me I recollect well—ay, every word of it—as if he had whispered it into my ear but this minute. It was a blustering night, with a dirty southwester, and the chafing of the harbor waves was thrown up in foams, which the winds swept up the street, they chasing one another as if they were boys at play. It was about two bells in the middle watch, and after our fifth glass, that Joe Geary said as this:

"It was one dark winter's night when we were off the Texel, blowing terribly, with the coast under our lee, clawing off under storm canvass, and fighting with the elements for every inch of ground, a hand in the chains, for we had nothing but the lead to trust to, and the vessel so flogged by the waves, that he was lashed to the rigging, that he might not be washed away; all of a sudden the wind came with a blast loud enough for the last trump, and the waves roared till they were hoarser than ever; away went the vessel's mast, although there was no more canvass on it than a jib pocket-handkerchief, and the craft rolled and tossed in the deep troughs for all the world like a wicked man dying in despair; and then she was a wreck, with nothing to help us but God Almighty, fast borne down upon the sands, which the waters had disturbed, and were dashing about until they themselves were weary of the load: and all the seamen cried unto the Lord, as well they might.

"Now, they say, that *he* did not cry as they did, like men and Christians, to Him who made them, and the waters which surrounded and threatened them; for Death was then in all his glory, and the foaming crests of the waves were as plumes of feathers to his skeleton head beneath them; but he cried like a child—and swore terribly as well as cried—talking about his money, his dear money, and not caring about his more precious soul.

"And the cutter was borne down, every wave pushing her with giant force nearer and nearer to destruction, when the man at the chains shrieked out—'Mark three, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!' and all the crew, when they heard this, cried out—'Lord, save us, or we perish.' But still they thought that their time was come, for the breaking waves wore under their lee, and the yellow waters told them that, in a few minutes, the vessel, and all who were on board, would be shivered in fragments; and some wept and some prayed as they clung to the bulwarks of the unguided vessel, and others in a few minutes thought over their whole life, and waited for death in silence. But *he*, he did all; he cried, aad he prayed, and he swore, and he was silent, and at last he became furious and frantic; and when the men said again and again, 'The Lord save us!' he roared out at last, 'Will the *devil* help us, for——' In a moment, before these first words were out of

his mouth, there was a flash of lightning, that appeared to strike the vessel, but it harmed her not, neither did any thunder follow the flash; but a ball of blue flame pitched upon the knight heads, and then came bounding and dancing aft to the taffrail, where *he* stood alone, for the men had left him to blaspheme by himself. Some say he was heard to speak, as if in conversation, but no one knows what passed. Be it as it may, on a sudden he walked forward as brave as could be, and was followed by this creature, who carried his head add tail slouching as he does now.

"And the dog looked up and gave one deep bark, and as soon as he had barked the wind appeared to lull—he barked again twice, and there was a dead calm—he barked again thrice, and the seas went down—and *he* patted the dog on the head, and the animal then bayed loud for a minute or two, and then, to the astonishment and fear of all, instead of the vessel being within a cable's length of the Texel sands in a heavy gale, and without hope, the Foreland lights were but two miles on our beam with a clear sky and smooth water."

The seamen finished his legend, and there was a dead silence for a minute or two, broken first by Jansen, who, in a low voice, said, "Then te tog is not a tog."

"No," replied Coble, "an imp sent by the devil to his follower in distress."

"Yes," said Short.

"Well, but," said Jemmy Ducks, who for some time had left off touching the strings of his fiddle, "it would be the work of a good Christian to kill the brute."

"It's not a mortal animal, Jemmy."

"True, I forgot that."

"Gifen by de tyfel," observed Jansen.

"Ay, and christened by him too," continued Coble. "Who ever heard any Christian brute with such a damnable name?"

"Well, what's to be done?"

"Why," replied Jemmy Ducks, "at all events, imp o' Satan or not, that 'ere Smallbones fought him to-day with his own weapons."

"And beat him too," said Coble.

"Yes," said Short.

"Now, it's my opinion, that Smallbones ar'n't afraid of him," continued Jemmy Ducks, "and devil or no devil, he'll kill him if he can."

"He's the proper person to do it," replied Coble; "the more so, as you may say, that he's his *natural* enemy."

"Yes, mein Got, de poy is the man," said Jansen.

"We'll put him to it, at all events, as soon as he is out of his hammock," rejoined Jemmy Ducks.

A little more conversation took place, and then it was carried unanimously that Smallbones should destroy the animal, if it was possible to destroy it.

The only party who was not consulted was Smallbones himself, who lay fast asleep in his hammock. The consultation then broke up, and they all went below.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE SISTER TO HER BROTHER.

BY MRS. AEDY.

My brother, when in life's first years
I stood an infant by thy side,
Lisping to thee my hopes and fears,
I loved thee as a friend and guide.

And when in girlhood's open hours,
I shared thy mind's extensive store.
Improved by thy superior powers,
Each day I learned to love the more.

Those joys have withered in their bloom,
Those hopes exist no more for me,
Our home is now a home of gloom,
Brother, that gloom is caused by thee.

A world with snares and dangers fraught,
Has lured thee on to deeds of ill,
Yet midst each trouble thou hast brought,
Brother, I feel I love thee still!

Perchance these words thou may'st not brook
From thy fond sister's feeble tongue,
And thou may'st scoff at the rebuke
Of one unskilled and weak and young.

Yet I was early taught to dwell
On that blest book of gospel light,
By which a very child may tell
The principles of wrong and right.

And scenes of lawless, wild excess,
Companions versed in ways of sin,
Brother, can Heaven such revels bless?
Can ties like these, his sanction win?

Perchance this warm and strong appeal
Might better with my parents suit,
But sometimes those who deepest feel,
Are from intense affliction mute.

Thou deem'st our father harsh and stern,
Thou would'st not long that thought retain
Could'st thou his frequent tear discern,
And catch his smothered sigh of pain.

Thou would'st not think our mother dear,
Beheld thee with less tender care,
Could'st thou the fervent blessings hear,
Breathed for thy sake by her in prayer.

And I—my youthful glee has fled,
A change has come my spirit o'er,
I, who thy absence used to dread,
Now seem to dread thy presence more;

Because thy speech a tale conveys
Even to girlhood's artless ken,
Of freedom with the world's loose ways,
And intercourse with godless men.

But would'st thou from their counsels flee,
And strive their precepts to unlearn,
Oh! with what thankful ecstasy,
My heart would welcome thy return!

Have we not both in Scripture read,
What ills the prodigal befell,
Who from his father's mansion fled,
Amid the base and vile to dwell?

Yet when he homeward bent his way,
His father blessed the youth forlorn,
And nought disturbed the feast that day,
Save a cold brother's envious scorn.

Such feast, I know thy parents dear
With lavish hand would spread for thee,
And taunt of mine thou need'st not fear,
To damp the glad festivity.

Hopes, brother, both of mortal birth,
And source divine, to thee are given;
Thou hast forgiving friends on earth,
Thou hast a pitying God in heaven:

And should'st thou come to mercy's gate,
And break the glittering bonds of sin,
Thou would'st not long be told to wait,
None would forbid thy entrance in.

My speech may boast but little worth,
Yet none its plainness should despise,
Oft God, the foolish things of earth
Hath chosen, to confound the wise;

And God a blessing may impart
On my untaught, unpractised phrase,
And bid it turn my brother's heart,
To holier thoughts, and better ways.

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## LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.—No. I.

Γνῶθι Σεαυτον.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*20th January,* 1836.

My dear John,

In reply to your letter, wherein you complain that you cannot gather any clear notion of the nature of your malady, because you cannot attach, in your own mind, any distinct idea to the terms which your medical attendants are obliged to use in their endeavors to explain it to you, I am about to give you, in a series of letters, a plain and familiar description of the mechanism of your *internal man;* together with a brief history of those internal motions and actions which constitute animal life, and any disturbance in the harmony of which constitute disease. Thus, I think, I shall easily enable you to surmount the difficulty of which you complain. There is another benefit which I intend should result from these letters. They will, I hope, enable you to understand what *diet* is most proper for man both in sickness and in health; and what are the *habits of life* which are most likely to conduce to a sound mind and a sound body. For, if I were requested to teach a man how to regulate his watch so as to make it *keep true time*, I should think the best way to teach him to do this, would be to make him acquainted with the internal mechanism of a watch—showing him the uses of the several wheels and springs which keep his *watch a-going*. So, I believe, the best plan to teach men how to regulate their *diet* and *habits of life*, so as to make their *health keep true time*, is to make them acquainted with the mechanism of their internal selves—showing them the uses of the several organs and fluids which *keep* LIFE *a-going*.

But before we descend to particulars, it will be as well to take a rapid and brief, but general, survey of the several parts which go to the composition of the animal, man. I say, the *animal*, because *here* we have nothing whatever to do with the *higher* attributes of his nature—attributes which have no connection with physical structure, and the phenomena of which are wholly independent of all physical laws—we are here wholly and solely concerned simply with the *physical animal*.

The *method* which I shall adopt in order to exhibit some of the principal systems of which the whole scheme of man is made up, and to show the relation which exists between them, and the dependance of one upon another, may be considered as *fanciful*. Perhaps it is so. But it struck me as one well calculated to render what I wish to say, *easily comprehensible;* and that circumstance alone is a high recommendation. For I am not ambitious of fine writing, either as it regards accurate arrangement, philosophical speculation, or learned and elegant diction—I am only anxious to be *understood*.

If man had been the work of any being *less than Omniscient*, the several single ideas, composing the one complex idea of man, must have occurred in succession; and the *first* must have been the idea of his figure. The first idea could only have been, as I shall prove presently, merely that an image or statue of the *particular form and appearance* which man presents. I am, of course, for the present, *supposing* man to have been the first animal produced, and that his artificer was some being of inferior wisdom to that of Him who is, in truth, his *real* Author.

Having conceived the idea of a particular figure, and determined to construct one, the next point to be settled, would be the *kind of materials* of which to fashion it. Having chosen bone, and shaped his image according to his preconceived idea, the first of the series of single ideas forming the one complex idea of man would be realized; and a solid statue of bone would be the result—a mere framework of the human form.

Contemplating the work of his hands, the desire of endowing it with powers of locomotion might then occur to him. In order to accomplish this, the artificer would find it necessary first to divide the statue into parts, (reuniting these parts by means of joints,) and *then* to contrive a number of *motive instruments*, which being attached to the jointed statue, might enable it to move; as the mechanic who wishes to move a heavy weight must first construct *his instruments of motion*, such as wheels, pulleys, levers, &c. Having effected this contrivance, the second

idea of the series would be realized—the idea of the muscular system.

But when he had contrived and attached his muscles, he would find that the particular shape and general appearance which he had predetermined his work should bear was quite destroyed; and that these same muscles attached to the outside of the statue were a terrible disfigurement to its external beauty and symmetry. To remedy this evil it would be necessary to scoop and pare down and hollow out different parts of the image, and then fill up these hollows, and restore those parts to their original size which had been pared down, *with his muscles;* so as again to bring his image to its former shape and dimensions. But still he would find, notwithstanding his muscles, that his statue could not yet move, any more than a steam-engine can move, *merely because it has wheels*, unless there be some *power* to set those wheels in motion. Hence would arise the *third* idea of the series—that of a *brain and nerves*, whose office it is to afford motive *power* to the muscles which are of themselves only motive *instruments*. This motive power is to the muscles—which are, in fact, only so many levers—what the mechanic's hand is to the pulleys, wheels, &c.: it sets them in motion, and keeps them moving. And here again he would be obliged to hollow out another portion of the bone—the head—to make room for the brain, so as that its attachment might not disfigure the symmetry of his image. The nerves, which arise from the brain, like fibres from a bulbous root, and whose duty it is to carry the motive power from the brain to the muscles, he would of course distribute and conceal among the numberless little bundles of fibres, of which the muscles are composed.

Again contemplating his production, it would occur to him that the materials of which he had found it necessary to construct it were liable to decomposition and decay—putrefaction. To surmount this new difficulty, it would be incumbent upon him to contrive a *conservative system*—and hence he would arrive at the *fourth* idea—that of a system of *nutrition*. As the organs of this system are large and numerous, he would be compelled to hollow out the whole body of the statue in order to make room for them, and put them out of sight, leaving no more of the solid image than just sufficient to support and give attachment to the several new contrivances which, in improving upon his original idea he had found it necessary to add.

Once more contemplating his work, he would now be delighted to see his new, animated, and improved statue, moving about from place to place without assistance. His satisfaction, however, would be somewhat disturbed by observing the grotesque, awkward, and uncertain manner in which it proceeded, or rather zigzagged; and very soon all his joy would be suddenly turned into consternation, by beholding his unhappy image, all at once, break its head against a post, or hop into a river and vanish beneath the waters.

Having fished him up from the stream, or mended his broken head, it would now be tolerably clear to him that his image was not quite perfect. He would see that it was absolutely necessary to the safety of his image that it should know when a tree stood in its way, in order that it might avoid it. This would suggest the idea of the organs of the senses; being the *fifth* idea, and completing that series of which the complex one, represented by the words "*animal man*," is composed. By the organs of the senses his object would be to establish a certain relation between his image and the rest of the world—to enable it to acquire ideas (by means of the *experiences* of these senses) of whatever was likely to inflict injury, or afford pleasure; that it might seek the one and avoid the other.

In considering what senses were necessary, he would find that five were required. Having scooped away another portion of what little of the bony statue yet remained, and so introduced the eye and ear; and having found proper places for the addition of the organs of taste and smell; and thus having disposed of *four* out of the five senses required, he might be supposed to pause, having suddenly observed that there was yet an imperfection which had escaped his notice; for he would see that the external surface of his image was very unequal from the many scoopings and hollowings which it had undergone—that though these had been filled up by muscles, &c. they did not fit with sufficient accuracy to make all level—that some parts were soft and others hard—that some were of one color and some another—whereas the image, according to his first conceived idea of it, should have been, as to its external appearance, everywhere smooth, homogeneous, and soft to the touch. How was this imperfection to be rectified? Having still the fifth sense to add, he resolved, it may be supposed, to make use of this sense to restore the image to its originally predetermined external appearance of homogeneous beauty. Instead, therefore, of making the sense of *touch* reside in *a single organ*, he spread it out all over the surface of a most delicate and beautiful membrane (the skin), and wrapping the image in it, and seeing that it fitted it with perfect accuracy, he would rejoice to find that he had killed two birds with one stone—that he had given his image the desired appearance—and, at the same time, found the means of attaching the fifth sense without any more hollowing and scooping.

But these organs of sense or feeling being of themselves only *instruments* of feeling, as the muscles of themselves are only *instruments* of motion, could be of no use unless they were supplied by some other organ with the *power* of feeling, i. e. the ability to feel. But he could find no room for any more organs, nor were more necessary, for he had only to take care that certain of the nerves arising from the brain should be distributed

to them, and his organs of sense were thus at once supplied with the power of perfectly fulfilling their respective offices. So again the organs of nutrition would have been useless unless he had taken care that they also were properly supplied by means of the nerves with motive power from the brain. But here a little careful management was necessary; for the brain is the seat of the *will*. And if the organs of nutrition, say the heart for instance, had been subjected to the influence of the *will*; and if his image, in a fit of the sulks, should take it into his head to *will* to die, he would have nothing more to do but *will* his heart to stop. Besides, there must have been a constant and painful exercise of the will kept up in order to keep the heart moving; and whenever our image fell asleep, that sleep must have been eternal; for the will being asleep too, the heart would stand still, and the image would be dead before he had half finished his nap.

Dreading this fatal mishap, our Prometheus would find himself compelled to introduce among the organs of nutrition several little separate brains: from these he would cause to arise nerves which he would distribute to the organs of nutrition, and he would unite these nerves to others, coming from the brain, making this point of union a sort of barrier beyond which the influence of the will *could not pass*.

Having contrived all this to his satisfaction, he once again, it may be supposed, carefully reviewed his work; and having tipped the fingers and toes with nails, ornamented and protected the head and chin with hair, pencilled the eye-brows, and fringed their lids; and having furnished his jaws with teeth, and taught him how to use them, he would be glad that he had finished his work, for, I think, he must have found it a very troublesome affair.

I do not pretend to say that the several ideas composing the series would have occurred in the particular *order* in which I have arranged them. I only say they must have arisen one after another; and that of the mere image must have been the first: for surely it seems absurd to suppose that the idea of a *peculiar* set of instruments of motion could occur *before* the idea of something *peculiar* to be moved by them! That the idea of a *peculiar* system of nutrition should present itself *before* the idea of a *peculiar* something to be nourished! The idea of a peculiar source of motive power *before* the idea of a something to be put in motion! or that the idea of a peculiar system of organs of sense, which may justly be termed organs for the admission of pleasure and avoidance of pain, should precede the idea of something to be pained or pleased.

Besides, all the other parts of the body are subservient to the mere image; and we can assign a distinct purpose to every part of the body except the bony skeleton. Thus, if one is asked why the muscular system exists, the answer is ready: to move the bones. Why the nutritive system?—to enable the bony edifice, together with its motive appendages, to resist decay. And so of all the other systems. But if it be asked, why was the osseous structure created, who shall answer the question? Its purpose cannot be simply to support the other soft parts—this is only its secondary and adventitious use—for there are animals who have no bony structure.

To the divine Artificer, however—the source of all wisdom, and fountain of all that is good, and all that is beautiful, and to whom nothing is impossible, nothing difficult—to him the whole complex idea was present at the same instant of time: and, therefore, foreseeing in his omniscience all that which could only occur to a finite mind, step by step, and little by little, he, from the first, provided against all exigencies, and fashioned man at once as he is.

Thus then we see that the body may be conveniently (at least for our present purpose) divided into five principal systems. *First* come the bones—*secondly* the muscles moving these—*thirdly* the nutritive organs nourishing and sustaining life in both these—*fourthly*, that of the brain and nerves from which the motive power of the muscles—whether those moving the bones, or those other hollow muscles which move the fluids, such as the heart, the arteries, &c. is derived—and *fifthly*, the organs of the senses, by which the being thus endowed, discriminates between that which is conducive, and that which is detrimental to his welfare—enabling him to seek the former, and shun the latter, and establishing a due connection between him and the objects which surround him.

I have spoken of the motive power of the muscles, both the solid muscles, moving bones, and the hollow muscles, as the heart and arteries, moving the fluids—and I have said that all these muscles derive their motive power from the brain.

The functions of the brain are not well understood: but I believe it to be a gland which elaborates out of the blood, sent to it by the heart, a fluid somewhat analogous, perhaps, in its *physical* nature to the fluid called electric; and that this fluid is carried out of the brain and distributed where it is wanted by the nerves. But the brain is itself derived from the blood, which is circulated through it by the heart. Whence then does the heart derive its *power of propelling* the blood through the brain? We have just seen from whence—*from the brain*. But this is a paradox! It is so.

Yet it is true. The heart cannot send blood to the brain till it has been stimulated to do so by the brain; and yet the brain cannot elaborate the fluid by which it stimulates the heart to motion, until it has already received blood from the heart from which to elaborate it, and by which it is itself nourished and supported. The fact is, that the heart and brain act on "the reciprocity system." Neither can do without the other. Their reciprocal influence moves in a circle. Neither can begin—both must exist simultaneously;

and the instant one dies, the life of the other is extinguished. It is vain to seek the origin of this motion by tracing it backward. We only get from the heart of the embryo to the heart of the parent—from the brain of the embryo to the brain of the parent. Where then are we to look for the origin of this motion. There is but one source, my dear John, of all motion and all emotion. The motions in our physical organs, as well as those which sustain the planetary system, those which constitute chemical phenomena, together with the emotions of the mind, can only derive their origin from the great "*primum mobile of all*—the inscrutable FIRST CAUSE. Τις ἡ τῆς κινήσεως ἀρχὴ ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ; Δῆλον δε, ὡσπερ ἐν τω ὅλῳ, θεος, και παν ἐκεινω· κινει γαρ, πᾶς παντα, το ἐν ΗΙΜΙΝ θειον." "*What is the beginning of motion in the soul? It is clear that it is, as in the universe, the* DEITY *himself, and all in him; for the Divinity moves in us, as it moves all things.*" Thus spoke the son of the old heathen Greek physician of Stagira. It is a sentiment which would not misbecome the lips of any Christian of the present day.

We have now taken a view in the gross, of the several parts of which man is made up. But in contemplating the new being as we have seen turned out of the hands of our imaginary Prometheus, has it not struck you that something extremely necessary to his safety had been forgotten? Let us suppose that the first living thing he meets after his creation is a lean wolf, gaunt with hunger. He cannot flee from him, for the wolf is swifter than he; he cannot resist him, for the wolf is stronger than he—he must perish for want of *weapons of defence.* In vain do his organs of the senses warn him of the approach of danger; he can neither shun it nor resist it. What he stills wants, then, to secure him in his existence, are *weapons of offence and defence.*

Here, then, is a new difficulty. How is it to be overcome? Man was originally designed not only *not to become* the prey of the rest of the animal creation, but to hold every other animal under his own dominion—within his own power—under his own control, and at his own service. Nothing short of omnipotence could effect it, and I know of no better proof of the divine origin of man, than the solution of the following problem: the beast of prey (every way man's superior in strength) and man (formed as we have just seen him formed,) being given, to give the *weaker* dominion over the *stronger.* How beautifully, perfectly, yet simply has the almighty Ruler surmounted this difficulty! Man SPEAKS, and the problem is solved! By virtue of that miraculous system of little organs—the organs of speech—what an immeasurable distance is, at one instant, interposed between the reasoning powers of the brute and his own! These enable him to add to the stock of knowledge resulting from his own experience, the whole stock acquired by the experience of his fellow-man. Thus he obtains innumerable ideas, which could never have been collected by the senses of one individual. These he combines, analyses, recombines, compares, arranges. New ideas give rise to new pursuits, and new pursuits to new ideas. Thus his stock of knowledge is continually augmented, as his sources of ideas are multiplied—till his power, resulting from his knowledge, is only inferior to that of his Creator. The lion is lord of the forest, but man is lord of the lion. The stag and the antelope outstrip the wind, but man outstrips the antelope and stag. The most powerful of the brute creation become his obedient slaves. The tiger is hunted and slain, or entrapped and imprisoned, and his savage ferocity made subservient to his master's amusement and profit. Man's superior reason, therefore—*which he owes to his faculty of speech*—constitutes *his weapon of offence and defence.*

And here again I have been forestalled by another old heathen Greek—the old wine-bibbing goat of Teois—a vastly different personage, to be sure, from Alexander's tutor, to whom I have already been indebted for a similar favor, but nevertheless one whose authority must not be "sneezed at." Hear what he says, for 'tis pat to the point:

"Φυσις κεράτα ταυροις,
Οπλας δ'εδωκεν ἱπποις,
Ποδωκιην λαγωοῖς,
Λεουσι χασμ οδοντων,
Τοῖς ἰχθυειν το νηκτον,
Τοῖσ ορνεοις πεταδθαι,
Τοῖς ανὁρασι φρονημα."

"*Nature hath given (for their weapons of offence and defence,) horns to bulls, hoofs to horses, swiftness to hares, a cavern of teeth to lions; to fishes the power of swimming, to birds the power of flying—to man she has given wisdom.*"*

I find Geoffrey Crayon supporting the same opinion. "Man is naturally more prone to subtility than open valor, owing to his physical weakness, in comparison with other animals. They are endowed with natural weapons of defence; with horns, with tusks, with hoofs and talons; but man has to depend on his superior sagacity."—*Traits of Indian Character.*

I hope it is not necessary to tell *you,* who know me so well, that I consider the reasoning faculty as quite distinct from the soul, which I believe to be a portion of the divine essence, "divinam particulam auræ," inhabiting the body, but not subservient to any of its functions. "Λογιν δ' αρχη ου λογος αλλα τι κρειττον." "*The beginning of reason is not reason, but something better.*" I have mentioned the *reasoning powers of* brutes. No one, I think, of the present day, who is accustomed to read, and think, and take note of the hab-

* I cannot resist the temptation to quote the two next lines, as they afford a specimen of perhaps the first *bull* on record. The old sinner was most likely drunk when he wrote them.

"Γυναιξιν ουκ ετ ἐιχεν
Τι ουν διδωσι; καλλος."

"For woman, she had nothing left. What then did she give her? Beauty." Is beauty nothing? He afterwards tells us that this same *beauty* is more terrible in its effects than fire and steel united.

its of animals, will deny their possession of this faculty. Every thing which *remembers* and regulates its conduct by this remembrance, performs an act of reason. Why should they *not* reason? And that man owes his superiority of reasoning power to his faculty of speech is most strikingly and irresistibly proved by the effect of the press. What is printing *but an extension of the powers of speaking*? Enabling a man, without moving from his native soil, to put his antipodes in possession of every new idea he acquires, so that what one acquires is acquired by all—thus multiplying the still newer ideas to which this newly acquired *one* may give rise, by nearly the whole number of the reading inhabitants of the world: for almost every man will probably derive, from the combination of this new idea with one which he already possesses, *another* new idea—and this other new idea is again *told* to the world, through the press, and its results again multiplied as before. The first *possession* of the faculty of speech did not elevate man to a greater distance above the brute, than this *extension* of it has lifted him above his former self.

It may be objected, that man has a *larger brain* than other animals, and that his superior ratiocinative powers may be owing to *this* circumstance. This objection may be answered in two ways. I shall first answer it as though it were true; for, if it be true, it does not invalidate my argument: for if man possesses a larger brain, it is only *in consequence* of his possessing the organs of speech. Because, *that man should speak* was a part of his original design; and the Creator foreknowing (as he foreknew, and provided for every other exigency) that the faculty of speech would render a larger brain *necessary* for the reception of that multitudinous host of ideas which his vocal organs would enable him to muster—and in order that he might reap the full advantage which this gift of speech was calculated to confer on him—has given him a magnitude of brain corresponding to his necessity. If he had not done so, he would have defeated his own purpose. He would have given him the means of *acquiring* ideas without the means of turning them to account—and man, as it regards his reason, would still have been but one remove above his neighbor the brute. His superior magnitude of brain, therefore, (if he possessed it,) and his superior ratiocinative faculties, are both alike the consequence of his vocal organs. But it is *not true* that he has a larger brain than other animals. The ox has a larger than he. I know it will be said, that the brain of the ox, although *absolutely* larger, is yet *relatively* smaller—that is, *relatively* to their respective bulk. But this is futile. If a larger brain has a capacity for acquiring more knowledge than a smaller one, I see no reason why its attachment to a larger body should hinder it from doing so. He (the ox) would, indeed, be *relatively* where he was, in respect to sagacity—that is, *relatively* to his bulk—but he would be *absolutely* wiser. The larger any animal was, the wiser he would be. But this is not true. My lady's poodle is as wise as my lord's coach horse.

There *is a difference*, I conceive, nevertheless, between the brute and the human brain. If an ox were endowed with the faculty of speech, although it would lift his ratiocinative powers to an elevation nealy equal to the grandeur of man's, it would not *quite* equal it. But this difference is to be sought for, not in superior magnitude, but in superior *delicacy, elaborateness, and intricacy of structure*. As this superior *quality*, like the supposed superior magnitude of man's brain, is only the *consequence* of his possessing articulating organs, my assertion still holds that his enunciatory apparatus is the sole cause of his superior ratiocinative capabilities.

Now, my dear John, begging pardon for this long digression about the talking organs, and with a devout hope that your amiable wife, when she learns how much she owes to these little instruments, will be particularly careful never, by overtasking, to put them out of tune, I will descend from generals to particulars.

Many years ago it was believed by physicians that our food was operated on by the stomach, pretty much in the same way as shins of beef and ox-cheeks are dealt with by a Papin's digester. It was supposed to be digested—that is, simmered, concocted, or stewed. When a man, therefore, felt himself strong and active, not oppressed after meals, and altogether in excellent health and spirits, this fine state of things was thought to be all owing to the circumstance of the the stewing and simmering in the stomach having been carried on merrily and well, till it was *done enough*; and then, it was thought, the stomach handed over the stew to the bowels, thoroughly and properly cooked. But when a man, without any one very painful symptom in particular, felt himself generally indisposed, weakly, disinclined to action, low spirited, and oppressed afterwards, it was then said that his food was not properly *digested*—in plain English, that it was not properly *stewed* by the stomach; but that it was left by that organ very much in the same state in which the shins of beef would be found after having been stewed over a bad fire, and in a cracked digester, which let the steam out. He was said to be afflicted with *indigestion*, which signifies *the unequal distribution of particles by stewing*, or simply *imperfect stewing*. Or if his physician chanced to be somewhat of a pedant, the more learned word *dyspepsia* was used, which signifies *difficult boiling*.

You see, therefore, that when these queer words *digestion, indigestion, dyspepsia, digestive*, &c. &c. were first introduced, viz. when physicians looked upon the stomach as little more than a living stew-pan, they had each a very distinct and definite meaning, and were used with perfect propriety. I mention this merely to account to you for the introduction of these strange words into medical language. That these words are still used by medical men is of no consequence, because, although

they retain the *old words*, they attach to them *new meanings*; meanings which by no means belong to the words, but which are perfectly understood among themselves. But with the rest of mankind the case is very different: for, as they retain the *old words* they must also retain the *old meanings*, or else *no meaning at all*, which is by far the most frequently the case; because they cannot be aware of the several great changes and improvements which medical philosophy has undergone. When these words, therefore, were first introduced they were proper enough, but now that physicians have discarded the "Papin's Digester," and refuse to recognise any similarity between the uses of the stomach and those of the stew-pan; now that we know that "*the stomach is neither a mill, nor a stew-pan, nor a fermenting vat—but a stomach, gentlemen, a stomach;*" *now*, I say, the whole of these words, as applied to any condition or action of any part of the body are perfectly *senseless*, and *worse* than absurd, because they are only productive of confusion, they ought, therefore, to be expelled from medical language, or if retained, they must, and indeed *can*, only be understood in senses which do not properly belong to them. But we had better get rid of them altogether, for it is impossible to use them with the slightest shadow of propriety, and we shall have no difficulty in finding substitutes for them, which will carry with them each its own definite and obvious signification.

From what I have said of the manner and reason of the introduction of these words which we have just expelled from our vocabulary, you will easily understand how it came to pass that all those disorders to which the term indigestion is applied were supposed to exist in the *stomach only*; because, you will have observed, that it was in the *stomach*, according to the creed of our good forefathers, that all the stewing and digesting were carried on; and if the stew was not properly stewed, they never thought of looking to the fire or to the cookmaid for the cause, they only looked to the stewpan, which they learnedly denominated the digestive or stewing organ.

Now for our substitutes. For the phrase "*sound digestion*," substitute *perfect assimilation*; for indigestion, substitute *imperfect assimilation*; *assimilating organs*, for digestive organs; *assimilation of food*, instead of digestion of food, &c. &c. The word *assimilation* is generally used by authors to designate that process by which the food, after having undergone all the necessary previous changes, ceases to be food and becomes part and parcel of the living body; when that which was flesh of the dead ox becomes flesh of the living man, or bone, or hair, or skin, &c. &c. according to the nature of the different parts of the body to which it is distributed for the purpose of being assimilated. But, in fact, *all* the changes which the food undergoes are *assimilating* changes, all tending to that *ultimate assimilation* which converts the fluid food into the solid body—in one word, its solidification. Thus the conversion of food in the stomach into chyme (learnedly called chymification) is its *assimilation to the nature of chyme*; its conversion into chyle (chylification) is its *assimilation to the nature of chyle*; its conversion into blood (sanguification) is its *assimilation to the nature of blood*; and if we wish to particularize any one of these changes we have only to name the organ in which it takes place. Thus if we wish to designate those particular changes which take place in the stomach, commonly called digestion, we have only to speak of them as "*assimilation in the stomach.*"

Now that we have got rid of the word *digestion*, with all its stewing derivatives, and banished it from our own to the cook's vocabulary, to which alone it properly belongs, you will not be surprised when I tell you, that the stomach and bowels are by no means the only assimilating organs we possess. You would have been startled had I told you that the heart and arteries are *digestive* organs; yet they are as much so as the stomach; for as it is the office of the stomach to operate *one* of the assimilating changes, so it is the office of the heart and arteries to operate another;—nay, the stomach itself could do nothing but for the arteries which supply it with its juices; but you will have no difficulty in understanding how the heart and arteries can be assimilating organs, because assimilation is not the result of one action but of many, of which the circulation of the blood is certainly not the least important. Every organ, therefore, which is concerned in the nutrition of the body, and without a healthy state of which organ nutrition cannot be properly performed, has a right to be called an assimilating or nutritive organ. I need not tell you that nutrition and assimilation are the same thing. Assimilation completed *is* nutrition completed; and the several assimulating changes in the food are only so many nutritive steps towards the completion of the process of nutrition.

I shall presently take a meal of food and trace it, or, rather, follow it through all its changes until it has become assimilated, that is, until it has become part of the living body. In doing this, you will learn what *are* the assimilating or nutritive organs, what is the office of each, what the changes which these organs severally effect in the food, and in what manner they accomplish these changes.

It will be convenient to state here that there are contained in the body two kinds of blood, differing from each other as much as any two things *can* well differ. The one is of a beautiful, bright, vermilion color, teeming with the living principle, pregnant with all those elements from which the whole of the body and all its fluids, except one, are elaborated, and in a condition readily and instantly to part with those elements, each at the proper moment and in the proper place, accordingly as the nutrition of the several parts of the body requires them. This vermilion blood is, as it were, in a state of *excitement*, being *surcharged*, not with the princi-

ples of electricity, but with the principles of *living matter;* and as it circulates through the minute vessels, parts with those living elements with the readiness and freedom with which a highly excited body parts with its electricity. This blood is conveyed in vessels called *arteries.* The other kind of blood is anasty, thick, purplish, blackish, inky puddle, unendowed with any good quality, endowed with many pernicious ones, productive of mischief, but guiltless of any one good with which I am acquainted, save only that from it the bile is formed. This blood is contained in vessels called *veins.* Some of the principal differences between *arteries* and veins are the following:—The *arteries* carry the living blood *from* the heart *to* every point of the body. The *veins*, like so many waste pipes, carry the deteriorated, dirty, and, if I may so speak, dead and useless blood *from every point* of the body back *to the heart.* The arteries, arising by one large trunk from the heart, become *smaller and smaller* as they pursue their course towards their termination. The veins, arising from the innumerable terminations of arteries, become *larger and larger* as they proceed. The arteries, therefore, in the neighborhood of the heart, from which, as I have just said, they all arise by one common root, (*the aorta,*) are large and few; but from the sides of these there are perpetually given off smaller and smaller *branches*, while, from these smaller, others, still smaller than they, continue to arise, and so on until the whole are finally lost in indistinguishable minuteness.

While the arteries are in this state of wonderful attenuation, their course is exceedingly tortuous; they recoil upon themselves, and are circumflexed hither and thither until there is scarcely a point in the body which is not occupied by one of these little vessels. After having thus permeated the universal body, they lose the characteristics of *arteries* and assume the structure of *veins.* The *terminations* of arteries, therefore, are the *beginning* of veins. This termination of arteries in veins can be seen, by the aid of the microscope, in the frog and salamander. In some fishes it can be seen with the naked eye. The arteries near their termination and the veins near their beginning are many times smaller than the finest hairs, and this hair-like state of minuteness constitutes the *ultimate tissue* of the arteries and veins—and so the tissue, formed by the nerves and absorbent vessels, while in their last state of minuteness, constitutes *the ultimate tissue* of the nerves and absorbents, and that beautiful network formed by the interlacing of *all these* delicate and hair-like threads, viz. arteries, veins, nerves, and absorbents in their minutest condition, constitutes the *ultimate tissue* of the body, and this *ultimate tissue* constitutes, in fact, nearly the whole of the body. For all that which appears to our eyes so firm and solid (not even excepting the bones) is almost entirely consisting of this astonishing network of minute vessels and nerves. This network or ultimate tissue of the body, owes its compactness to its being firmly compressed and interwoven, to its being well and accurately filled with fluid, (principally blood,) and to the circumstance of its being every where supported, held together, contained, and as it were, closely stowed away in the *cells* of the *cellular substance.*

In order to obtain a clear notion of the cellular substance, its universality and appearance, just fancy it possible for an anatomist, with a finely-pointed instrument, to pick away every part of your body which *is not cellular substance;* what remained would be, of course, cellular substance *only*, and you would present exactly the appearance of a man *made* of *honey-comb* or *sponge.* But if this spongy *relique* of you were perfectly dried, it would be so light that the sigh of a butterfly in love would be sufficient to scatter it to the four winds of heaven. Notwithstanding it pervades, therefore, the whole body, its actual quantity or weight is exceedingly small. If you doubt the existence of this universal cellular substance, and would like to see it proved by actual experiment on your own person, only let me know, and I will come prepared with a proper instrument, and begin to pick away whenever you please. Only, my dear John, when I have done picking, I will by no means undertake to *put you together again.* I trust you have now a tolerably accurate idea of the *ultimate tissue.* If you have not, I pray you to refer back and read again; and every now and then shut your eyes, and so endeavor to ascertain whether you clearly understand what you have just read or not, and by no means proceed to a second sentence before you have fully understood the first. Pardon this earnestness; and if I have been somewhat tedious or tautological, you must pardon that too, for I am extremely anxious that you should obtain a distinct conception of the nature of the ultimate tissue; otherwise I shall have lost both my time and labor, and it will be impossible for you to understand me when I come to speak of *diet*, the conduct of life as it relates to the preservation of health, the origin of disease, &c. &c. all of which have a direct reference to this same ultimate tissue. It is besides the most beautiful, the most wonderful, the most important structure in the human fabric, magnificent in its very simplicity, stupendous in its very minuteness, and it is the secret chamber in which nature conducts all her hidden operations. Hither are brought and dealt with by that subtle and mysterious Operator all the elements necessary to the production of a Newton, a Milton, a Plato, or a Montaigne, a Rabelais, a Democritus; a Howard, or a Robespierre; a Richard the First of England, or a Louis the Eleventh of France; a Napoleon, a Peter, a Lear, a Goneril, a Falstaff; a genius or a dunce; a martyr for religion or a murderer for pelf; a fanatic or a fool. The *physical* is the father of the *moral* man: and it is quite true, "*Quod animi mores temperamenta sequantur;*" and no less true is it that "*Philosophy has been in the wrong not to descend more*

*deeply into physical man;—there it is that the moral man lies concealed; the outward man is only the shell of the man within.*" To alter a man's moral character, you need only alter his physical condition. Take the brave and hardy mountaineer from his hills—lap him in luxury—let him be fed on dainties and couched on down—let his lullaby be sounded by the "soft breathings of the lascivious lute," instead of the wild music of the whistling wind,—you will soon reduce him, first physically, and then morally, to the rotund but helpless condition of the turtle-fed yet imbecile alderman. In a few years replace him on his mountain-top—set him beside his former companions—show him the agressor against his rights, the oppressor of his race—bid him meet and repel the common enemy. Behold! his courage has fled, the love of liberty and independence is dead within him, the spirit of freedom sleeps; he trembles and yields, preferring the indolence of slavery to the toil necessary to preserve him free. It may be said that courage is but *one* of the moral qualities: true—but it is one on which many others depend. Courage results from a consciousness of physical strength, and cowardice from a consciousness of physical weakness. The strong will not shun danger, because he feels himself competent to resist and repel it. The weak man, knowing himself unable to surmount danger by an exercise of strength which he does not possess, will resort to other means of preservation—to petty cunning, wily stratagem, mean subterfuge, lying, and circumvention. Thus the virtues which are directly opposed to these vices all depend upon courage, at least, to a considerable extent; and courage depends on physical strength, the size of the heart and lungs, the firmness of the heart's structural fibre, and the liveliness and energy with which circulation and animalization is performed. The fortitude with which the Indian savage endures torture at the stake, I shall endeavor to show by and by is clearly the result of his physical condition. It may be objected, that we have numerous instances of undoubted courage in men possessing but little physical strength: but this objection will not hold. When the noble scion of a noble house, the nursling of luxurious ease from his cradle, goes out to fight a duel, is it because he loves danger for the sake of the pleasurable excitement it affords? No. Is it because he is indifferent to danger? No What is it then which urges him on? It is the *fear* of disgrace; it is the dread of being hooted from that sphere of society in which he moves; it is *his fear* of the finger of scorn which impels him: this, therefore, is not *courage!* this is *fear!* If he refuse to fight he *knows* that he will be degraded from his caste—his views, whether of love or ambition, will be destroyed. If he fight he has a chance of escape, and if he escape his character as a man of courage is established. His, therefore, is a choice of two evils, and he chooses to fight as being the less evil of the two. If he could avoid *both* evils, assuredly he would do so. But this is not courage! The *mere act* of fighting does not constitute bravery. It is the feeling, the inward feeling which he carries with him to the field, it is *this* which constitutes true valor. The rankest coward that ever lived will fight if he knows that instant death attends his refusal, or that there is more danger in running away than in going forward. True courage loves danger for the sake of the excitement its affords—loves it for the same reason that men love wine: loves it, too, for the glory consequent on overcoming it. Had Richard the First *not* been the *giant* he was, would he have been the *hero* he was? Would he have courted danger as he did, alone and single-handed? I have said that many virtues depend on this single quality of courage. Richard possessed the *ne plus ultra* of courage, and he was high-minded and generous to a fault. He sought to accomplish all his ends openly, avowedly, and honorably, *because* he felt himself *able* to do so. His brother John was a coward, and how did *he* seek to accomplish *his* objects! Why, by every species of low and cunning villany, not stopping even at murder. Had John been physically constituted as Richard, and Richard as John, John had been called the lion-hearted, and Richard the craven coward. Again, it may be urged that on the field of battle men *not physically strong* have frequently performed feats of gratuitous and uncalled-for daring. But neither will this objection hold, for *at the time* of performing these deeds of valor their physical constitution is *actually altered.* The brain, powerfully excited by the scenes, the trumpet clang, the panoply of war, the martial music, the stir, the life, the uproar all around, pours into the heart *a resistless tide*, as it were, of nervous energy, and the heart, obedient to the impulse, propels the blood in a stream of triple force along the arteries, until every organ of the body is in a state of the highest excitement, swollen and distended with the living current. Thus for a time the weak become *actually strong*, and hence these instances of courage in the weak. The same thing occurs in anger. A man under the influence of rage not only *appears* but *really does possess* treble the physical power which he can command when calm.

Madness in all its grades, from mere eccentricity, through all the devious wanderings, wild imaginings, and musing moodiness of the poet's mind up to the furious raving of incurable insanity, has its seat in the physical structure or physical disorganization of the brain. And what are all these varying shades of insanity but so many peculiarities of character, taking the name of *eccentricity* while they are but slightly marked and harmless; of *insanity* when deeply marked and dangerous; and of patriotism when the effect of the ruling passion is to benefit the state, though that benefit be purchased at the small cost of self-destruction? Was not the Roman *mad* who, in order to show his enemy how little he cared for his threats of punishment, thrust his own hand into the fire and held it there till it was

consumed? Codrus, the last king of Athens, allowed himself purposely to be killed by one of his enemies, the Heraclidæ, because the oracle had declared that the victory should be won by that nation whose king should be slain in battle. Codrus, therefore, was a patriot. Had he done the same thing from sadness of heart, weariness of the world, or simply to please himself, he would have been a suicide and a madman.

The moral qualities are therefore, at least, to a great extent, the offspring of physical structure. I know that moral causes may, and often do, produce physical disease: but this does not weaken the argument, for a child may destroy its parent. The qualities of the mind, also, may be modified, improved, trained, and properly directed by religion and education. But so, also, may the child of one parent be nurtured and educated by another.

One of the most familiar instances of the influence of physical conformation on moral character is to be found in the fact, that all the most courageous and ferocious animals have a heart remarkably large and strong in proportion to their size, while the weak and timid have hearts proportionally small. It is as impossible for an animal with a small, flabby heart to be bold and strong as for two and two to equal five.

I am glad to perceive, by some late publications, that the truth of this doctrine is beginning to be admitted, and I trust it will not be long before parents can be made to understand that the only certain method of assuring to children a vigorous and healthy *mind* is, first of all, to allow them the opportunity of acquiring a vigorous and healthy *body*. Let them be assured, too, that those who begin by cramming a child's *memory* (for judgment is out of the question) with a quantity of bad French and worse Latin, together with the terms and problems of the abstruse sciences, which, after all, they *can* only learn to repeat as the parrot does, by rote without understanding; let them, I say, be assured that those who thus begin, by seeking to make a child so very, *very* wise, will end, in all human probability, by making him a fool. I have been seduced by this bewitching subject into a long digression:—but let us return to the arteries and veins.

The arteries, ramifying in every direction, like the branches of a tree from their common root in the heart, and having shot their minute and hair-like terminations into every part of the body, so that you cannot insert the point of the finest needle without wounding one or more of them, cease to be arteries and take the structure of veins. These hair-like veins (which are merely a continuation of hair-like arteries with an alteration in the structure of their coats) soon begin to unite two into one, to form larger veins. These veins again presently unite two or more into one, to form larger still; and so on, until all the veins of the body have united together, and so formed two very large ones which empty themselves into the heart. One of the grand distinctions then between veins and arteries is, that while the arteries arising *from* the heart are *multiplied in number* and *diminished in size*, until they have reached and distributed their blood *to the* ultimate tissue, the veins arising *from* the ultimate tissue are constantly becoming *diminished in numbers* and *increased in size*, until they have reached and carried their blood *to* the heart.

Another general distinction between arteries and veins is, that arteries possess *contractility*. That is, they possess the power of contracting upon (and so propelling) their blood, and then of recovering their size, and contracting again; and so on. This alternate contraction and expansion constitutes the pulse. The veins are simply and but slightly elastic. A simply elastic body can only contract after having been previously expanded. The arteries can contract *without* previous expansion. This power they owe to what is called *contractility*. The veins, therefore, have no pulse, and consequently little or no power to propel their blood. The blood in the veins is driven on by various extrinsic circumstances, such as the contraction of muscles around them, the pulsation of arteries in their neighborhood, a dependent position, &c. The veins, therefore, have valves which, when the blood has been squeezed onward towards the heart by the adventitious causes just mentioned, prevent its regurgitation or gravitation backward.

I have said that there is scarcely any point in the body which is not occupied by vessels and nerves. It follows, therefore, that there is scarcely any point of it which does not *consist* of vessels and nerves. And this is true. When you look at a piece of red raw flesh, that which appears to you a solid mass, is, in fact, little else than a wonderful and compact tissue of nerves and hollow tubes firmly compressed and matted together. The only solid parts are the nervous threads, a little cellular substance, and the delicate membranes forming the coats of those hollow tubes—that is, the blood-vessels and absorbents—and even these are porous—at least the blood-vessels. Even that which anatomists call the muscular fibre, and which you call the *grain* of the meat, has been asserted by Ruysch to be no more than little bundles of vessels—minute tubes, like the hairs of your head, every one of which you, of course, know is hollow. Ruysch's opinion is very high authority, for he possessed a secret which enabled him to carry the art of injecting minute vessels to a degree of nicety which has never since been equalled, nor even approached. But he died, and, like a miser, refused to divulge his secret, though large sums of money were offered him. If any man deserved to have confession extorted from him by the rack, it was Ruysch.

What I have said of the red raw flesh is also true of the bones—especially of young animals. For the internal structure of the bones is *honey-combed*, and highly *spongoid*, and their cells everywhere are filled with vessels and nerves. From all this there re-

sults another consequence, which is this: that nearly the whole of the body, consisting of tubes, and these tubes being filled with fluid, a very large proportion of the whole body must consist of *fluid*. This, too, is true. If you take a piece of human muscle (that is, what you call, in meat, the lean part) of the size and thickness of an ordinary beef steak, and dry it perfectly, it will become no thicker than a sheet of paper. In fact, fully five-sixths of the body are fluid. The next large proportion consists of solid matter composing the nerves and the coats of vessels. What remains is too trifling for consideration. *Au revoir—adieu.*

E. Johnson.

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## THOUGHTS ON WOMAN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

What is it that has raised woman in the scale of being?—Christianity. Who was her first great champion and liberator?—Christ! And can she who owes her freedom to a divine master become the slave of man! Can she quit his service, which is indeed perfect freedom, for the thraldom of the world? Let us take a brief review of the state of woman as it was, in order that we may the more justly estimate what it now is. Look at the situation of the sex in the barbarous ages of the world: mere objects of a gross sensuality and abject obedience to their rude and selfish possessors. As the nations become more enlightened, and men's habits less savage and lawless, the state of woman was somewhat improved. Yet, even amongst the far-famed Greeks and Romans, where the arts flourished, and the minds of men were illuminated with the rays of genius and the light of philosophy, what was woman? Still but a mere object of the senses. Or, if she rose to any higher consideration, it was only by throwing aside the graces of her feminine nature, and arraying herself like Bellona. When a new era dawned upon the world, and chivalry made woman its seeming idol, wearing her colors on its mailed arm, and her *faveurs joyaux*, or *emprises d'amour*, on its crested helm, going forth in her name alone to the combat "la guerre des amoureux," what then was woman? Nothing. Still but the mere object of sense; her charms, her youth, the only ties that bound man to her. Poets are fond of singing the praises of love, as it existed in chivalrous times; let us hear what the philosopher says upon the subject.

"Among all the ages of chivalry, there was none in which it flourished to such a degree, at least in France, or that produced so many Chevaliers des Dames, as the fourteenth. Yet in this very century so great was the libertinism of the nobles, that scarcely a day passed but that complaints were made at court by ladies, both married and unmarried, who had been carried off, and seduced by their powerful neighbors. The Marshal de Boncicant, with twelve other knights, at whose head was a cousin of the king, therefore resolved to found an order for the protection of the fair sex, to which they gave the appellation of "De la Dame Blanche à l'Escu Verd.' The insignia of this order consisted of a golden shield enamelled with green, containing the figure of a white lady." Thus we see, that in the age most distinguished for a chivalrous devotion to woman, a few brave men were obliged to unite in the defence of innocence and beauty, and teach men decency and decorum towards that sex, whose charms (despite the boast of chivalry) inspired any thing, rather than a delicate and tender passion. And such, some will say, perhaps, is the case now even in this reformed age of the world. Too frequently, we admit, but with many rare exceptions. That beauty will always be a lovely flower in the path of man, that youth will steal upon his senses, like the first breath of spring, cannot be denied: but what we would maintain is, not that woman, as relates to personal appearance, is no longer an object of sense; but that the Christian lover and husband of this age are bound to woman by stronger and more lasting feelings than those of mere passion,—feelings of companionship, which hallow the domestic hearth,—feelings of loving consideration, which sweeten the social board—and, above all, feelings of tender sympathy in sickness, which smooth the wedded couch. Yes, such are the fruits of Christianity; such the feelings of the Christian husband, often (for I have seen it) surviving both the youth and the beauty of the wife. Let woman, then, with the book of salvation open to her, learn to estimate her high and glorious prerogative, that heir-loom of God's grace, which the mothers and daughters of Judea have transmitted to her, and which can never be lost, or sequestered, but by her own act. He, the Saviour of souls, the Regenerator of hearts—He, the sinless one! who told the accused adultress to "go and sin no more"—who permitted the polluted Magdalen to touch his immaculate feet—He has left lasting and triumphant testimonials of the regard in which He held woman: woman by him so honored, as to bear in her bosom the incarnate God, the long-predicted Paraclete; the only Saviour of souls!—woman his last care when dying, and his first chosen herald when risen again from the dead; and who still, if she watches like the two loving Marys at his tomb, will see him one day in the garden of eternity! Regret not then, ye young and fair romancers, the days of chivalry; nor sigh for the loves of those by-gone days. Trust to the voice of Truth. Woman never rose so high in the scale of being as now, when her mind makes her the companion and not the puppet of man; who, in this happy age, is not ashamed to honor in woman, both the tender parent that bore him, and the

blessed mother of the God that redeemed him. And who is more tenderly than ever bound to the partner of his fortunes and earthly fate, by their common hopes of a joyful re-union, and a glorious immortality hereafter.

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*To the Editor of the Metropolitan.*
*Nottingham, Jan. 6, 1836.*

SIR.

AFTER contributing to some of the most respectable periodical and other literary works of the age, and after the public commendations of "Blackwood's," "the Athenæum," &c. and privately of such persons as Wordsworth, Montgomery, Miss Mitford, and Miss Bowles, &c. I find my name yet liable to the malignity and dandyism of criticism.* I should be deficient in manliness and spirit were I to resign the least spark of literary existence by any thing they could inflict; I allude to "Fraser's Magazine," where my brother, the author of "Pantika," assures me my name is classed with "the immortals of 1835." I wish to give public proof that I belong yet to "mortal poets,"—that I am, as Shakspeare says, "a man of this world."

As a reader of the "Metropolitan," and one who has derived much pleasure from your own pen, I turn naturally to that work, and to you as Editor of it, with the request that if you find *the poetry* in the lines attending this, *of the quality I believe it to be*, you will, by giving it a place in your very respectable Magazine, assist me in making public the best answer to the malice of any reviewer.

Your's, very respectfully, &c.

R. HOWITT.

## FANCY.

My wings are light as gossamer—my way
Is with the sunbeam of the summer's day,
My pleasant car among the stars I drive,
And moonlight is the food whereon I thrive.
With a light sail I skim the azure deep,
The sea, the sky, and have a world in sleep.
Sometimes I clasp me in a girl's pure zone,
And feel all beauty like a flower full-blown,
Rest in her lap, or bask within her eyes,
As in the only real paradise.
The poet feels me kindling in his eye,
And in his brain, both which I glorify:
I make the poet's glance a glorious thing,
Which, like the primrose-footstep of the Spring,
Leaves light where'er it rests. But who can tell
My palace-home, the region where I dwell,
My airy habitation? Is't where rise
Quick-spreading smiles round infant lips and eyes;
Or on the breezy forehead of the dawn,
Pale-orange tinted, dappled like the fawn:
Or is't where leaps and flashes the free stream,
Or in the rainbow's skiey-tinctured beam;
Or in the diamond dew-drop? Is it found
Still stretching on through space's blue profound,
Till, wearied with the vastness of the dome,
In a small flower I make my restful home?
These do I visit glad, with frequent wing,
But dwell not in them, to them do not cling.
Mine is a temple anciently divine,
The heart of man, God's dwelling once, as mine;
Fairies my ministers—who to me bring,
In dewy censors, all the sweets of Spring;
Crown me with liquid brilliants from the thorn,
And make me regal as the spicy morn.
I too sport round God's throne—but draw not near,
Awed by Imagination's eye severe—
Imagination, Wisdom's holy-one—
Dark as the night, majestic as the sun,
Might dwell in her fair locks,—her piercing eye
Sees at a glance whichever way I fly,—
Imagination's playful sister I.

* We know not to whom the malignity and dandyism of criticism allude. Surely not to "Fraser's Magazine," as our correspondent supposes: be it as it may, we have not seen the attack. We will do our best, however, to revivify Mr. Howitt. —ED.

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## THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR;

### OR, A MIDSHIPMAN'S CRUISES.*

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

AND, so filling our cabins with invalided officers, we sailed for England. We took home with us a convoy: and a miserable voyage we made of it. I had none of those exhilarating feelings so usual to every one who is about, after a long period of absence, to revisit his native land. I grew dull and irritable, a mixture of qualities as unpleasant as they are contradictory. I began to cast up accounts with that stern old reckoner Time, and I found the balance dreadfully in my disfavor. What had I in exchange, for the loss of the three most sunshiny years of life, comprised between the ages of fifteen and eighteen? To look back upon that period, it seemed a dreary waste, with only one small bright spot blooming upon it. Indeed, the contemplation of that oasis was so dazzling, that, when my mental eye was no longer rivetted upon it, like a gaze upon the sun, it made all else seem dark and indistinct.

The indomitable pride natural to every bosom, and perhaps too plentiful in mine, had, also, its share in filling my mind with an unceasing and cankering disgust. I began to feel the bitterness of being unowned. What was country to me? The chain that binds a man to it, is formed of innumerable small, yet precious links, almost all of which

* Continued from page 54.

were wanting in my case. Father, mother, family, a heritage, a holding, something to claim as one's own—these are what bind a man's affections to a particular spot of earth, and these were not mine;—the fact was, I wanted, just at that time, excitement of good or of evil, and I was soon supplied with that aliment of life, *ad nauseam*.

In taking my *soi-disant* school-fellow on board the Eos, I had shipped with me my Mephistophiles. The former servant to the midshipman's berth was promoted to the mizen top, and Joshua Daunton inducted, with due solemnities, to all the honors of waiting upon about half a dozen fierce, unruly midshipmen, and as many sick supernumeraries, and he formally took charge of all the mess-plate and munitions *de bouche* of this submarine establishment. There was no temptation to embezzlement. Our little society was a commonwealth of the most democratic description—and, as usually happens in these sorts of experiments, there was a community of goods that were good for nothing to the community.

I will give an inventory of all the moveables of this republic, for the edification of the curious. Among these I must first of all enumerate the *salle a manger* itself, a hot, little hole in the cock-pit, of about eight feet by six, which was never still. This dining-parlor and breakfast-room also contained our cellars, which contained nothing, and on which cellars we lay down when there was room—your true midshipman is a recumbent animal—and sat when we could not lie. For the same reason that the Romans called a grove *lucus*, these celarets were called lockers, because there was nothing to lock in them, and no locks to lock in, that nothing withall. In the midst stood an oak table, carved with more names than ever Rosalind accused Orlando of spoiling good trees with, besides the outline of a ship, and a number of squares which served for an immoveable draught-board. One battered, spoutless, handless, japanned-tin jug, that did not contain water, for it leaked, some tin mugs, seven, or perhaps eight pewter plates, an excellent old iron tureen, the best friend which we had, and which had stood by us through storm and calm, and the spiteful kick of a reefer, and the contemptuous "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" in the galley, which contained our cocoa in the morning, our peasoup at noon, and, after these multiplied duties, performed the character of wash-hand basin, whenever the midshipman's fag condescended to cleanse his hands. It is a fact, that when we sailed for England, of crockery ware we had not a single article. There was a calabash or so, and two or three sections of cocoa-nut shells.

We had no other provisions than barely the ship's allowance, and even these were of the worst description. Bread, it is well remarked, is the staff of life; but it is not quite pleasant to find it so replete with life as to have the power of locomotion. Every other description of food was in the same state of transition into vivification. There is no exaggeration in all this. From the continual coming and going, and the state of constant disunion in which we lived, it was every man for himself, and God, I am sorry to say, seemed to have very little to do with any of us. So complete was our disorganization, and so great our destitution as a mess, that, after the first week, the supernumerary sick young gentlemen were relieved from this candle-light den of starvation and of dirt, and distributed among the warrant officers.

It was to wait upon our persons, to administer to our wants, and to take care of our culinary comforts, that Joshua Daunton was duly installed. It was very ludicrous to see our late servant giving up his charge to our present one. The solemnity with which the iron tureen, and the one knife, and the three forks, that were not furcated, seeing that they had but one prong each, were given up. Joshua's contempt at the sordid poverty of the republic to which he was to administer, was quite as undisguised as his surprise. I again and again requested him to do his duty in some capacity in the ship, but he steadily refused.

The silky, soft-spoken, cockney-dialected Josh, got me into continual hot water. He seemed to consider himself as my servant only: consequently, he got continually thrashed, and I, on his appeal, taking his part, had to endeavor to thrash the thrasher. Now this could not always conveniently be done. The more I suffered for this Daunton, the more ardently he seemed to attach himself to me. But there appeared to be much more malice than affection in this fidelity. Nothing prospered either with me or my messmates. He contrived, in the most plausible manner possible, to spoil our almost unspoilable meals. He always contrived to draw for us the very worst rations, and to lay the blame on the purser's steward. In bringing aft our miserable dinners his foot would slip, or a man would run against him—or somebody had taken it off the galley fire, and thrown it in the manger. Salt water would miraculously intrude into my messmate's rum bottle, and my daily pint of wine was either sour, or muddy, or sandy, or afflicted with something that made it undrinkable. In one word, under the care of the good Joshua, Messieurs the midshipman ran a most imminent risk of being actually starved.

Many a time, after we had gone through the motions of dining, without eating, and as we sate in our dark hot hole, over our undrinkable potations, and our inedible eatables, each of us resting his hungry head upon his aching elbows, watching the progress of some animated piece of biscuit, would Master Daunton, the slave of our lamp, which, by-the-by, was a bottle bearing a miserably consumptive purser's dip, beside which a farthing rushlight would look quite aldermanic—I say, this slave of our lamp would perch himself down on the combings of the cable-tier hatchway, in the midst of the flood of Heaven's blessed daylight, that came pouring

from aloft into the abyss, and very deliberately take out his private store of viands, and there insultingly wag his jaws, with the most complacent satisfaction, in the faces of his masters. The contrast was too bad—the malice of it too tormenting. Whilst he was masticating his beautifuly white American crackers, and smacking his lips over his savory German sausage, we were grumbling over putrid bones, and weavilly biscuit, that we could not swallow, and yet hunger would not permit us to desert. It was a floating repetition of the horrors of Tantalus.

Well, to myself this rascal was most submissive—most eager in forcing upon me his services. He relieved my hammock-man of his duty; but, somehow, nothing prospered to which he put his hand. The third night the nails of the cleet that fastened my head-clews up to the deck above me, drew, and I came down by the run, head foremost, and immediately where my head ought to have alighted on the deck, was found the carpenter's pitch kettle, with the blade of an axe in the centre of it, and the edge uppermost. No one knew how it came there, and, had I shot out as young gentlemen usually do on such occasions, I should, if I had not been quite decapitated, at least have died by the axe. Not being asleep when the descent took place, I grappled with my neighbor, the old fat assistant surgeon, and he with the next, and the three came down on the deck with a lunge that actually started the marine officer—who every body knows is the best sleeper on board. Happily for myself, I fell from my hammock sideways. Next, the accommodating Joshua got the sole charge of my chest, and though nothing was missed, in a short time every thing was ruined. The cockroaches ate the most unacountable holes in my best uniforms, my shoes burst in putting them on, my boots cracked all across the upper leathers, and the feet of my stockings came off when I attempted to draw them on.

The obsequious Joshua was equally assiduous with his other six masters, and even more successful; so that, in addition to being starved, there was every probability of our being reduced to nakedness. This was no pleasant prospect, running out of tropical latitudes towards England, in the month of January. In the course of six weeks, such a ragged, woe-begone, gaunt, and famished gang of reefers, was never before huddled in together in one of his Majesty's vessels of war. The shifts that we were obliged to have recourse to were quite amusing, to all but the shiftmakers. The only good hat, and wearable uniform coat, went round and round; it was a happy thing for this disconsolate seven that we were all nearly of a size. To aggravate our misfortunes, we could no longer get an occasional dinner, either in the captain's cabin or the ward-room, for our clothes were all in rags.

In the meanwhile, Joshua Daunton grew more and more sleek, and pale, and fat. He throve upon our miseries. He played his part at length so well, as to avoid thrashings. He possessed, in perfection, that which in classic cockpit is called "the gift of the gab." He was never in the wrong. Indeed, he began to get a favorite with each of the individuals over whom he was so mercilessly tyrannizing, while each thought himself the tyrant. All this may seem improbable to well-nurtured, shore-bred, young gentlemen and ladies: but midshipmen were always reckless and idle—that is, personally. On actual service they have ever been equally reckless, but commensurably active. This kindness of Joshua, in taking all trouble off our hands, soon left us almost nothing wherewith to trouble ourselves.

This imp—this Flibbertygibbet, was killing us by inches. At length, one of the master's mates, no longer being able to starve quietly and philosophically, as become a man of courage, was again determined, by one last effort, to dine, and breakfast, and sup in the captain's cabin and ward-room as often as he could. So, finding that there was enough new blue cloth on board, with buttons, &c., to make him a complete suit, he purchased them, at an enormous price, *on credit*; and set the ship's tailors to work incontinently. By this time, we were, with our homeward bound convoy, on the banks of Newfoundland. It was misty and cold—and we were chilly and ragged. In such a conjuncture of circumstances, even the well-clothed may understand what a blessing a new suit of warm blue must be—that suit bearing in its suite a long line of substantial breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. All this was about to be Mr. Pigtop's, our kind messmate, and respectable mate of the orlop deck. He had already begun to protest upon the unreasonableness of rotatory coats, or of having a quarter-deck pair of trowsers, like the wives of the Ancient Britons, common to the sept. The ungrateful rogue! He had on, at the very time, the only quarter-deck-going coat among us, which was mine, and which he had just borrowed to enable him to go on deck, and report every thing right below.

"Captain Reud's compliments to Mr. Pigtop, and would be glad of his company to dinner."

Angelic words, when the invited reefer has a clean shirt, or collar, and a decent uniform.

"'Mr. Pigtop's compliments to Captain Reud, and will be most happy to wait on him.' There, you dogs," said the elated Pigtop, "I say, no more lending of clothes. Here, you Josh, jump forward, and tell the tailor I must have my uniform by four bells."

Josh jumped forward with a very intelligent grin upon his tallow-complexioned, but handsome countenance.

Now, the captain and the ward-room officers, all knew very well of the unaccountable destruction of our clothes, which, they affected to believe, was not unaccountable to them. They said it arose from very natural causes; a little of which was to be ascribed to dampness, a little to the cockroaches, and a great,

deal to our proverbial carelessness. Well. A midshipman careless! But some people *may* libel with impunity. Whatever they thought, they enjoyed our dilemmas both of food and clothing.

An hour before the captain's dinner was ready, the much-envied suit was brought aft, and duly displayed on Mr. Pigtop's chest. The ward-room officers, or at least some of them with whom he could take that liberty, were invited out to view it. It was pronounced, for ship-tailoring, excellent.

Pigtop's elation was great. So was Josh Daunton's; but all in a quiet submissive way. Our envy was proportionate. Josh was an excellent barber, and he volunteered to shave the happy diner out—the offer was accepted. Then came the turn of fate—then commenced the long series of the poor mate's miseries. It was no fault of Daunton's certainly—but all the razors were like saws. The blood came out over the black visage of Mr. Pigtop; but the hair stayed most pertinaciously on. The sufferer swore—how horribly he swore! The time was fast elapsing. After a most tremendous oath from the sufferer, which would have almost split an oak plank, Joshua said in his lowly and insinuating voice, "Mr. Pigtop, pray do—do, sir, try the razors yourself. My heart bleeds, sir, more than your face—do try, sir, for I think the captain's servant is now coming down the hatchway to tell you dinner is ready."

In despair, the hungry depilator seized the razors; and being exasperated with hurry, he made a worse job of it than Joshua. Where Josh had made notches, Pigtop made gashes. The ship's barber was then sent for and he positively refused to go over the bloody surface.

But Joshua Daunton was the true friend, the friend in need. With Mr. Pigtop's permission he would go and borrow one of Dr. Thompson's razors. The offer was gratefully accepted. In the meantime, dinner was actually announced. It is just about as wise to attempt to keep the hungry tiger from his newly-slaughtered prey, as for a mid to make the captain of a man-of-war wait dinner. Reud did not wait.

However, the fresh razor did its work admirably, in the adroit hand of Joshua. The hitherto intractable beard flew off rapidly, and Joshua's tongue moved more glibly even than his razor. Barbers in the act of office, have, like the house of Commons, the privilege of speech. They are not amenable afterwards for what they say. In the act, they are omnipotent, for who would quarrel with a man who is slipping a razor over your carotid artery? Not certainly Mr. Pigtop. Thus spoke Joshua, amid the eloquent flourishes of his instrument.

"Mr. Pigtop, I've a great respect for you—a very great respect indeed, sir. If you have not been a good friend to me yet, you will—I know it, sir; you are not like the other flighty young gentlemen. I have a respect for years, sir—a great respect for years, and honor a middle aged gentleman. Indeed, sir, it must be a great condescension in you, to permit yourself to be only a master's-mate, of a frigate, seeing that you are quite an elderly gentleman——"

"Da——!"

"There!—that was very imprudent indeed, sir, of you to open your mouth. It was not my fault, you know, that the brush went into it: indeed some people like the taste of soapsuds—wholesome, I assure you—very. A stubble of your growth, sir, always requires a double lathering—don't speak. Oh, sir, you are a happy man—exceeding. Your face will be as smooth as a man's borrowing money. You, boy, just run up the after hatchway, and tell the captain's steward that Mr. Pigtop will be in the cabin in the flourish of a razor or before a white horse can turn grey. Permit me to take you by the nose; the true handle of the face, sir; it gives the man, as it were, a sort of a command, sir, of the whole head; he can box the compass with it. Happy indeed you are, sir, and much to be envied. There was one of the captain's turtles killed yesterday—Jumbo is a cook, a most excellent cook—a spoonful of the soup to-day will be worth a king's ransom—a peck of March dust! pooh—I wouldn't give a spoonful of that soup for a hundred bushels of it. Take my advice, sir, and have soup twice, sir. As it was carried along the main deck, I'm dishonest, if the young gentlemen didn't follow it with the water running down in streams from the corners of their mouths, and their tongues intreatingly lolling out like a parcel of hungry dogs in Cripplegate, following the catsmeat-man's barrow. One more rasp over your upper lip, and you are as smooth as the new-born babe—talking of lips, as the first spoonful of that turtle-soup glides over them—the devil! I'll take God to witness, it was an accident,—the roll of the ship!"

Joshua Daunton was on his knees before Mr. Pigtop, who was in an agony of pain holding on his upper lip, which was nearly severed from his face, whilst the blood was streaming through his fingers.

Doctor Thompson with diaculum and black sticking-plaster was soon on the spot to the assistance of the almost dislipped master's mate. After the best was done for it, the poor fellow cut but a sorry appearance; still his extreme hunger, made almost furious by the vision of the turtle-soup, so artfully conjured up by the malicious Joshua, got the better of his sense of pain, and with a great band of black plaster reaching transversely from the right nostril to the left corner of his mouth, the grim-looking Mr. Pigtop made haste to don the new uniform.

In the meantime, the protestations and tears of Joshua had convinced everybody that the horrible gash was merely the effect of accident, for the ship was rolling a great deal at the moment. What the captain and his guests were doing in the cabin above with the turtle-soup it is needless for me to state, for that same soup was never fated to gladden the wounded lip of Mr. Pigtop.

The hasty and verlote gentleman, in his

very first attempt to draw on his new trowsers, to the astonishment of all his messmates, who had now gathered round him, found them separate in the middle of each of the legs. He might as well have attempted to clothe himself with cobweb continuations; they came to pieces almost with a shake. The waistcoat and coat were in the same predicament: they had not the principle of continuity in them. Everybody was lost in amazement except Mr. Pigtop, whose amazement, quite as great as ours, was lost in his still greater rage. It was extremely unfortunate for Joshua Daunton that he had cut the lip that day. The kind doctor was still by during the apparelling, or the attempt at it. He examined the rotten clothes, and he soon discovered that they had been saturated in different parts by some corrosive liquid, that instead of impairing, really improved the blue of the cloth.

During these proceedings, Captain Reud and his guests had eaten up the dinner; but the captain not being pleased to be pleasantly humored that day, sent word for Mr. Pigtop to go to the mast-head till midnight, for disrespect in not attending to the invitation that he had accepted. There was no appeal, and aloft went the wounded, ragged, famished hoper of devouring turtle-soup. Joshua looked very demure and very unhappy; but Dr. Thompson set on foot an inquiry, and the truth of the destruction of the clothes was soon ascertained. The loblolly boy, that is, the young man who had charge of the laboratory where all the medicines were kept, confessed, after a little hesitation, that for certain glasses of grog he had given this pernicious liquid to Daunton. So, while one of his masters was contemplating the stars from the mast-head, the destroyer of reefers' kits had nothing else to do but to contemplate the beauty of his own feet, placed with a judicious exactitude in a very handsome pair of bilboes under the half deck.

When fully secured the poor wretch sent for me. He was in a paroxysm of fear: he protested his innocence over and over again: he declared that he should die under the first lash: that it was for love of me only that he had come on board of a man-of-war; he conjured me by the fellowship of our boyish days, by all that I loved and that was sacred to both of us, to save him from the gangway. The easiness of my nature was worked upon, and I promised to use my influence to procure for him a pardon. I went to Mr. Farmer, but all my efforts were unavailing. He passed a sleepless night in the intolerable agony of fear. Before he was brought up to be flogged Mr. Pigtop had been fully avenged.

The gratings are rigged, the hands are turned up, and Joshua Daunton is supported by two ship's corporals, in a nearly fainting state, and stripped by another—he is too much paralyzed to do it himself. The officers are mustered on the break of the quarter-deck, and the marines are drawn up under arms on the gangway. Capt. Reud looks fierce and forbidding, and Mr. Farmer, for his generally impassable features, really quite savage. I come forward shudderingly and look down. The wandering and restless eyes of the frightened young man meet in an instant what, most probably, they are seeking—my own.

"Edward Percy, speak for me to the captain." The words were in themselves simple, but they were uttered in a tone of the most touching pathos. They made me start: I thought that I knew the voice, not as the voice of Joshua Daunton, the mischievous imp that had tormented us all so scientifically, but of some dear and long-forgotten friend. "Edward Percy, speak for me to the captain—this must not be."

"But it shall be, by G—," said the irascible creole.

"Captain Reud," said I, "let me entreat you for this once only—"

"Boatswain's mate—"

"Oh, Captain Reud, if you knew what a strange sympathy—"

"The thief's cat."

"Indeed, sir, since he has been on board he has never stolen—"

"Mr. Percy, another word and the mast-head. Stand back, Stebbings—let Douglas give him the first dozen."

Now, this Douglas was a huge raw-boned boatswain's mate that flogged left-handed, and had also a peculiar jerk in his manner of laying on the cat-o'-nine-tails, that always brought away with it little knobs of flesh wherever the knots fell, and so neatly that blood would at every blow spout from the wounds as from the puncture of a lancet. Besides, the torture was also doubled by first scoring over the back in one direction, and the right-handed floggers coming after in another, they cut out the skin in lozenges.

I looked in the captain's face, and there was no mercy; I looked below, and there appeared almost as little life. After the left-handed Scotchman had bared his brawny arm and measured his distance, and just as he was about to uplift it and strike, Daunton murmured out, "Edward Percy, I knew your father! beware, or your own blood will be dishonored in me!"

"That voice!—they shall flog you through me!" I exclaimed, and was about to leap into the waist and cover him with my arms, when I was forcibly withheld by the officers around me, whilst the captain roared out, "He shall have another dozen for his impudent falsehood—boatswain's mate, do your duty."

The terrific lash, like angry scorpions, fell upon the white and quivering flesh and the blood spurted out freely. It was a vengeful stroke, and loud, and long, and shrill was the scream that followed it. But ere the second stroke fell, the head of the tortured one suddenly collapsed upon the right shoulder, and a livid hue spread rapidly over the face and breast.

"He is dead!" said those around, in a half-hushed tone.

The surgeon felt his pulse, and placed his hand upon his breast to seek for the beating

of the heart, and shaking his head, requested him to be cast loose. He was immediately taken to the sick bay, but with all the skill of the doctor his resuscitation was, at first, despaired of, and only brought about, at length, with great difficulty. The fact was, not that he had been flogged, but very nearly frightened, to death.

And I was utterly miserable. The words that Daunton had spoken at the gangway, and the strange interest that I had taken in his behalf, gave rise to suspicions that I felt to be degrading. He had declared himself to be of my blood; the officers and crew construed the expression as meaning my brother. I was now, for the first time, looked coldly upon:—I felt myself avoided. Such conduct is chilling—too often fatal to the young and the proud heart: it will rise indignant at an insult, but guarded and polite contumely, and long and civil neglect withers it. I was fast sinking into an habitual despondence. This confounded Joshua had previously completely ruined my outward man: the inward man was in great danger from his conduct, perhaps his machinations. I was shunned with a studied contempt; the more particularly as my messmates were the subjects of the constant jibes of the captain and the other officers, which messmates were of an unanimous opinion that Master Joshua ought to have been hung, inasmuch as it was now apparent that their ruined apparel was all derivable from his malice and his "Practice of Chemistry made easy." They all panted with impatience for his convalescence, in order that they might see Mr. Percy's elder brother receive the remainder of his six dozen.

I verily believe that, as I approached my native shores, I should have fallen into a settled depression of spirits, which would have terminated in melancholy madness, had I not been roused to exert my moral energies and awaken my half-entombed pride by a stinging and a very wholesome insult.

As soon as we were ordered home, Captain Reud's mental aberrations became less frequent, but when they supervened they were more extravagant in their nature. He grew aguish, fretful, and cruel. Though he never spoke to me harshly, he addressed me more rarely. I had not dined with him for a long while: he had taken the mysterious destruction of my wardrobe as a valid excuse, and had gone so far, on one occasion, in a very delicate manner, as to present me with a complete change of linen, which perished like the rest under the provident care of Joshua. But after the claim of relationship by that very timid personage, there was no consideration in Reud's look, and whenever he did speak to me, there was a contemptuous harshness in his tone that would have very much wounded my feelings at any other time. But just then, I took but little notice of and interest in anything. When I say that we were reduced to rags in our habiliments, the reader is not to take the words *au pied de lettre*. By taking up slops from the purser, and by aid of the ship's tailor, we had been enabled to walk the quarter-deck without actual holes in our dress; but the dresses themselves were grotesque, for the imitation of our spruce uniform was villanous, and our hats were deplorable: they were greased with oil, and broken, and sewed, and formless, or rather multiform: bad as were our fittings out, we had not enough of them.

One morning, as we were with our convoy approaching the chops of the channel, we fell in with a frigate, one of his Majesty's cruisers. I was walking up and down the gangway, that is, the portion of deck that divides the quarter-deck from the forecastle. Captain Reud was on deck with most of his officers, all very anxious to hear news of England and get the sight of an English newspaper. The ships ranged up within hail of each other, and, after the usual queries and three or four newspapers made heavy with musket-balls had been thrown on board, the following dialogue between the two frigates took place in the persons of their respective captains, Reud saying,

'I wish you'd lower your gig, and come on board and lunch."

"If you command it, of course."

"Oh, no no!—I am not going to hoist the commodore's broad pennant, but I really wish you'd come. We can jog on under easy sail."

"Why, really, Captain Reud, the sea is rather high—and don't you see the Mother Carey's chicken astern of you?"

By a particular hitch of his gait, and a peculiar twisting up of his nose, I perceived the fit of mischief or insanity was coming on poor Reud. *The frayed chord had been struck.* He grinned, he fenced with his speaking trumpet, he shoved the mouth of it in the first lieutenant's ribs, begged his pardon with a very gentlemanly air, and then giving it a whirling flourish that met and fetched blood from the tip of the marine officer's nose, he placed it in his mouth and continued——

"Talking about Mother Carey's chickens, Captain Reeves, I think I'll tempt you on board. I have got seven of the most curious ornithological specimens in my ship that a naturalist ever beheld."

"Have you indeed?" said Captain Reeves who fancied himself a great naturalist. "Pipe the gigs away—be with you in a moment, Captain Reud. Pray may I inquire of what genus?"

"The genus Corvus," said Reud, jumping down from the hammock-nettings. "Send for all the young gentlemen, just as they are into my cabin:—bring them up immediately—the mate of the lower deck also—there's Mr. Percy in the gangway."

Obedience always treads upon the heels of command on board of a man-of-war. Long before Captain Reeves was alongside, our gang of miserable-looking famished reefers was ranged up side by side in the fore-cabin, whilst the steward and servants were heaping the table with all the appurtenances of a glorious luncheon.

"What does the captain want with us?" said one.

"Ask us to lunch."

"Pooh—how could you, Pigtop, come up such a figure?"

"Come, Staines, let the kettle keep a clean tongue in its mouth, and not call—"

"I'll tell you what it is," said another, "the captain is going to change the whole batch of us as a bad bargain. I want to get to England—I won't go."

"Nor I."

"Yes," said I, "my loving friends, as sure as we stand here, a ragged regiment of reefers, that the swabwasher's assistant would be ashamed to march through the Point of Common Hard with, he is going to introduce us and all our perfections to Captain Reeves."

"If I thought so, I'd bolt."

"Bolt," said Pigtop, "I should like to bolt that fowl."

"No sooner said than done," said another, advancing to the tempting delicacy. The steward and servants had left the cabin, having completed their arrangements.

"Stop—let us have no pilfering. This is one of Reud's pranks—I *think* that *I* was invited to lunch with the captain. Mr. Pigtop, will you take the chair?—that is to say, if you think that you were invited also—you know it is a matter of conscience."

"I think I was."

"I'm sure of it."

"Well, we have no time to lose—to your chairs, gentlemen. By Heavens! they are—that is to say, the rest of the guests—are coming. Permit me to propose, in his absence, the health of our gallant commander, with three times three—hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

Captains Reud, Reeves, and our first lieutenant entered at the moment that we were all standing with inverted glasses. The positions of the three gentlemen as they entered was quite theatrical. Mr. Farmer had smothered his laughter by clapping his hand over his mouth; Captain Reeves looked very droll and very much puzzled; Captain Reud, our own inestimable commander, looked really frightful. The impudence was utterly beyond his comprehension. His wild looks so much alarmed my messmates, that they slunk away like a parcel of cravens from the table: as for myself, just then, I neither feared nor cared for anything. The explosion took place thus, a rather hard substitution for "Gentlemen, for the honor that you have done me in my absence——"

"You, Percy,"—Mr. Percy, over the glass he had just emptied, bowed, standing in his place,—"you rascals—how dare—dare you to steal my wine?"

"Sir, I stand here as your guest—waiting to be requested to be seated. The impression upon my mind was, that I was asked into the cabin to luncheon. It is seldom that so many midshipmen find themselves collected together at their captain's table, no other officer being present. The situation was novel. I hope, Captain Reud, that you will not make it unpleasant. We seized the golden opportunity, very fervently, to drink your health, with due honors, in your absence. *I* am conscious of no offence, without too much devotion to my commander may be construed into one. What my messmates may think of their conduct, by their desertion from your table, it is not for me to say. As yet, I do not feel unworthy of a place at it. If there has been any little mistake in the invitation, I shall be most anxious to retire."

During this impertinent speech of mine, the offspring of utter recklessness as to consequences, I had, without moving from my place at the table, fixed my eyes composedly on Captain Reud. I did not mean the expression of them to be insulting, nor did I wish it to be supplicatory. Whatever it might have been, it had the effect of gradually dispersing the angry scowl from his brows, though a certain degree of sternness still remained. When I had finished, expecting of course to be under an arrest, or sent to the mast-head, I was surprised, and a good deal gratified, by hearing him say distinctly, though not very cordially,

"Mr. Percy, you know your place—your messmates know theirs. Captain Reeves, Mr. Farmer, Percy, pray be seated."

The half dozen of poltroons all stood, huddled together, like a small flock of intimidated sheep between the two guns in the cabin, right opposite me. I was intolerably hungry, and yet I enjoyed the tantalized expression of the countenances of the renegades, quite as much as the good viands with which I so plentifully supplied myself.

The wine circulated. Captain Reud grew gracious, and Captain Reeves impatient to view the seven curious ornithological specimens of the genus Corvus, that his host had brought with him from the West. I guessed what was coming, which prevented my warming towards my captain, with his returning kindness.

Captain Reeves could talk of nothing else but birds, and of these particular seven birds. "Where were they?"

"Oh! close at hand."

"Large?"

"Stand from five to six feet high."

"Good God! they must eat enormously."

"Voraciously," and here the wicked creole gave me a right jovial look. "They are a great expense to me, as well as annoyance."

"But birds of this size must be very heavy on the wing. In their natural state do they fly?"

"Sluggishly enough; but I have seen them very often aloft."

The naturalist was completely mystified; but his host would not produce them, as he said, that, when his curiosity was gratified, he should no longer have the pleasure of his company, and the happiness of passing the decanters to him. It was in vain that Captain Reud endeavored to lead him to speak of subjects interesting to persons about to

visit England, after the space of more than three years. He could speak of nothing but the genus Corvus.

"Upon my word, Captain Reud," said he, "I don't wish to seem impatient, but the wind is freshening. I long to be on board. I wish I could take one of these huge specimens with me."

"You are heartily welcome to the whole batch."

"Thank you, Captain Reud," said I, rising and making him my best bow.

"Sharp lad, upon my soul," said Reud.

"Thank you heartily, and very kindly too. I will write a treatise upon them," said Reeves.

"I should like to read it," said I, turning to the naturalist.

"You shall, my good boy, you shall," said he, patting me very kindly on the head. "He *is* a sharp lad, indeed, Captain Reud; he wishes to read my treatise. After this treatise is finished, I shall send all the specimens to the Linnæan Society, of which I am an *unworthy* member," (with a great emphasis on the word unworthy.) "I will first send them to Pidcock's menagerie," (there were no Zoological Gardens then,) "with a perfect understanding, that, when they are dead they shall be well stuffed."

"They would much rather be stuffed alive," said Reud, all glee, for he was now in his element. Our first lieutenant was totally in the dark, and looked silly in trying to look sapient. Pigtop and company, between the guns, were staring like those white, delicate-looking monsters with four feet, that own so many petty toes, so general in poulterers' shops about Christmas, with remarkably protuberant eyes. Who could mention a stuck pig, in these days of refinement, under a less redundant paraphrase?

"A joke of course—a very good joke," said the learned in ornithology. "A very good joke in a goose's mouth. I've seen it before somewhere—but never mind. However, seeing whence it came, it will do."

"But I rather think," said Reud, "that these birds would not like to be stuffed when they are dead."

"Nonsense—but what do they care about it? By-the-by, now you have got them on board, and in a state of confinement, do they still carry on the process of incubation?"

"Continually. They are all day and all night long hatching——"

"Gracious heavens! what?"

"Mischief."

"You are laughing at me—pray let me see them at once."

"In the first place, permit me to retract my offer of the whole—you are welcome to six of them heartily; and I wish that I may induce you to take them away—filthy creatures. The seventh I shall retain for the sake of past good feelings; though I begin to suspect that he is not quite of so *good a breed* as I once thought him."

This was wormwood to me. With a flushed brow I rose from my chair, and I cursed in my heart Joshua Daunton and his plausible tongue.

"I shall not even thank you, Captain Reud, for the preference," said I, "but request that I may be caged off with the lot."

Reud, seeing that the equivoque could be carried no further, explained, "Don't be a fool, Percy, but sit down. Captain Reeves, these seven ornithological curiosities, are of the generic description Corvus, or crow, their specific term, scare—there is one beside you, and the other six are between the guns. If you have seen finer specimens of *scarecrows*, I'll eat them, when you have roasted them as well as I have roasted you."

And then he indulged for a minute in his low, venomous giggle, that seemed to be the most perfect enjoyment of which his malicious bosom was capable.

"Captain Reud," said I, "tell me, sir, when not seven months ago I stood between you and death, did I show any white feather?"

"On my soul, you did not."

"Then, sir, let me tell you—as far as I am concerned—I find your joke as deficient in wit as it is bad in taste."

"Stop—beware——"

"I am quite of the same opinion with the young scarecrow that has just cawed," said Captain Reeves, who was a grave man, and who never could see any point in a joke against himself. "With your permission I will return on board, and look after my own poultry."

So, after a formal exchange of bows, the strange commander left the cabin, Reud hallooing out to him as he left, "You won't forget the treatise, Reeves."

The above incident will be read as a fiction, but it is fact, unexaggerated fact, as to the circumstances; though a little fined down in the relation, for the broad coarseness of the scene, as it was really acted, would be deemed too improbable, even for farce. It was events like these, and the previous overstraining of my mind, that fully determined me to take the first opportunity of quitting the service. Not in disgust at it, for it was even then, in its unimproved state, a beautiful one. But it had, and still hath, its anomalies; they are but few, and I had stumbled upon the worst of them. It was very singular, but no less true, since the self-introduction of Joshua Daunton, I had been never happy, and never fortunate.

Through the rude, and the cold flying mists of winter, after we had struck soundings, we again saw England. It was in the inclement month of January. I was starved and half clad. A beggar of any decent pretension, had he met me in the streets of London, would have taken the wall of me, though I had, at the time, more than three hundred dollars in cash, Spanish doubloons and silver, a power for drawing bills for a hundred a year, more than three years' pay due, and prize money to a very considerable amount.

Under these circumstances, my eyes once more greeted my native land. Where were

my glow of patriotism and my passion of poetry? They were not. I saw nothing before me but a black, a barren, and a forbidding coast. I endeavored to fix my mind upon the fields over which I had bounded in my boyhood—I measured them in my mind's eye, hedge by hedge—they were distinct enough, but there was no sunshine upon them. Alas! I had seen a brighter sun elsewhere. And the friends that had been kind to the unowned one at Stickenham—yes, I would see them. But I had no longer the frank heart to offer them. Yes, I would seek them, and be cold and studiously polite. I felt that I had not succeeded in my profession, with what *they* would call success. I had done my duty, and perhaps done it with high promise. Good, easy souls, I am sure they fancied that I should have returned something—perhaps a little short of an admiral, but not very much.

I should like to know how a midshipman is to distinguish himself, otherwise than by doing his duty honorably and strictly, and that is no distinction at all, for they almost all do it. "I wish we may have some brilliant action," says one of the uninitiated, "for I wish to distinguish myself." Very well, my young aspirant, which used, by-the-by, to be the corresponding term for midshipmen in the French language. "Very well, my young sir; here you are, in your frigate, alongside a heavier vessel than your own. Nay, it shall be a seventy-four if you please, all for your particular honor and glory. There you are, stationed at the four after guns on the main-deck. Blaze away, and distinguish yourself now." "O dear! I can't for the smother, and the smoke, and the noise. I can't perform any heroical act here." "Well, but what can you do for your country and his majesty?" "I can only see that the men train their guns well, and that they are properly supplied with powder and shot—this will never get my name in the gazette." "Only! do that well, sir, and you will distinguish yourself. Never mind the gazette, your turn will come when you are a skipper, even perhaps when a lieutenant." The same applies to the young gentlemen, station them where you will. Gouty old gentlemen, who have sons at sea, and are prone to read the lives of Nelson and of our many other noble naval heroes, must rid themselves of the illusion of seeing the darlings of their hopes start away from their obscure, yet important quarters, jump up in the faces of the enemy, flourish valorously their little dirks, lead the boarders over a handspike from ship to ship, put the French captain to the sword, surrounded by his officers, haul down the tricolor with his own hands, and finally exclaim—"Hurrah for glory, and Old England!" I say, elderly ladies and gentlemen as elderly must not expect this, notwithstanding their own folly, and some very funny naval novels that have been published. People must not desert their stations in action, even to do little bits of glorious heroism. The whole fraternity of reefers ought to thank me for this digression.

Thus, in the naval-novel sense of the word, I had not distinguished myself. My name had certainly appeared some few times in the captain's despatches, to the effect that "Mr. Percy, in the cutter, had gallantly supported Lieutenant Selby, in cutting out a schooner," &c. &c. Glory! what did the world at large care about the paltry schooner, or the unknown lieutenant, who really did a prodigy of valor? or the infinitely more insignificant "Mr. Percy, who gallantly supported the said lieutenant in the cutter? But of all this I did not complain. It is just as it should be—only—only I wish that our discriminating countrymen should comprehend, what a vast amount of unrecorded heroism goes to make up even a single victory—heroism which *is* not, but ought to be, glory.

I got into disgrace. I record it frankly, as my boast is, throughout this biography, to have spoken the truth of all the different variations of my life. Since the captain's incipient insanity, the Eos had gradually become an ill-regulated ship. The gallant first lieutenant, formerly so smart and so active, had not escaped the general demoralization. He was a disappointed man. He had not distinguished himself. God knows, it was neither for want of daring, nor expense of life. He had cut out every thing that could be carried; and had attempted almost every thing that could not. I am compelled to say, that these bloody onslaughts were as often failures as successes. He was no nearer his next step on the ladder of promotion than before. His temper became soured, and he was now often lax, sometimes unjust, and always irritable. The other officers shared in the general falling off, and too often made the quarter-deck a display for temper.

The third lieutenant—yes, I think it was the third—had mast-headed me, about the middle of the first dog-watch; most likely deservedly, for I had lately affected to give the proud and sullen answer. Before I went aloft, to my miserable station, I represented to him that I had the first watch—that there were now but three of the young gentlemen doing their duty, the others having very wisely fallen ill, and taken the protection of the sick list. I told him respectfully enough, "that if he kept me up in that disagreeable station from half-past five till eight, I could not possibly do my duty, for very weariness, from eight till midnight. It was a physical impossibility." But he was inexorable. Up I went, the demon of all evil passions gnawing at my heart.

It was almost dark when I went aloft. It was a gusty, dreary night, bitterly, very bitterly cold. I was ill clad. At intervals, the fierce and frozen drifts, like the stings of so many wasps, drove fiercely into my face; and I believe that I must confess that I cried over my crooked and aching fingers, as the circulation went on with agony, or stopped with numbness. It is true, that I was called

down within the hour; but that hour of suffering had done me much constitutional mischief. I was stupified, as much as if I had committed a debauch upon fat ale. However, I was too angry to complain, or to seek relief from the surgeon. I went on deck at half-past eight, with obtused faculties, and a reckless heart.

The frigate was, with a deeply laden convoy, attempting to hold her course in the chops of the channel. It blew very hard. The waves were bounding about us with that short and angry leap, peculiar, in tempestuous weather, to the narrow seas between England and France. It was excessively dark, and, not carrying sufficient sail to tack, we were wearing the ship every half hour, showing, of course, the proper signal lights to the convoy. We carried also the customary poop-light of the commodore.

Such was the state of affairs at a little after nine. The captain, the first lieutenant, the master, the officer of the watch, and the channel pilot, that we had taken on board off the Scilly Islands, with myself, were all on deck. Both the signal midshipmen were enjoying the comforts of sickness in their warm hammocks below. Now I will endeavor to give a faithful account of what happened; and let the unprejudiced determine, in the horrible calamity that ensued, how much blame was fairly attributable to me. I must premise that, owing to shortness of number, even when all were well, there was no forecastle midshipman.

A dreadful gust of icy wind, accompanied by the arrowy sleet, rushes aft, rather heading us.

"The wind is getting more round to the east. We'd better wear at once," said the pilot to the master.

"The pilot advises us to wear," said the master to the captain.

"Mr. Farmer," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "watch and idlers, wear ship."

"Mr. Pond," said Mr. Farmer to the lieutenant of the watch, a diminutive and peppery little man, with a squeaking voice, and remarkable for nothing else excepting having a large wife, and a large family, whom he was impatient to see, "wear."

"Mr. Percy," squeaked Mr. Pond through his trumpet, "order the boatswain's mate to turn the watch and idlers up—wear ship."

"Boatswain's mate," bawled out the sleepy and sulky Mr. Percy, "watch and idlers, wear ship."

"Aye, aye, sir—whew, whew, whittle whew—watch and idlers, wear ship! Tumble up there, tumble up. Master-at-arms, brush up the bone polishers."

"What an infernal, nonsensical ceremony!" growled the pilot *sotto voce*, "all bawl, and no haul—luckily we've plenty of sea-room."

"Jump aft, Mr. Percy," said the captain, "and see that the convoy signal to wear is all right."

Mr. Percy makes one step aft.

"Is the foretopmast staysail halliyards well manned, Mr. Percy?—jump forward and see," said the officer of the watch.

Mr. Percy makes one step forward.

"Is the deep sea lead ready?" said the master; "Mr. Percy, jump into the chains, and see."

Mr. Percy makes one step to the right—*starboard*, the wise it call.

"Mr. Percy, what the devil are you about?—where's the hand stationed to the foresheet?" said the first lieutenant, "jump up and see."

Mr. Percy makes one step to the left hand—*port*, the wise call.

"Where's the midshipman o' th' watch—where's the midshipman o' th' watch?" roars out the captain. "By Heavens, there's no light to show over the bows. Mr. Percy, be smart, sir—jump, and see to it."

The chilled, the torpid, and half-stupified Mr. Percy finally went forward on the forecastle, where he ought to have been from the first, the more especially as the boatswain was also on the sick list.

The consequence of all these multitudinous and almost simultaneous orders—to jump and see, when, by-the-by, it was too dark to see anything a yard off properly—was, that one of the signal lanthorns was blown out, and the signal consequently imperfect—that the foretopmast staysail halyards were so badly manned, that those upon them could scarcely start, that then necessary sail, from its netting—that the people were not ready with the deep-sea lead—that little Mr. Pond was obliged to put down his trumpet and ease off the foresheet himself till relieved by the quarter-master, but, still, there actually was a lanthorn over the bows, and that in good time.

Well, the noble ship, no longer baffeted on her bows by the furious wind, as the haughty Essex turned on his heel from the blow of his termagant mistress queen, so did the Eos turn her back to the insulting blast, and flew rapidly before it. Owing to the darkness of the night, assisted by the weak voice of Mr. Pond, whose orders could not be very distinctly heard, perhaps a little to his lubberly manner of working the ship, the bounding frigate was much longer before the wind than necessary. I was straining my sight near the cathead on one side, and the captain of the forecastle on the other, but we could discover nothing in the nearly palpable obscure. It was an awful thing, this rushing through the darkness, of a large floating world. The planets urge for ever their sublime course, but not as does a ship when the veil of night is on the ocean. The glorious luminaries travel through regions of light, directed by unerring wisdom, but the ark of man stumbles, and reels through mists and folly, or rashness too often stands at the helm. And yet, I seldom viewed our frigate rushing at night through the waters, with nothing to be seen but these the gorgeous stars above her, but I was apt to fancy she was as one of the heavenly brotherhood, humble certainly in her imitation and lowly in her sphere.

On she dashed, and our anxious eyes saw nothing, whilst our minds feared greatly;—she is at her utmost speed. In her reckless course she seems sufficiently powerful to break up the steadfast rock or tear the shoal from its roots at the bottom of the ocean. On she rushes! I think I hear faintly the merchant cry of "Yeo—yo—yeo," but the roar of the vexed waters beneath our bows, and the eternal singing of the winds through the frost-stiffened shrouds prevent my being certain of the fact. But I tremble excessively—when, behold, a huge long black mass is lying lazily before us, and so close that we can almost touch it!

"Hard a port," I roared out at the very top of my voice.

"Hard a starboard," sung out the captain of the forecastle, equally loudly.

Vain, vain were the contradictory orders. The frigate seemed to leap at the object before her as at a prey; and dire was the crash that ensued. As we may suppose the wrathful lioness springs upon the buffalo, and meeting more resistance from its horny bulk than she had suspected, recoils and springs again, so did the Eos strike, rebounded, then strike again.—I felt two distinct percussions.

The second stroke divided the obstacle, she passed through it or over it, and the eye looked in vain for the vast West Indiaman, the bearer of wealth, and gay hopes, and youth, and infancy, manly strength and female beauty. There was a smothered feminine shriek, hushed by the whirling and down-absorbing waves almost as soon as made. It was not loud, but it was fearfully distinct, and painfully human. One poor wretch only was saved to tell her name and speak of the perished.

As usual, they had kept but a bad look out. Her officers and her passengers were making merry in the cabin—the wine-cup was at their lips, and the song was floating joyously from the mouths of the fair ones returning to the land of their nativity. The blooming daughters, the newly-married wife, and two matrons with their innocent ones beside them, were all in the happiness of their hopes, when the destroyer was upon them suddenly, truly like a strong man in the darkness of night, and they were all hurled in the midst of their uncensurable revelry to a deep grave, over which no tombstone shall ever tell "of their whereabout."

Our own jib-boom was snapped off short, and as quickly as is a twig in frosty weather. Supposing the ship had struck, every soul rushed on deck. They thanked God it was *only* the drowning of some forty fellow-creatures and the destruction of a fine merchant-ship. We hauled the single poor fellow that was saved on board. The consternation among the officers was very great. It blew too hard to lower the boats: no effort was or could be made to rescue any chance struggler not carried down in the vortex of the parted and sunk ship—all was blank horror.

Besides the consternation and dismay natural to the appalling accident, there was the fear of the underwriters and the owners and of damages before the eyes of the captain. I was sent for aft.

"I had not charge of the deck," said Captain Reud, looking fiercely at the first lieutenant, "*I* am not responsible for this lubberly calamity."

"I had not charge of the watch or the deck either," said Mr. Farmer, in his turn looking at small Mr. Pond, who was looking aghast, 'surely, I cannot be held to be responsible.'

"But you gave orders, sir,—I heard you myself give the word to raise the fore-tack—that looks very like taking charge of the deck—no, no, I am not responsible."

"Not so fast, not so fast, Mr. Pond. I only assisted you for the good of the service, and to save the foresail."

Mr. Pond looked very blank indeed, until he thought of the master, and then he recovered a great portion of his usual vivacity. Small men are always vivacious.

"No, no, I am not responsible—I was only working the ship under the directions of the master. Read the night orders, Mr. Farmer."

"The night orders be d——d," said the gruff old master.

"I will not have my night orders d——d," said Reud. You and the officer of the watch must share the responsibility between you."

"No offence at all, sir, to you or the night orders either. I am heartily sorry I d——d them,—heartily—but in the matter of wearing this here ship precisely at that there time, I only acted under the pilot, who has charge till we are securely anchored. Surely, I can't be 'sponsible."

"Well," said the pilot, "here's a knot of tangled rope—but that yarn won't do for old Weatherbrace, for, d'ye see, I'm a Sea-William (civilian,) and not in no ways under martial law—and I'm only aboard this here craft as respects shoals and that like—I'm clearly not 'sponsible—nothing to do in the versal world with working her—'sponsible! pooh—why did ye not keep a better look out for'ard?"

"Why, Mr. Percy, why?" said the captain, the first lieutenant, the lieutenant of the watch, and the master.

"I kept as good a one as I could—the lanthorns were over the bows."

"You may depend upon it," said the captain, "that the matter will not be permitted to rest as it is. The owners and underwriters will demand a court of inquiry. Mr. Percy had the charge of the forecastle at the time. Mr. Percy, come here, sir. You sung out just before this calamity happened, to port the helm."

"I did, sir."

"Quarter-master," continued Reud, "did you port the helm? Now, mind what you say; did you, sir? because if you *did not*, six dozen."

"We did, sir—hard a port."

"And the ship immediately after struck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pooh! the case is clear—we need not talk about it any longer. A clear case, Mr. Farmer. Mr. Percy has charge of the forecastle—he descries a vessel a-head—he takes upon himself to order the helm a-port, and we run over and sink her accordingly. He is responsible, clearly."

"Clearly," was the answering echo from all the rejecters of responsibility.

"Mr. Percy, I am sorry for you. I once thought you a promising young man, but since your desertion at Aniana—we must not mince matters now—you have become quite an altered character. You seem to have lost all zeal for the service. Zeal for the service, is a thing that ought not to be lost, for a young gentleman without zeal for the service, is a young gentleman,—surely—you understand me—who is not zealous in the performance of his duty. I think I have made myself tolerably clear. Do you think, sir, that I should hold now the responsible commission I do hold under his majesty, if I had been without zeal for his service? I am sorry that I have a painful duty to perform. I must place you under an arrest till I know what may be the port admiral's pleasure concerning this unpleasant business; for—for the loss of the Mary Anne of London, you are clearly responsible."

"Clearly," (*omnes rursus.*)

"Had you sung out hard a-starboard, instead of hard a port, the case might have been different."

"Clearly."

"Go down below to your berth, and consider yourself a prisoner. The young gentlemen in his majesty's service are not permitted to run down West Indiamen with impunity."

"Clearly."

In these kind of capstan-head court martials, at which captains will sometimes administer reefers' law, "Woe to the weakest;" a defence was quite a work of superfluity, so consoling myself with the vast responsibility with which, all at once, I found myself invested, I went and turned in, anathematizing every created thing above an inch high, and a foot below the same dimensions. However, in a very sound sleep, I soon forgot every thing—even the horrible scene I had just witnessed.

I hope the reader has not forgotten Joshua Daunton, for I did not. Having a very especial regard to the health of his body, he took care to keep himself ill. The seventy-one lashes due to him, he would most generously have remitted altogether. His eagerness to cancel the debt, was only equal to Captain Reud's eagerness to pay, and to that of his six midshipmen masters to see it paid. Old Pigtop was positively devout in this wish, for, after the gash had healed, it left a very singular scar, that traversed his lip obliquely, and gave a most ludicrous expression to a face, that was before remarkably ill favored. One side of his visage seemed to have a continual ghastly smirk, like what you might suppose to decorate the countenance of a half drunken Succubus, the other, a continual whimper, that remided you of a lately whipped baboon.

I conclude that Daunton was really ill, for he kept to his hammock in the sick bay, and Dr. Thompson was much too clever, and too old a man-of-war's man, to be deceived by a simulated sickness.

The day after, when I was enjoying my arrest in the dignified idleness of a snooze in a pea-jacket, on one of the lockers, the loblolly boy came to me, saying, that Daunton was much worse, and that he humbly and earnestly requested to see me. I went, though with much reluctance. He appeared to be dreadfully ill, yet an ambiguous smile lighted upon his countenance when he saw me moodily standing near him.

He was seated on one corner of the bench in the bay, apparently under the influence of ague, for he trembled excessively, and he was well wrapped up in blankets. Altogether, notwithstanding the regularity of his features, he was a revolting spectacle. The following curious dialogue ensued.

"Daunton, I am ready to hear you."

"Thank you, Edward."

"Fellow! you may have heard that I am a prisoner—in disgrace—but not in dishonor; but know, scoundrel, that if I were to swing the next minute at the yard-arm, I would not tolerate, or answer to such familiarity. Speak respectfully, or I leave you."

"Mr. Percy, pray do not speak so loudly, or the other invalids will hear us."

"Hear us, sirrah! they may, and welcome. Scoundrel! can *we* have any secrets?"

The fiery hate, that flashes from the eye of venomous impotence, played upon me, at the very moment that the tone of his voice became more bland, and his deportment more submissive.

"Mr. Percy, your honor, will you condescend to hear me? It is for your own good, sir. Pray be no longer angry. I think I am dying; will you forgive me—will you shake hands with me?" And he extended to me his thin and delicate hand.

"Oh, no no!" I exclaimed, accompanying my sneer with all the scorn that I could put in my countenance. "Such things as you don't die. Reptiles are tenacious of life: for the malicious and ape-like mischiefs that you have done to me and to my messmates—though in positive guilt I hold them to be worse than actual felony, I forgive you—but, interchange the token of friendship with such as you—never!"

"Edward Percy, I know you."

"Insolent rascal! know yourself; dare to send for me no more. I leave you."

I turned upon my heel, and was about leaving this floating hospital, when again that familiar tone of the voice, that had struck the inmost chord of my heart, in his shrieking appeal at the gangway, arrested me, and the astounding words which he uttered, quickly brought me to his side. In that strange tone, that seemed to have been born with my existence, he exclaimed, distinctly, yet not loudly, "Brother Edward listen to me."

"Liar, cheat, swindler!" I hissed forth in an impassioned whisper, close to his inclined ear, "my heart disowns you—my soul abhors you—my gorge rises at you. I abominate—I loathe you—most contemptible, yet most ineffable liar."

"Oh, brother!" and a hectic flush came over his chalky countenance, whilst a sardonic smile played over his features. "You can speak low enough now. 'Tis a pity that primogeniture is so little regarded in his majesty's vessels of war, but methink that you are but little dutiful, seeing that I am some ten years your senior, and, that I do not scorn to own *you*, though you are the son of my father's paramour."

The horrible words shot ice into my heart. I could no longer retain my stooping position over him, but feeling faint, and very sick, I sat down involuntarily beside him. But the agony of apprehension was but for a moment. A mirth stern and wild, brought its relief to my paralysed bosom, and laughing loudly, I jumped up and exclaimed, "Josh, you little vagabond, come, carry me a pick-a-back—son of a respectable pawnbroker of Whitechapel—how many paramours was the worthy old gentleman in the habit of keeping? Respectable scion of such a respectable parent, who finished his studies by a little tramping, a little thieving, a little swindling, a little forging—I heartily thank you for the amusement you have afforded me."

"Oh, my good brother, deceive not yourself! I repeat that I have tramped, thieved, swindled, ay, and forged—and to whom do I owe all this ignominy. To you—to you—to you. Yet I do not hate you very, very much. You showed some fraternal feeling when they seared my back with the indelible scar of disgrace. I have lied to you, but it suited my purpose."

"And I give you the confidence due to a liar."

"What! still incredulous, brother of mine! Do you know these—and these?"

The handwriting was singular, and very elegant. I knew the letters at once. They were the somewhat affected amatory effusions of that superb woman, Mrs. Cousand, whom I have described in the early part of this life. They spoke of Edward—of Edward Percy, and described with tolerable accuracy my singular birth at the Crown Inn at Reading.

(*To be continued.*)

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## LE VILAIN.

Some folks I know (not over wise)
Are very apt to criticise
The "de" before my name;
Nay, more, they want me to confess
From what branch of the old noblesse
This trifling honor came.
Hurt at these queries, I reply,
"I'm not of noble blood, not I,
I have no arms to show;
I've nought beyond a patriot's worth,
And as for parentage or birth,
'I'm low, and very low.'"*

Indeed, I think this hapless "de"
Is (if I reason right) a slur;
By it, I plainly see
My ancestors in days of yore
The yoke of some harsh tyrant bore,
And sighed for liberty.
This yoke was then and may be still
The stone that turns within the mill;
I think so, and 'tis plain
That if this bondage formed the stone,
It may as clearly too be shown,
The people were the grain.

But, then, my grandsires ne'er oppressed
The few poor vassals they possessed,
In easy bondage placed;
What power they had was not abused,
The swords they wore were never used
To lay their country waste.
These honest men (for so I hear)
Stuck to the homes they held so dear;
Merlin himself might see
His magic power employed in vain
To make even one a chamberlain
To wait on royalty.

My ancestors, though brave in heart,
In party feuds ne'er took a part,
Nor mixed in civil broil;
Nor one would lend his feeble aid
To assist the inroads Britain made
Upon their native soil.
And when the church in that dark age
A war against our rights would wage,
And overwhelm us all,
They never mixed in church intrigue,
Not one would ever join "the League"
To aid their country's fall.

Ye noble and exalted souls
With ribbons in your button-holes,
Who when ye scent the game,
Like pointers follow in the track,
Oh! do not grudge the "*de*" I tack
To my ignoble name.
I really like a humble breed,
But then I'm touchy, and indeed
I'm mischievous, you know—
I flatter no one, no not I;
But as to rank and family,
I'm "low, and very low."

JOHN WARING.

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* Je suis vilain, très vilain.

# DE L'ALLEMAGNE.

PAR MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR C. M. FRIEDLAENDER,

MEMBRE CORRESPONDANT DE L'INSTITUT HISTORIQUE DE FRANCE, ETC. ETC.

## CHAPITRE I.

### Observations générales.

Le tableau que nous nous proposons de dérouler ici, n'est pas ce qu'on appelle un tableau de voyage comme en font des Anglais pour se reposer des fatigues de la saison; ou un cours littéraire, torturé dans un habit à la mode et soumis à toutes les formes de la coquetterie et à toutes les exigences sociales, comme en font les Français: c'est un tableau caractéristique, qui expose l'Allemagne telle qu'elle est, qui lui laisse ses vues, ses mœurs, sa société; et nous serons conduits dans toutes les directions possibles à travers les régions littéraires et philosophiques de ce pays, si peu connu à l'étranger, ou connu peu favorablement. Nous ne manquons pas d'auteurs étrangers, Anglais, Français, qui se sont hasardés à peindre ce pays, si intéressant sous tous les rapports; nous devons seulement regretter que ces écrivains, dont le grand nombre mérite une considération toute particulière, aient traité l'Allemagne, comme l'homme avec sa prédilection, du reste toute naturelle, traite l'anatomie de l'animal; ils ont placé tout en dehors de leur patrie dans un ordre de choses secondaires, et n'ont trouvé de beautés que dans les ressemblances.

Le caractère réfléchi de l'Anglais, ses penchans religieux, sa lenteur et son rationalisme dans les affaires publique, offrent plus d'un rapprochement avec le caractère Allemand; mais rien de plus opposé à celui-ci que le caractère Français, ses plaisirs positifs, son penchant irreligieux, sa vivacité et sa fantasmagorie dans les affaires publiques; et malgré ce contraste si frappant, nous voyons les auteurs Français formuler tout d'après leur modèle national ou local. Ils prétendent se placer vis-à-vis de l'Europe, comme le Parisien vis-à-vis de son compatriote *extra muros*. Nous aurons occasion de faire apprécier plus spécialement la vérité de cette remarque.

Vouloir formuler l'Allemagne d'après les habitudes si uniformes des Français, d'après la légèreté de leurs mœurs, d'après leur indifférence religieuse; c'est en effet lui ôter son génie, et toutes ses beautés! c'est vouloir comme par enchantement transformer un ecclésiastique en un danseur de l'opéra et juger par sa première pose de l'adresse ou de la maladresse d'une nation. La prétention, les règles sociales, les habitudes si ridiculement consciencieuses du Français, son insouciance et par conséquent son ignorance pour tout ce qui sort de cette cercle, est tellement démesurée et barbare que M. Ducis a du lui présenter les beautés dramatiques de Shakspeare* sous l'habit national ornées de la perruque de Racine et des manchettes de rigueur de Buffon; et M. Benjamin Constant dans ses imitations du théâtre Allemand a du retrancher des tragédies de Schiller ce qui est pour ainsi dire indispensable à leur marche, à leur caractère, à leur élévation poétique, à leur nature; ce qui me fait penser par parenthèse à la femme de chambre d'une dame luxurieuse, qui se coupa les pouces des pieds, afin de pouvoir mettre le soulier que sa maîtresse lui avait donné. Et cependant d'après cette échelle les Français jugent du mérite et du charme de la littérature étrangère!

L'Anglais plus fier, sans cependant être aussi prétentieux que le Français, se montre moins tranchant, et admire quelquefois ce qu'il ne saurait comprendre; mais en Angleterre aussi, les chefs d'œuvres Allemands sont bien souvent assujettis à des critiques déplacées, et doivent assez souvent subir des arrangemens, qui les rendent, à la fin, propres à être présentés devant le public Anglais; mais ils sont alors privés de leur charme national, privés de toutes les beautés d'une première inspiration.

Vis-à-vis de ces actes barbares, de cette transfiguration, de cette torture littéraire, se place l'Allemagne comme le génie protecteur de hauts talents; elle s'est créée une véritable république des lettres, où toutes les productions jouissent des mêmes droits que les productions des indigènes. Elle sait apprécier et rendre justice à chacun selon ses œuvres, et ne prétendant pas soumettre les étrangers au joug de ses règles et de ses formes sociales, elle laisse à chaque œuvre sa couleur, sa grace, ses conceptions. Les tragédies de Shakspeare, de Calderon, de Corneille, y sont représentées, comme on les représente en Angleterre, en Espagne, en France; les traductions sont d'une scrupuleuse exactitude et le public les applaudit sans préoccupation, avec toute la franchise Allemande.

Tout sévère qu'il paraît dans ses jugemens, tout exigeant qu'il se montre envers les littérateurs nationaux, l'Allemand ne manque pas d'indulgence envers l'étranger. Original dans sa littérature, il tient bien moins à ses habitudes que toute autre nation, et il se forme assez promptement d'après les modèles qu'il a devant lui. Est-ce là un défaut de nationalité ou est-ce par application qu'il parvient bien plus facilement que toute autre nation à faire comme les autres, à se confondre dans les masses? nous n'entrerons pas ici, dans les détails nécessaires pour approfondir cette question; il nous semble cependant que c'est un peu de l'un et de l'autre. Moins habitué que le Français à étudier les hommes et la vie sociale, il est cependant juge plus compé-

* C'est manquer de respect au génie que de tronquer et surtout corriger ses productions. Qu'en jouant Shakspeare on laisse de côté quelque grossièretés inutiles et choquantes, je le concois. Mais est-il croyable que son théâtre soit tellement dénaturé, qu'on le mette en scène avec toutes les beautés de moins et toutes les niaiseries de plus, que s'il revenait, son fantôme aurait peine à reconnaître cette autre fantôme! —*F. F. Ampère, Discours prononcé à l'Athénée de Marseille*, 1830.

tent; car sa prédilection nationale ne le domine pas autant, et quoique plus lent dans ses progrès, il avance avec plus de sureté et plus d'avenir. L'Allemand est calme parcequ'il tient à sa dignité, il est lourd dans sa conversation car il pèse la valeur de ses expressions et il met du raisonnement dans ses phrases; le Français est vif et léger dans sa conversation, il ne veut que du brillant, et son feu n'est qu'un feu d'artifice où tout vise à l'éclat. L'Allemand sacrifie la forme à la chose, le Français au contraire sacrifie tout à la forme; il parle de ce qu'il ne connaît pas, avec le même aplomb que de ce qu'il connaît, et il n'est jamais embarrassé de se tirer d'affaire; car à defaut de raisonnement, il a toujours quelques couplets de l'un ou de l'autre vaudeville à sa disposition, qu'il fait avancer comme une armée de réserve pour couvrir sa retraite. L'Allemand, au contraire, ne se hasarde pas facilement sur un terrain qu'il ne saurait occuper avec dignité, il ne se jette pas à tête perdue dans la première discussion venue; il garde le silence, pour faire sa reconnaissance, et ne s'avance qu'avec connaissance de cause; sa vie tout entière est dans l'avenir, tandis que le Français ne voit que la jouissance du moment.

L'Anglais ne manque certainement pas de dignité; mais il la cherche malheureusement dans une réserve outre mesure, qui lui ôte son caractère noble et franc. Avec un peu moins de sévérité et un peu plus de confiance, il pourrait donner à son caractère ce qui lui manque, et se placer entre l'Allemagne et la France pour inspirer plus de douceur à l'un et plus de force à l'autre. Tout original qu'il paraît isolé des autres, l'Anglais cesse de se montrer tel quand on le voit dans sa société, qui n'est qu'une échelle adossée contre le trône, comme l'échelle de Jacob contre le ciel, et où tout le monde se presse et se singe pour ressembler au plus haut. La grandeur est son idole, il ne vit que dans elle et pour elle, et souvent, et même trop souvent, il se rend plus petit qu'il ne l'est en effet pour de quelques reflets de son astre. L'Anglais s'incline devant ses supérieurs plus humblement que tout autre, il se montre indifférent envers ses semblables et rude et inconvenant envers ses inférieurs; ce qui donne à la nation ce caractère antisocial qu'on lui connaît. Il est généreux sans doute et grand; mais sa générosité ressemble bien souvent au luxe, et sa grandeur au mépris. Il a cependant des qualités incontestables, car il a de la religion dans sa conscience et de la conscience dans sa religion, ce qui vaut bien certaines amabilités certains dehors, entraînants sans doute, mais qui font souvent tomber l'homme d'autant plus bas que les prétentions sociales l'ont plus élevé sur le sommet des formes, où tout, cœur et âme, s'efface dans ces exigences.

Un des écrivains les plus illustres de l'Allemagne, Frédéric Richter,—appelé ordinairement, Jean Paul, comme les Français appellent leur Rousseau, Jean Jacques, et leur Paul Louis Courier, Paul Louis,—expose d'une manière assez piquante les élémens des trois grandes nations de l'Europe. *L'empire de la mer, dit-il, est aux Anglais, celui de la terre aux Français, et celui de l'air aux Allemands:* j'ajouterai moi, que le Français se reconnaît à la première vue, dans le monde et sur la place publique où il passe sa vie; l'Anglais dans les *meetings* et à l'église; et l'Allemand dans une chaire de rhétorique ou dans le paradis domestique entouré de sa femme et de ses enfans: que l'Anglais vit dans l'isolement, lui qui peut le moins se passer des autres, le Français dans la foule, et l'Allemand dans l'avenir: c'est-à-dire que l'Anglais fait de l'égoisme à un, le Français à deux, et l'égoisme de l'Allemand le voici scrupuleusement indiqué dans les vers de Schiller intitulés:—

### Le Partage du Monde.

Prenez le monde; s'écria Dieu du haut de son trône
Aux hommes, prenez-le, il est à vous;
Je vous le donne en héritage et fief éternel,
Mais partagez le fraternellement entre vous.

Tous se pressèrent alors pour faire leurs arrangemens,
Jeunes et vieux se mirent en mouvement.
Le laboureur s'empara des productions de la terre,
Le chasseur rôdait à travers la forêt.

Le marchand prit ce que pouvait contenir ses greniers,
L'abbé choisit les meilleurs vins,
Le roi ferma les ponts et les chaussées
Prétendant que tout dixième était à lui.

Très tard après que le partage fût fait,
S'approche le poëte, il venait de bien loin.
Hélas! on ne voyait plus rien nulle part,
Tout déjà avait trouvé son maître.

Malheureux que je suis! dois-je donc seul
Etre oublié, moi le plus fidèle de tes enfans?
C'est ainsi qu'il fit retentir ses plaintes déchirantes,
En se jetant devant le trône de Dieu.

Si tu séjournes dans l'empire des rêveries,
Répliqua Dieu, ne te fâche pas contre moi:
Où donc as tu passé ton temps lors du partage?
J'étais, dit le poëte, auprès de toi.

Mes yeux étaient attachés à ta splendeur,
Et mes oreilles n'entendirent que l'harmonie des cieux;
Pardonne, O Dieu, à l'esprit, qui tout enivré de ta lumière,
Avait perdu de vue la terre.

Quoi faire? reprit le Seigneur, le monde est donné:
L'automne, la chasse, le marché ne m'appartiennent plus.
Veux-tu vivre avec moi, dans mon ciel?
Aussi souvent que tu viendras, il te sera ouvert.

DIE THEILUNG DER ERDE.

Nehmt die Welt, rief Zeus von seinen Höhen
Den Menschen zu: nehmt, sie soll euer sein,
Euch schenk' ich sie zum Erb und ew'gen Lehen;
Doch theilt euch brüderlich darein.

Da eilt was Hände hat, sich einzurichten,
Es regte sich geschäftig Jung und Alt.
Der Ackermann grieft nach des Feldes Früchten,
Der Junker birschte durch den Wald.

Der Kaufmann nimmt was seine Speicher fassen,
Der Abt wählt sich den edlen Firnewein,
Der König sperrt die Brücken und die Strassen
Und spricht, der Zehnte ist mein.

Ganz spät, nachdem die Theilung längst geschehen
Naht der Poet, er kam aus weiter Fern'.
Ach! da war überall nichts mehr zu sehen
Und alles hatte seinen Herrn.

Weh mir! so soll ich denn allein von allen
Vergessen sein, ich, dein getreuster Sohn!
So liess er laut der Klage Ruf erschallen
Und warf sich hin, vor Jovis Thron,

Wenn du im Land der Träume wich verweilet,
Versetzt der Gott, so hadre nicht mit mir.
Wo warst du denn, als man die Welt getheilet?
Ich war, sprach der Poet, bei dir.

Mein Auge hing an deinem Angesichte,
An deines Himmels Harmonie mein Ohr;
Verzeih dem Geiste, der von deinem Lichte
Beraüscht, des Irdische verlor.

Was thun, spricht Zeus, die Welt ist weggegeben:
Der Herbst, die Jagd, der Markt ist nicht mehr mein.
Willst du in meinem Himmel mit mir leben,
So oft du kommst, er soll dir offen sein.

## CHAPITRE II.

### Les auteurs étrangers,

### MADAME DE STAEL.

Nous consacrerons quelques uns des chapitres suivants aux productions diverses des écrivains étrangers, afin de pouvoir rectifier certaines erreurs, qui sont encore jusqu'ici à l'ordre du jour tant en France qu'en Angleterre. Sans nous interrompre dans nos réflexions générales, nous aurons l'occasion d'y exposer nos opinions sur les divers objets que nous pourrions rencontrer dans cette revue. La politesse sociale et l'influence qu'a exercée à l'étranger l'ouvrage de Madame de Staël, nous impose le devoir de la mettre en tête. Nous regrettons vivement de devoir exercer toute la sévérité *Allemande* envers l'auteur aussi gracieux que spirituel de "Corinne;" mais il me semble que la prétention de cet ouvrage, de *l'Allemagne*, ne peut supporter d'autres mesures que celle d'une critique séyère; l'indulgence envers Madame de Staël ne serait que de l'outrage.

Si *Piron* avait raison de dire, relativement à l'académie *des quarante*: ils ont de l'esprit pour *quatre*, nous aussi nous pourrions dire hardiment sans craindre de blesser la vérité, que dans le livre sur *l'Allemagne* de Madame de Staël il y a de l'esprit pour *deux*. C'est d'abord cet esprit brillant qui se lève dans les airs, comme une fusée et jette ses étincelles *aux mille couleurs*, sur la foule étonnée, *cet esprit Français* qui dit tout, et qui par conséquent est la propriété de Madame de Staël, et puis cet esprit réfléchi tout rationnel qui sait tout, *l'esprit Allemand* de M. de Schlegel. "Les Allemands," dit Madame de Staël dans le chapitre I., "ont le tort de mettre dans les conversations, ce qui ne convient qu'aux livres." Quant à moi, je crois que Madame de Staël a eu tort de faire ce reproche aux Allemands; car si M. de Schlegel n'avait pas mis dans sa conversation ce qui convient aux livres, son livre sur l'Allemagne ne serait jamais devenu la conversation la plus instructive pour les Français; elle n'aurait fait qu'un livre essentiellement amusant.

Madame de Staël ne trouve pas en Allemagne les plaisirs, les délices de la France, elle n'y trouve que des regrets, et tout accablée de ces sentimens elle ne s'avance qu'avec toute la préoccupation Française qui la rend aussi aveugle qu'insensible. C'est en Allemagne qu'elle apprend à apprécier tous les charmes, tout l'entraînement, tout le bonheur de la société Française, et ses observations par fois *trop spirituelles*, ressemblent bien souvent aux élégies féminines du *malheureux Ovide*, qui se plaisait tant dans ses larmes. Au reste, le livre de *l'Allemagne* de Madame de Staël est plutôt un tableau caractéristique, dans lequel brillent, à côté de quelques légers défauts, les avantages immenses d'être Français, que tout autre chose: la partie consacrée à la littérature, quoique jetée çà et là, peut être d'une grande valeur pour la France et pour l'étranger qui a traduit cet ouvrage; mais le livre dans son ensemble, ne ressemble pas plus à l'Allemagne, que le "Pacha" du Capt. Marryat ressemble au Grand Turc. La différence entre ces deux, c'est que l'auteur du "Peter Simple" a bien voulu faire une satyre piquante, tandis que Madame de Staël en a fait une sans le vouloir. Quelques détails pris au hasard mettront le lecteur au courant de mes pensées; j'aime à croire que l'on ne m'accusera pas, d'avoir opposé de la partialité à la partialité. Il n'est pas rare aujourd'hui de trouver des personnes qui quoique nées en Pologne vivent en France, en bonne harmonie avec les Français, les Anglais, les Allemands, les Italiens, les Polonais, comme Madame de Staël vécut jadis en Allemagne; elles ont sans doute regretté comme elle leur patrie, les lieux de leur nais-

sance, de leur berceau, de leur enfance, de leur jeunesse; mais comme elles savaient d'avance qu'elles ne retrouveraient pas en France ce qu'elles ont dû abandonner, elles se sont résignées et ont pris les choses telles qu'elles se presentaient et non pas comme elles avaient l'habitude de les prendre. Madame de Staël n'est pas contente de l'Allemand parcequ'il ne ressemble pas au Français; je suis mécontent du livre de Madame de Staël parcequ'il est trop Français; c'est à dire que tout y est sacrifié à la belle forme, ce qui me rappelle l'Arlequin que Madame de Staël a vu à Vienne, arrivé revêtu d'une grande robe et d'une magnifique perruque et qui tout à coup s'escamotait lui-même. Oui, il s'escamotait lui-même et devinez, chers lecteurs, ce qu'il nous a laissé, ou plutôt ce qu'il a laissé *à la societe Viennoise?* Il lui a laissé debout, sa robe et sa perruque pour figurer à sa place, et s'en allait vivre ailleurs! Entrons en matière. "Leur imagination," dit Madame de Staël, "se plaît *dans les vieilles tours*—on dirait que les Allemands sont des corbeaux—dans les crénaux, et les revenans et les mystères d'une *nature rêveuse* et solitaire forment le principal charme de leur poésie."

Il est malheureusement trop vrai que l'Allemand de nos jours, doué de tant soit peu d'imagination, doit s'arranger de manière que cette imagination se plaise *dans les vieilles tours*, où il peut s'amuser avec les revenans, qui lui remplacent son maître d'histoire: quant *aux mystères d'une nature rêveuse*, je n'y comprends rien. Je sais ce que, du reste, tout le monde pourrait savoir aussi bien que moi: *que la nature peut dormir;* mais ce que j'ignorais complettement c'est qu'elle pouvait rêver, et rêver des mystères qui forment le principal charme de la poésie. Il faut donc convenir que la nature est bien plus avancée en Allemagne que par tout ailleurs; et malgré cette importante découverte, nous remarquons dans un autre chapitre du livre de Madame de Staël, qu'en Allemagne "il n'y a que les villes littéraires qui puissent vraiment intéresser, car la société est nulle et la nature peu de chose."

En parcourant ce peu de chose, *l'aspect de l'Allemagne* il fait jeter quelques faibles regards sur les jardins; c'est sans doute *peu de chose* que les jardins, mais voyons toujours ce que Madame de Staël nous en dit, "Les jardins sont presque aussi beaux dans quelques parties de l'Allemagne qu'en Angleterre; le luxe des jardins suppose toujours qu'on aime la nature."

Je n'ai jamais su comprendre le rapport du luxe avec la nature, et je ne le comprends pas encore. Il me semble que l'un finit toujours là où commence l'autre, et qu'il n'y a au monde rien qui dénature plus la nature que le luxe. Les Allemands aiment la nature dans leurs jardins, dans leurs prairies, dans leurs rapports avec la société, dans leur poésie, dans leur amour, c'est vrai, c'est même très vrai. Mais le luxe estropie la nature dans les jardins, abîme les prairies, gâte l'homme dans ses rapports avec la société, surcharge la poésie et détruit l'amour. Or, si Madame de Staël s'est aperçue que les Allemands aiment la nature, ce n'est certainement pas par le luxe de leurs jardins, car les jardins ressemble nt ordinairement à la nature, comme l'homme à la mode, entortillé dans sa cravate, dans s°n pantalon collant, dans son habit serré, ressemble au bon campagnard à la mine toute patriarcale. Nous devons, du reste, convenir que les Allemands ont fait d'énormes progrès dans l'économie politique, car ils savent faire du luxe avec bien *peu de chose.*

De cette promenade à travers le luxe de la nature, nous conduirons le lecteur dans les régions politiques, qui ont inspiré à Madame de Staël les réflexions suivantes:—

"Cette division de l'Allemagne si funeste à sa force politique, était cependant très favorable aux essais de tout genre que peuvent tenter le génie et l'imagination. Il y avait une sorte d'anarchie douce et paisible en fait d'opinions littéraires et métaphysiques, qui permettait à un homme le développement entier de sa manière de voir."

Je ne sais quelle opinion l'on peut avoir de cette phrase; quant à moi je ne me serais jamais figuré que le génie des Anglais et des Français se développe moins que celui des Allemands, parcequ'il ne jouit pas de l'agrément de faire viser son passeport trois fois par jour, par trois différentes autorités; de faire fouiller ses effets par trois différentes douanes, et se faire suivre par trois différens agens de la police secrète, qui tiennent sous clef tout le génie de l'Allemagne. Cette douce et paisible anarchie en *fait d'opinions littéraires et métaphysiques*, permettait peut-être à Madame de Staël le développement entier de sa manière de voir individuelle: quant à moi je n'ai jamais joui de ces avantages, pas plus que t ous les autres écrivains étrangers ou Allemands, qui ont une manière de voir à eux et de voir tant soit peu clairement. Je conçois que Mde. de Staël, exilée de la *France impériale*, avait besoin de ménager l'hospitalité de l'Allemagne; mais il me semble inconvenant et déplacé de chercher un mérite—quand même ce ne serait qu'un mérite littéraire et philosophique—dans ce qu'il y a de plus outrageant pour le caractère national, et de plus dégradant pour la position politique d'un pays, qu'elle se plaît elle même à signaler par sa position géographique, *le cœur de l'Europe*, en y ajoutant, *que la grande association continentale ne saurait retrouver son indépendance que par celle de ce pays.*"

Or si cette anarchie dans le cœur de l'Europe ne perd pas un peu de sa douceur et de son caractère paisible, si elle ne parvient pas à mettre un peu d'ordre dans sa littérature et sa philosophie, comment retrouver l'indépendance de la grande association continentale? Il est vrai que les temps ont changé, depuis que Madame de Staël a fait son ouvrage, mais ce qui paraît honteux aujourd'hui ne le fut pas moins alors. Ce cœur palpitant de douces et paisibles anarchies dans trente-quatre différens états, n'aurait pas moins de développement dans sa littérature et sa métaphysique, s'il ne servait qu'à animer un seul et grand corps tel que la situation géographique l'a fait. La division de

l'Allemagne si funeste à sa force politique ne l'est pas moins à sa force morale, car elle ne sert au fond qu'à corrompre l'esprit de la littérature, à dégrader le génie, et se faire des instrumens de tous les deux. L'Allemagne de Tacite, cette division de peuplades rudes et guerrières, aurait peut-être pu se consoler de l'anarchie qui paraît si douce à Madame de Staël; mais l'Allemagne civilisée, l'Allemagne si érudite, si lettrée et si philosophique, l'Allemagne de Madame de Staël, cette Allemagne *du dix-neuvième siècle!* Oh! c'est en effet un bien triste éloge que lui prodigue la victime du gouvernement impérial. Si le génie et l'imagination ne produisent d'autres consolations que cette philosophie Sardanapalique, si ce sont là les fruits des sciences et des lettres; mieux vaudrait de rester dans les ténèbres. On ne sentirait pas alors toute l'étendue d'une position d'esclavage si dégradante pour l'esprit humain; on ne sentirait pas alors toute l'étendue du mépris auquel s'expose un peuple aussi avancé dans la douce et paisible anarchie en fait d'opinions littéraries et métaphysiques, on ne sentirait pas toute la force de l'humiliant éloge que lui prodigue Madame de Staël.

"L'indépendance même," dit-elle plus loin, "dont on jouissait en Allemagne, sous presque tous les rapports, rendait les Allemands indifférents à la liberté. L'indépendance est un bien, la liberté une garantie, et précisément parceque personne n'était froissé en Allemagne, ni dans ses droits, ni dans ses jouissances, on ne sentait pas le besoin d'un ordre de choses qui maintient ce bonheur. Les tribunaux de l'empire (d'Autriche) promettaient une justice sûre quoique lente, contre tout acte arbitraire; et la modération des souverains et la sagesse de leurs peuples, ne donnait presque jamais lieu à des réclamations; on ne croyait donc pas avoir besoin de fortifications constitutionnelles quand on ne voyait point d'agresseurs."

Est-il possible de pousser plus loin la dérision et la courtoisie que ne le fait Madame de Staël, en nous exposant le développement entier de sa manière de voir individuelle? Le Duc de Broglie a sans doute puisé dans l'ouvrage de sa belle-mère, le principe de la régénération dont il vient de glorifier la France moderne. Il a voulu faire jouir la France aussi de cette indépendance dont jouissait l'Allemagne sous presque tous les rapports, et il l'a gratifiée *des lois de la censure*, comme une garantie de la liberté, persuadé que les Français n'avaient pas besoin de fortifications constitutionnelles quand on ne voit point d'agresseur, et quand la modération du souverain et la sagesse du peuple ne donnent presque jamais lieu à des réclamations. Les Allemands ne sentaient pas le besoin de garanties, pour maintenir le bonheur de leur indépendance, qui les rendaient indifférents à la liberté; mais la France de Messieurs de Broglie, Guizot, Thiers etc., sentait le besoin de maintenir un ordre de choses—cause de leur bonheur—et elle offrait à cet effet aux *Français de Juillet* le bien de l'indépendance à l'instar de la haute sagesse des cours d'Allemagne. Le cabinet de la France régénérée s'écria sans doute avec tout *le luxe de la justice** de Madame de Staël; "comme dans l'exécution de ces lois défectueuses en elles-mêmes il n'y avait point d'injustice, l'égalité dans l'application consolait—ou consolera—de l'inégalité dans le principe."

C'est une vérité triste mais incontestable, que les écrivains qui n'ont plus rien à espérer de la presse, deviennent ses ennemis les plus redoutables, même jusqu'à cette douce et paisible anarchie, en fait d'opinions littéraires et metaphysiques, pour que l'ordre règne dans tous les esprits, du bord de la Vistule jusqu'à la Seine et à la Loire!

Chaque pays présente ses avantages et ses désavantages; mais un des principaux désavantages de la Société de Vienne, dit Madame de Staël, c'est que les nobles et les hommes de lettres ne se mêlent point ensemble. C'est pire en effect que lors de la république d'Athènes, car les hommes de lettres ou plutôt les savans de ce temps recherchaient les riches, ce que le fameux orateur Phocion nous a très ingénieusement expliqué en disant: *que les riches ne savaient pas ce qui leur manquait, mais bien les savans.* Madame de Staël aurait dû au moins visiter d'autres cercles, que ceux des nobles, c'est alors qu'elle aurait trouvé, que les hommes de lettres en Allemagne mènent la vie la plus retirée et ne se mêlent que bien rarement dans cette foule qu'elle trouve si insipide dans son chapitre Vienne, en parlant de la société en général, de sa conversation de salon, etc.; "une telle distraction," dit-elle, "ne permet de suivre aucune idée et transforme le langage en un gazouillement qui peut être appris aux hommes comme à des oiseaux." Or donc, comme il ne faut pas d'idées aux oiseaux pour tenir une conversation *de gazouillement* qui peut être appris, comment se fait-il que Madame de Staël ne rende pas aux Allemands la justice qu'elle rend aux oiseaux, car nous voyons plus loin: "un Français sait encore parler, lors même qu'il n'a point d'idées,"—gazouillement qui peut être appris,—"un Allemand en a toujours dans sa tête un peu plus qu'il ne saurait exprimer." C'est donc dans une distance de quatre à cinq pages qu'il aurait oublié son gazouillement? J'aurais ajouté alors: "les Allemands manquent de mémoire, car dans un chapitre ils savent *la langage de gazouillement*, que l'on peut apprendre aux hommes et pour lequel il ne faut pas d'idées, et dans le prochain ils en ont dans leur tête un peu plus qu'ils ne savent exprimer." Je me rappelle avoir vu à Paris dans un livre de thèmes: "l'Allemand est une langue riche

* "L'espèce d'impartialité, *luxe de la justice*, qui caractérise les Allemands, les rend beaucoup plus susceptibles de s'enflamer pour les pensées abstraites, que pour les intérêts de la vie."

J'aurais mieux compris la prédilection des Allemands pour la nature, dans leur luxe de la justice, que dans le luxe des jardins; nous devons dans tous les cas rendre justice à Madame de Staël de son luxe de franchise. Si l'impartialité est un luxe et la justice une pensée abstraite, et que tous les deux caractérisent les Allemands, si essentiellement opposé au caractère Francais, nous devons en conclure, d'après l'autorité de Madame de Staël, que la partialité est la nature des Francais, et l'injustice l'idée dominante et inséparable aux intérêts de leur vie.

en idées." Je recommanderai donc aux Français cette langue, pour qu'ils trouvent un peu plus d'idées, ce qui leur ôtera la faculté de les exprimer. Il y a des langues plus ou moins flexibles, des langues plus ou moins propres à la poésie, ou à la prose poétique, comme il y a des nations plus ou moins bavardes ; c'est incontestable. Mais tout homme qui a des idées arrêtées et une langue, qu'elle soit Turque ou Allemande, saura toujours s'exprimer. Il n'y a que des idées vagues, qui nous privent de la faculté de trouver des paroles propres à faire comprendre aux autres, ce que nous ne comprenons pas nous-mêmes. Comme Madame de Staël ne savait pas assez d'Allemand, pour suivre en Allemagne une conversation Allemande, les personnes qui l'entouraient dans la société, avaient peut-être eu à luttre contre les difficultés que l'on rencontre en parlant une langue étrangère ; mais l'Allemand qui a des idées claires saura toujours les exprimer en Allemand; bien souvent il le saurait aussi en Français, en Anglais, en Italien, etc., avantage que n'ont pas les Français, qui ne savent guère que leur langue, qui leur offre cependant, la facilité de faire des livres, comme on fait des conversations, et de parler lors même qu'on n'a plus d'idées.

### *Madame de Stael et sa langue Allemande.*

Comme une langue étrangère n'est pas précisément un article de mode, (quoiqu'on la considère le plus souvent comme un article de luxe,) elle ne peut être assujettie aux mouvements du caprice. Chaque langue a, du reste, ses règles fixes, je dirai même sa subordination militaire, et des manœuvres plus ou moins avancées dans la stratégie. En suivant le plan d'attaque de Madame de Staël, nous trouvons d'abord, qu'elle n'est pas contente de la langue Allemande, par rapport à sa construction, qui est en effet très ennuyeuse pour bien du monde. "Par la nature même de sa construction grammaticale le sens n'est ordinairement compris qu'à la fin de la phrase. Ainsi ce plaisir de s'interrompre, qui rend la discussion si animée en France, et force de dire si vite, ce qu'il importe de faire entendre, ce plaisir, ne peut exister en Allemagne." Pour comprendre toute la portée de cette remarque, qui frappe d'une manière si accablante la différence de l'esprit de conversation, je citerai ce qui est arrivé au célèbre violoniste Français M. Lafond, quand il avait l'honneur de se faire entendre dans les salons d'un duc d'Angleterre. Le gracieux virtuose entrait précisément dans une conversation toute poétique, propre à jeter des idées frivoles dans les cœurs des anges, lorsque le noble duc, pour avoir le plaisir que regrette Madame de Staël, ce plaisir d'interrompre et rendre la discussion plus animée, le force de descendre du haut de cet enchantement, en applaudissant avant que l'artiste ait fini sa phrase. C'est encore un plaisir qui ne peut exister en Allemagne. Si vous demandiez à Madame de Staël comment cela se fait, elle vous dirait très ingénieusement : "Les Allemands craignent plus de faire de la peine, qu'ils n'ont envie de plaire." C'est en effet ainsi ; mais elle conclut "que de là vient qu'ils ont soumi autant qu'ils ont pu la politesse à des règles, et que leur langue si hardie dans les livres, est singulièrement asservie en conversation, par toutes les formules dont elle est surchargée !" C'est une erreur, et une erreur assez grave. Madame de Staël confond ici deux choses toutes différentes l'une de l'autre. Renoncer à l'amour-propre si naturel à l'homme, à l'envie de plaire, pour ne pas faire de la peine, ce n'est pas, à ce qu'il me paraît, l'effet des règles d'une simple politesse, et la langue Allemande, si hardie dans les livres, ne le serait pas moins dans la conversation, si le cœur toujours plein de sentimens de délicatesse ne prescrivait les règles si indispensables, à la cordialité de la société. Madame de Staël a confondu ici les formes de la société, avec les sentimens de l'homme. L'exemple cité à propos de cette observation, ne me paraît rien moins qu'à propos, car tout en appelant Madame de Staël Madame la Baronne,* je pourrais si elle vivait encore, lui dire des choses qui lui feraient de la peine.

Tantôt la langue Allemande de Madame de Staël, se fait fort, de ne faire du mal à personne ; à quelques pas plus loin nous voyons : *que la langue Allemande a une gaîté qui lui est propre*, et en suivant attentivement son développement nous remarquons, que chez les Allemands la langue fait tout et que les personnes ne signifient absolument rien, elles ne sont que les très humbles servantes des formules dont cette langue est surchargée. "Sa construction traînante, ses consonnes multipliées, sa grammaire savante, ne lui permettent aucune grâce dans la souplesse ; l'on dirait qu'elle se raidit d'elle-même contre l'intention de celui qui la parla des qu'on veut la faire servir à trahir la vérité." Cette conclusion doit prouver le dégoût qu'inspire *la langue tudesque* quand elle est employée aux mensonges de quelque nature qu'ils soient. Donc la construction traînante empêche de debiter des mensonges, pour lesquels il faut la grâce et la souplesse de la langue Française, et sa grammaire savante prèserve l'Allemagne de la trahison, de la police secrette et de toute ce qui lui est analogue. Découverte importante pour le siècle des progrès, qui ne veut plus de mensonge, ni de trahison ; je recommandrai donc aux cours de justices, *qui tiennent à découvrir la vérité*, de faire leurs interrogatoires en Allemand, je puis même très consciencieusement recommander cette langue merveilleuse aux Français, *puisqu'elle a une gaieté qui lui est propre*. Selon les vues de Madame de Staël, les gouvernemens Germaniques ont introduit dans leurs états le système des écoles primaires et secondaires, pour que la grammaire savante et la construction traînante de *la langue tudesque* contrebalancent l'esprit de la friponnerie et propagent la vérité comme première vertu de la société civilisée. Or donc, quand tout le monde en Allemagne pos-

* Je me rappelle avoir assisté en Saxe à une leçon de métaphysique d'un philosophe célèbre, qui citait toujours le Baron de Leibnitz, et jamais l'entraînement du discours ne pouvait l'engager à supprimer ce titre de Baron.—*Madame de Staël.*

sèdera la grammaire, c'en est fait du mensonge et de la trahison, et l'Allemand quand même il voudrait hasarder un faux pas, ne saurait le faire; la langue se cramponnera contre l'intention de celui qui la parle et le forcera à dire la vérité, à ne jamais trahir ses semblables, elle fera triompher toutes les vertus. La première question à addresser aux Allemands avec lesquels on voudrait se mettre en rélation de confidence serait donc celle-ci: "*Monsieur, ou Madame, connaissez vous votre grammaire savante.*" Après ce premier examen tout est dit. Les professeurs de rhétorique remplaceront les chefs de police et on empoignera sans façon, comme suspect à la sureté publique, tout individu qui dira, ou ce qui est pire encore, écrira des fautes grammaticales. Ce temps si strictement réglé, sera appelé, non pas, le siècle d'or ou d'argent, mais bien, le siècle de la grammaire.

## CHAPITRE III.

### Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin.

Le savant professeur à la faculté des lettres de Paris, commence ainsi son ouvrage sur l'Allemagne: "*Depuis Madame de Staël on a peu écrit en France sur l'Allemagne, mais on l'a beaucoup étudiée;*" et il n'a rien de mieux à faire que de nous exposer dans un gros volume, comment on a étudié en France cette Allemagne abandonnée, oubliée presque depuis Madame de Staël. Le premier honneur que nous pouvons rendre à l'auteur des *notices politiques et littéraires sur l'Allemagne*, c'est de le placer immédiatement après Madame de Staël, nous réservant l'honneur d'étudier à notre tour l'Allemagne de Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin et le compter, comme cela est juste, dans la série des écrivains étrangers, que nous nous proposons de présenter à nos lecteurs.

Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin, est sans contredit un écrivain qui sait exposer avec grâce, sans répondre toujours aux obligations qu'il s'impose par de pompeuses promesses. *Notices politiques et littéraires sur l'Allemagne:* il faut convenir que cela promet beaucoup. Le titre ne laisse plus rien à désirer; les hommes politiques et les hommes lettrés doivent s'empresser d'acheter, et de lire ce livre qui embrasse tout à la fois; et la politique et la littérature d'un pays, sur lequel on n'a presque rien écrit depuis Madame de Staël, et qui depuis a subi d'immenses changemens, des changemens dans l'esprit et les sentimens du peuple, qui fixe sur lui l'attention de l'Europe; car c'est là que se concentre toute la puissance d'un grand avenir! Le titre a donc parfaitement réussi. L'ouvrage dont nous avons à rendre compte nous a mis dans la position d'un amateur peu soupçonneux qui sur la bonne foi d'une affiche de spectacle nouveau achète sa carte d'entrée et s'aperçoit bientôt, qu'il a été dupe d'un titre. Le livre de Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin est divisé en *vingt-trois* différens articles, suivis *de quatre* aventures tirées *des Nibelungen*, et précédé *d'une préface!*

Quant à moi, je me serais contenté de la préface, car c'est dans ce peu de pages que l'auteur, sans rien dire de nouveau, a cependant su donner un petit coup d'œil appréciateur du caractère Allemand et rendre assez piquantes les idées étudiées depuis Madame de Staël: je lui aurais même conseillé de publier la préface sans le livre, ou de changer le livre en préface et la préface en livre, et voici mes motifs. D'abord, parceque la meilleure partie de l'ouvrage et la seule qui offre un ensemble, c'est la préface, et puis par une autre raison très puissante et dont la vérité frappera tout le monde: c'est qu'on ne lit ordinairement pas les préfaces, ce qui certainement eût été fort avantageux pour l'auteur, s'il avait eu le bonheur de faire le changement que je viens de lui indiquer.

Tous ces articles écrits à diverses époques ne font, du reste, qu'une union forcée, sans harmonie comme sans système, ils sont loin de donner sur l'Allemagne une idée tant soit peu générale. Traités avec toute la légèreté Française, les articles séparés ne supportent pas un examen approfondi, car ce ne sont à vrai dire que de faibles indications; mais comme ils nous fournissent l'occasion de remplir d'utiles lacunes nous nous sommes décidés à en parler sans cependant nous y étendre plus longuement que ne l'exige l'intérêt des questions à traiter.

### *La Préface.*

Tout préocupé de l'unité de l'Allemagne, afin de créer l'union avec la France, avec cette France qui promet de traiter les Allemands comme des frères, mais bien entendu, comme des frères cadets, car quiconque en France voudrait décliner sa supériorité Européenne etc.; L'auteur des *notices politiques et littéraires*, sur les observations d'un philosophe Allemand, prétend avoir découvert la cause principale qui empêche les Allemands de mettre la main à l'œuvre, c'est à dire de faire une révolution: "En Allemagne"—dit Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin—"il y a certainement dans la jeunesse autant d'ardeur qu'en France pour le moins. Quel mouvement et quel tumulte d'idées dans les universités Allemandes! Que de conspirations, que de sociétés secrètes, que de plans de révolutions! On se demande comment avec une jeunesse aussi bouillante et aussi enthousiaste, l'Allemagne n'est pas bouleversée de fond en comble tous les cinq ou six ans. A quoi cela tient-il? *Au mariage et au gout de la vie de famille.*"

Il est sans doute vrai que l'homme marié est bien moins disposé à faire des révolutions, avant même qu'il n'ait *quatre enfans*, parce qu'il voit plus facilement que le célibataire, *toutes les difficultés de gouverner*, de régler ses budgets afin de subvenir, sans empruntes, aux dépenses de son petit état. Il est vrai aussi que le goût de la vie de famille, et *de la robe de chambre*, qui joue un rôle puissant dans la vie domestique des Allemands, ammortissent un peu le feu révolutionnaire; je crois

cependant devoir soutenir que Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin s'est laissé un peu trop facilement étourdir par l'idée de cette propagande nuptiale, que le philosophe Allemand lui a donné comme la cause essentielle de la grande stagnation de l'esprit révolutionnaire en Allemagne.

Tâchons de l'examiner sous un autre rapport, sous le rapport social. "C'est de l'Allemagne que dépend la décision de la lutte"—dit Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin en parlant de la situation actuelle de l'Europe et de son avenir. "Selon que ce grand corps pèsera d'un côté ou de l'autre, l'Europe appartiendra à la civilisation despotique de St. Pétersbourg ou à la civilisation libérale de Paris et de Londres. Telle est la destinée de l'Allemagne." Nous devons convenir que la prévoyance de Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin est d'une grande, d'une très grande vérité. "Mais cette destinée, ce n'est point l'Allemagne disloquée, telle qu'elle est encore aujourd'hui, qui peut la remplir; c'est l'Allemagne unie et ne faisant plus qu'un seul peuple." Encore une vérité incontestable! Mais où chercher les difficultés qui s'opposent à cette unité? Est-ce dans la politique ou dans les mariages?

L'Allemagne divisée, morcellée en tant de petis états offre sans doute d'immenses difficultés, pour opérer un mouvement, qui demande le plus grand ensemble, une seule et grande volonté; mais malgré cette dislocation, malgré les ramifications très étendues d'une police secrète parfaitement organisée, on saurait établir des communications, déjouer la vigilance de ce corps mystérieux, si la division politique était le seul obstacle que l'esprit révolutionaire, l'esprit de l'unité de l'Allemagne avait à combattre. Les difficultés reposent donc non seulement dans les limites et les divers gouvernements; mais encore dans l'organisation de la société, qui doit être changée de fond en comble avant de pouvoir espérer que l'Allemagne puisse secouer le joug du despotisme. Cette organisation vicieuse que je me propose d'analyser ici, fera mieux comprendre que le mariage etc. comment l'Allemagne avec une jeunesse aussi bouillante et aussi enthousiaste ne sait parvenir au bouleversement, que Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin paraît désirer, tant pour le salut de l'Allemagne, que pour les intérêts de la France et de l'Europe entière.

Le peuple Allemand—je parle ici de l'Allemagne entière, car elle se ressemble sous ce rapport de la manière la plus frappante—est un peuple de castes, une Société Aristocratique de la cave jusqu'au grenier. Il est vrai que les gouvernans soutiennent autant que possible l'esprit de division, cette société morcellée, qui se reproduit dans tous les états de l'Allemagne sous la même forme et qui, en dépit de l'esprit de la civilisation, qui paraît caractériser la société moderne, montre partout la même fierté, le même isolement, la même reserve, je dirai même la même repugnance; mais ils ne font que soutenir ce qui existe, ce qui este déjà profondément imprimé dans les sentimens de la Société Allemande, imprimé jusqu'à la dernière extravagance.

Il existe en Allemange *une aristocratie nobiliaire*, divisée en deux branches opposées: c'est à dire qu'il y a une asistocratie *de seigneurs cultivateurs et de seigneurs de villes et de la cour*, qui se méprisent l'une et l'autre mutuellement. La première se distingue par une bonhommie très cordiale et une franchise exemplaire; elle est particulièrement philanthrope et penche vers une tendance libérale; l'autre au contraire est corrompue, extravagante et despote, et elle soutient la cour et l'absolutisme, parceque la cour et l'absolutisme la soutiennent. Mais plus que tout ailleurs la noblesse en Allemagne a de l'instruction. Il existe ensuite une *aristocratie militaire*, composée des nobles qui se séparent des militaires roturiers, et une aristocratie militaire qui reste distinctement separée des bourgeois, au dessus desquels s'élève le régime militaire des gouvernemens despotiques, comme un paratonnère! Vient alors une *aristocratie bureaucratique* qui repose sur d'énormes titres, et qui observe même dehors des fonctions, la plus stricte classification. On ne rencontre pas en Allemagne l'homme, on ne trouve dans la société que des fonctionnaires et des titres, qui se transportent même sur les femmes. C'est un excellent moyen d'éviter les méprises et d'empêcher ainsi les rapprochemens. Les titres représentent ordinairement quelques fonctions, et tout le monde comprend aisément ce que c'est qu' *un docteur, un avocat, un juge, un conseiller*; mais en Allemagne, il y a plus de titres qu'il n'y a de fonctions, y compris les fonctions honnorifiques, de manière que les titres donnent à la société un ridicule tout original et incompréhensible aux étrangers: cependant toutes ces choses qui paraissent si insignifiantes, regardées isolément, ne le sont pas à ce point, quand on saisit l'enchaînement qu'elles produisent.

Nous avons en Allemagne par exemple: les Hofräthe (conseillers de la cour); les Geheimräthe (conseillers intimes). Les premiers ne sons jamais appelés à donner des conseils à la cour, qui n'aime pas les bons conseils, et il ne lui faut pas de conseillers pour les mauvais. Quant aux autres, on se passe aussi bien de leurs conseils intimes, que de leurs conseils publiques. Tous les deux sont cependant là pour conseiller au peuple de faire la cour à la cour et de garder pour lui ses opinions intimes. Si ce ne sont pas là leurs fonctions, je n'en connais point d'autres.* L'échelle des conseillers, qui n'ont

* Mieux que tout autre Shakspeare a compris la mission des *Hof-et-Geheimräthe* des Allemands.—*Act* III. *Scene* 2.—*The Forest.* (As You Like it.)

*Clown.* Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No. truly.

*Clown.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope—

*Clown.* Truly thou art damn'd like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*Clown.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st

que le titre, serait en effet trop étendue pour être exposée ici; qu'il suffise donc de savoir que cette surabondance n'est imaginée que pour flatter l'amour-propre des pauvres esprits qui attachent la plus haute valeur à ces misères, à cette bouffonnerie si extraordinairement ridicule. Quant à l'héritage direct des titres sur la femme, pendant la vie du mari (car c'est un cadeau de noce), je trouve la chose bien moins déplacée, depuis que j'ai lu les idées d'un philosophe Allemand, reproduites dans *les notices* de Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin. Car si le mariage empêche les révolutions, les femmes pèsent pour beaucoup dans la balance de l'ordre public, et elles peuvent par conséquent élever toutes les prétentions possibles à partager les innocents titres de leurs maris. La même réserve titrée que l'on recontre parmi les hommes, nous la retrouvons chez les femmes, c'est une nouvelle barricade de précautions, qui offre les garanties les plus solides de ne pas être confondu avec une autre caste, de manière que la séparation, la grande division, est on ne peut plus complette. Mais poursuivons cette recherche! Il existe en Allemagne une autre aristocratie, moins connue à l'étranger et qui ne se trouve dans nul autre pays; c'est *l'aristocratie ouvrière*, peut-être la plus curieuse de toutes.

La division des métiers est profondément imprimée dans le caractère d'un ouvrier Allemand, et les métiers classifiés selon l'importance qu'ils se donnent, s'élèvent au dessus des uns des autres de la manière la plus prononcée en jetant des regards de mépris sur leurs confrères inférieurs. Comme la noblesse des grands chemins, des montagnes et de la forêt, comme ces *chevaliers d'industrie* du moyen-age, ils guerroyent continuellement entre eux, et il ne se passe ni dimanche, ni jour de fêtes, sans que le sang ne coule à grands flots dans les cabarets, ou les réunions publiques. Ils représentent dans leur société les endroits de naissance, et l'ouvrier d'une ville capitale, s'arroge une grande supériorité sur son collègue d'une ville de province. Comme dans la société bureaucratique, nous ne trouvons jamais que les titres, on ne recontre chez les ouvriers que les villes, car on y est appelé: *Bruder Berliner*, (frère Berlinois,) *Bruder Hamburger*, (frère Hambourgeois,) *Bruder Leipsiger*, (frère de Leipsick,) etc., excellent moyen de ne plus se retrouver quand une fois on s'est perdu de vue. Chaque métier tient ses réunions à part, et on se communique dans les voyages, à l'instar des *Franc-Maçons*, par des attouchemens, par des saluts, par la manière de frapper à la porte, ou par la manière d'endosser le sac.

Pour comprende l'esprit de cette caste du reste fort originale, je citerai un seul fait arrivé en 1824 à Berlin, il donnera l'idée la plus parfaite de cette fierté de corps et de métier.

Dans une réunion de dimanche un ouvrier tailleur, un peu illuminé par l'eau de vie et le narcotique du tabac s'avisait de prétendre que lui tailleur ne se moquait pas mal de ses confrères cordonniers, et que s'il s'en présentaient il les ferait danser tous sur le plat de sa main. Insulte générale et fort grave qui a dû profondément blesser le corps des cordonniers. Immédiatement après ce blasphème, les cordonniers se sont réunis dans leur cabaret (*Herrberge*), et le conseil a unanimement décidé de faire sur le champ le siège du cabaret des tailleurs. L'expédition se fit sans retard, l'attaque a été vive; on a envahi le cabaret, brisé les meubles et démoli la maison. Tout Berlin était en émoi, car les tailleurs blasphémateurs s'étant enfuis dans une maison voisine, on s'occupait á continuer l'opération. Le sang coulait dans les ruisseaux, on se battait avec acharnement dans les maisons et dans les rues; la police et la gendarmerie entrevenaient, mais en vain. Le combat se prolongea pendant trois jours et on ne parvint à calmer cette rage d'amour-propre blessé, qu'après une arrestation totale des combattans: c'est à dire que le combat cessa faute de combattans. Ces animosités n'ont du reste rien d'extraordinaire, elles se reproduisent souvent avec plus ou mons d'intensité dans les jours de récréations; la division des métiers entretient la haine et l'esprit des partis, qui rend impossible toute espèce d'association entre ce grand corps, et les gouvernemens veillent à nourrir l'amour-propre des métiers.

Cette même division se reproduit, naturellement, avec moins de brutalité, dans les Universités de l'Allemagne. L'esprit de castes y exerce aussi sa grande et puissante influence, et y a créé une aristocratie universitaire. Les étudians se séparent par les Landsmannschaften, comme la société bureaucratique par les titres, et les ouvriers par les métiers. Ici ce ne sont pas les villes, ce sont les divers pays que l'on représente, et ces hommes ou cette jeunesse qui ne rêve que l'Allemagne, est la première a soutenir la séparation. C'est ainsi que l'on trouve dans les universités non pas cette Allemagne que l'on veut faire renaître, mais bien des partis, intitulés: Armenia, Teutonia, Borussia, Silesia, Bavaria, Saxonia, etc. Chaque partie a ses chefs et sous-chefs élus par le droit d'ancienneté, (le senior,) et comme l'esprit de coterie y exerce son pouvoir comme partout ailleurs, les scisions sont aussi générales chez les étudians, que dans toutes les sociétés que nous venons d'énumérer. Je demande donc à tout homme de bon sens, s'il faut le mariage en Allemagne, pour empêcher les révolutions, si l'impossibilité n'est pas dans l'organisation de cette société, divisée jusque dans les plus petites nuances!

La première partie du livre de Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin, après la préface, est un mor-

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good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that have good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court.

ceau tiré d'un discours, prononcé à la faculté des lettres de Paris, en Novembre, 1830, et intitulé, "De l'Unité de l'Allemagne;" c'est ainsi que l'auteur nous annonce son premier chapitre, sans cependant nous dire, si c'est par les oreilles ou par le nez, qu'il a tiré son morceau, pour l'ajuster à un livre qui n'a ni jambe, ni tête. Ce morceau de discours prononcé également à la faculté des lettres en Janvier, 1834, et intitulé, "L'Allemagne en 1833," suivi de l'Allemagne en 1813, et le poëte Koerner, forment à peu-près ce que le livre contient de supportable. Tout le reste peut être fort amusant pour les amateurs des diableries du moyen-âge, ou pour certains pieux qui se réjouissent de voir, comment un architecte dans l'embarras sait tromper un diable architecte, afin de faire la Cathédrale de Cologne, laquelle cathédrale reste inachevée parceque le diable, volé du plan, dessiné de sa main infernale, l'a condamné à rester dans cette situation diabolique, que les finances de S. M. de Prusse ne peuvent faire disparaître; d'autres petits contes du Hamlet, de Grammaticus-Saxo, de Sémiramis, afin de connaître à fond les sources des folies feintes du premier, et la fine méchanceté de l'autre, et plusieurs autres petits contes, qui me rappellent les plus beaux jours de mon enfance, tout cela est fort gentil en effet. Mais le titre, "Notices Politiques et Littéraries sur l'Allemagne," c'est, par foi, trop. On a à peine mis le pied sur le seuil de la porte de cette Allemagne, qu'on ne la retrouve plus, et si elle vous reparaît par hasard, c'est comme un coup de foudre qui au lieu d'éclairer, vous enveloppe dans une profonde obscurité. Ce n'est pas que le livre de Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin ne soit très profond pour cela, ou que son feu ne vous paraisse tomber du ciel; bien loin de tout ceci, il n'est trop haut, ni trop bas, c'est une espèce de juste milieu entre le ciel et la terre, vide comme l'air et qui siffle de temps en temps un air éolien, lequel dirait-on ressemble à quelqu'air connu, mais qui s'enlève si promptement qu'il ne vous reste pas le temps d'en jouir et de se familiariser tant soit peu avec lui. Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin a eu l'heureuse idée de faire imprimer sous son nom le titre de Professeur à la faculté des lettres de Paris, pour ne pas faire croire que son livre ait été fait par un écolier; mais bien entendu par un bon, par un excellent écolier, qui sait faire de la politique, et qui prend la littérature Allemande comme point de départ, par lequel on annonce beaucoup de choses, en terminant, après un long voyage à travers toutes les régions possibles, par quatre aventures des Nibelungen, qui rappellent les intentions de l'auteur.

Quant à la notice sur le Poëte Koerner, elle se borne à la citation de la chanson magique, "Lützow's Wilde Jage," (la chasse sauvage de Lützow,) et la chanson, "das Schwertlied," (de l'Epée,) le chant de cigne du jeune poëte-héros. Il y a du reste de la verve et de la poésie dans l'exposition du tableau de l'Allemagne en 1813; c'est un morceau, sans être un moreau de discours qui a de l'ensemble dans sa marche rapide. Mais tout chasseur que fut Koerner, M. Saint-Marc Girardin ne devait pas l'expédier aussi cavalièrement, il aurait dû lui consacrer quelques momens de plus, car sa vie et sa mort sont taillées à fixer l'attention sur la politique et la littérature de l'Allemagne. Koerner a vécu pour la poésie, il est mort pour la patrie; il a déposé la lyre pour prendre l'épée, et inspiré de l'une et de l'autre, il nous a laissé des souvenirs glorieux, tant par la variété de ses productions que par sa fin touchante sur le champ de bataille!

Nous nous sommes engagés à combler quelqes lacunes, l'occasion se présente ici; c'est un double devoir que nous sentons entraînés à remplir; satisfaire nos lecteurs et rendre justice au génie et à la gloire de Koerner.

(*To be continued.*)

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## LAYS OF THE HEBREWS.—No. IV.

BY J. F. FAULKNER.

SPEAK not a word that breathes of love
To the child of the Hebrew's race,
For thy people claim in light and flame,
Life's mystic source to trace:
I worship not at a shrine of light,
But Him who light unfurl'd,
And bade it gleam in the startled night,
And blush on a waken'd world:
I'll strain my heart till its fibres break,
Ere love shall prove my faith so weak
As to quench its strength, when bright hopes fade
From the love of the Galilean maid.

Bend not that wild beseeching glance
So touchingly on me;
Thy look of pain will sear my brain
Whene'er I think of thee;
For life's right hand hath naught to give
So dear as what departs,
Yet firm to my holy creed I'll live,
Thy creed unlocks our hearts:
Oh, had I known what now I know,
Life had not thus been dashed with woe!
But love to misery hath betrayed
The hopes of the Galilean maid!

Go, Guebre, go to thy sunny clime,
To that land of rich perfume,
Where maids are bright as the laughing light,
And soft as the rose's bloom;
Go, Guebre, go! and win thee one
From the daughters of thy race,
Whose love shall be as a cestus thrown
Around thy fond embrace:
But the green branch wrench'd from off its stem,
The star rent from night's diadem,
Must perish—lost to sun and shade—
As the love of the Galilean maid.

## DIARY OF A BLASÉ.*

### CHAPTER XXI.

Ostend.

From Spa to Leige, from Leige to Brussels, from Brussels to Ostend, how detestable it is to go over the same ground again and again! If the carriage would only overturn, if I could but fracture a leg or an arm, just by way of variety! Six weeks in bed would be a novelty, even pain would be agreeable from the excitement. What a weary world this is, and what a rascally one! How delightful a little honesty would be, by way of change! Of all the rascality spread like butter on bread over the surface of the globe, certainly the butter lies thicker on the confines of each territory. There is a concentration of dishonesty at the ports of embarkation and debarkation. Take London when you land from a steam-boat, or Dover, or Calais, or Ostend. It is nothing but a system of extortion and overreaching, and which is submitted to. And why so? because in the hurry, the confusion, the sickness, and the ignorance of what is right, every thing that is wrong can be practised with impunity. These preyers upon mankind at the confines, remind you of the sharks of India, who always ply *in the surf*, where their motions cannot be seen, and the unwary are invariably their prey. I have knocked three down already, and one would imagine they would hasten for redress; but they will not, for that would take hours, and during these hours, they will lose the opportunity of making their harvest, so they get up again and pocket the affront, that they may not lose time in filling their pockets. Talking about roguery, there was a curious incident occurred some time back, in which a rascal was completely outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draftsman and caricaturist, was laid up in his apartments with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy chair, and was wheeled by his servant in and out of his chamber to his sitting-room. Now a certain well-known vagabond ascertained the fact, and watched until the servant was sent upon a message. The servant came out of the front door, but left the area door open, communicating with the kitchen. Down went the vagabond, entered the kitchen, and walked up stairs, where, as he anticipated, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless. "I am sorry, sir, to see you in this situation," said the rogue; "you cannot move, and your servant is out." The gentleman stared. "It is excessively careless of you to leave yourself so exposed, for behold the consequences. I take the liberty of removing this watch and these seals off the table, and putting them into my own pocket; and, as I perceive your keys are here, I shall now open these drawers and see what suits my purpose." "Oh! pray help yourself, I beg," replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly; he found the plate in the sideboard drawer, and many other articles which suited him, and in about ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a very low bow, and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle; he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil, and on his servant returning soon after, he despatched him immediately to Bow Street with the drawing, and an account of what had happened. The likeness was so good, that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman in two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and, in six weeks, he was on his passage to Botany Bay.

Continued from page 11.

### CHAPTER XXII.

London, November.

We have the signs of the times here. I peep through the fog and see quite enough to satisfy me that the country is unhappy. Money in plenty, but lying in heaps—not circulated. Every one hugs his bag, and is waiting to see what the event may be. Retrenchment is written up as evident as the prophetic words of fire upon the walls of Belshazzar's palace—*To let—to let—to let.* Leave London in any direction, and you find the same mystical characters every one hundred yards of the road. This beautiful villa, this cottage ornée, this capital house with pleasure grounds, this mansion and park—all—all to let. It is said that there are upwards of seven thousand of these country seats to let within twelve miles of the metropolis. Again, look at the arms of the carriages which still roll through the streets, and you will perceive that if not with a coronet or supporters, nine out of ten have the widow's *lozenge*. And why so? because they belong to the widows of those who died in times of plenty, and who left them large jointures upon their estates. They, of course, can still support, and even better support, the expense; but the estates now yield but sufficient to pay the jointure, and the incumbent swallows up the whole. And where are the real owners of the properties? At Paris, at Naples, at Brussels, if they can afford to be in a capital—if not, dispersed over Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy—retrenching in other countries, or living more comfortably upon their incomes. How many millions, for it does amount to millions, are now spent on the continent, enriching the people of other countries, in all probability laying up for those countries the sinews for another war to be declared against England. How much of wretchedness and starvation has been suffered in our own country within these few years, which, if people had not been found abroad, might never have been felt! Where are the élite of our aristocracy? where are our country gentlemen who used to keep open house at their estates, disseminating their wealth and producing happiness! All driven abroad—society disjointed—no leader

of fashion to set the example, by luxurious entertainments, of disseminating that wealth which ultimately finds its way into the greasy pocket of the laborer or mechanic. Shops opened late and closed early. Gin palaces, like hell, ever open to a customer. The pulse of London hardly beats—it is perceptible, but no more. Nothing is active but the press, and the preparers from without. There must be something wrong in all this. Jack Cade promised the mob, that the grass should grow in the streets of the metropolis, the present government appear to be his executors.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Spa.

Yes, now Spa is agreeable: we have no *redoubte* open with fools losing their money, no English *passants* looking after amusement, no valetudinarians drinking the *poupon*, no Spa boxes crowding every window: we are now as Spa should be, a *coterie* of houses in a ravine, surrounded by the mountains of the Ardennes, crowding and shoving up together in mutual protection against the deep snow and the forest wolves. There is something new in this: most of the houses are shut up; the shop-windows are all bare; the snow is two feet deep in the streets; the mountains on every side are white; the icicles hang upon the leafless boughs, and the rivulets are half enchained. All is one drear blank; and except the two-horse diligence which arrives three or four hours past its time, and the post, which is now delivered at nine o'clock instead of noon, there is no such thing as an arrival: the boys slide upon their little sledges down the hills; the cattle are driven home; the church clock strikes; and unless we are enlivened by the crowd assembled round the countryman, who appears with the carcase of a wolf which he has been fortunate enough to kill, we are all quiet monotony and peace: in fact, Spa, now that it is a desert, has become agreeable.

They say, this hard winter promises plenty of wolves; if so, I recommend those who are fond of excitement to come here. Indeed, it will be profitable, for if they are active huntsmen, they can pay their expenses. A dead horse costs little, and in Spa, as they give very little to the horses to eat in the summer and nothing at all in the winter, they die fast. You have only to drag the carcase to an outhouse as a little distance from the town, and with your rifle watch during the night. The wolves will come down to prey upon the carrion, and it is hard if you do not kill your couple during the night, and then you are rewarded by the commune. I do not know what the price is now, but when the king of Holland was in possession of Belgium it was one hundred francs for a male and three hundred francs for a female wolf. Now a brace a night, four hundred francs or sixteen pounds, is not bad pay: in Spa it would keep a half-pay officer for three months. We have had nothing to enliven us within these last three days but the death and burial of an old curate. He died in all the odor of sancity three days ago, and was buried yesterday. He was not loved or even liked, for he wanted that greatest of all gifts —charity. His situation was worth, with offerings, six thousand francs a year,—a large sum in this country: but he did not give to the poor; he exacted from them, and they religiously obeyed him, no one killing a pig or any thing else without a present of a part of it to the curate. When the old man was told that he must die, the ruling passion still governed him. He first sent for a person to dispose of for him the sundry pieces of pork which he had gathered as presents, then took the extreme unction, and died. His will is not known, but he is supposed to be very rich, and whether he leaves his wealth to some nephews or to support a hospital here now without funds, is a question of some interest. He was buried in great parade and procession, followed by hundreds holding candles. (I have heard of holding a candle to the devil,—is that the origin of this custom?) He was dressed in his best, and every one said he never looked so clean or so well in his life. He was carried on an open *brancard*, with his canonical hat on his head, quite exposed, and the snow fell fast and settled on his face and clothes, but he felt it not. The funeral was as cold as his charity, the thermometer being exactly 13 degrees below the freezing point. Except the procession of the dead curate and of a dead wolf, we have had nothing to enliven Spa these last ten days.

But I promised to talk about the Burmahs. There have been two or three accounts of the military movements, but there has been no inquiry or examination into the character of the people, which, in my opinion, is of more importance than is generally supposed; for although the East India Company may imagine that they have done with the Burmahs, it is my conviction that the Burmahs have not done with them, and even I may live to witness the truth of my assertion.

It certainly is a point of some interest to ascertain from whence the Burmah nation originally came: that they are not aborigines, I think most certain. They are surrounded by the Cochin Chinese, the Chinese, and the Hindoos, all races of inferior stature and effeminate in person, with little or no beard. Now the Burmahs are a very powerful race, very muscular in their limbs, possessing great strength and energy; generally speaking, I should say that they are rather taller than Europeans. They have the high cheek bones of the Tartar, but not the small eyes; they have strong hair and beards, and certainly would remind you of a cross between the Jew and the Tartar. This is singular; and it gave the idea to some of those who are fond of indulging in theory, that they might be the remnants of that portion of the Jews who, when permitted to leave Babylon, instead of going east with the others, bent their course to the westward and were never

spoken of afterwards. But the only props they had to this argument were the appearance of the people, the weight in silver being called the *tekel* or shekel, and the great pagoda having the name of the *Dagon* pagoda. At least, I heard of no more props to hang the argument upon but those three, which can hardly be sufficient, although the coincidence of the two words is singular.

The Burmahs are semi-barbarous: but this term must be used in the most favorable light; because surrounded on every side by people who are wedded to their own customs, the Burmahs have a liberality and a desire to improve which is very remarkable. I never met with any Burmah, not even a lad, who could not read and write; they allow any form of religion to be made use of, and churches of any description to be built by foreigners, but they do not like missionaries making converts of their own people, for as the king is the head of the religion conversion is a breach of allegiance. One of the missionaries had an audience with the king, and demanded permission to make proselytes. The king replied that the missionary might convert as many as he pleased, but that he would cut all their heads off afterwards. The missionaries had not much trouble when this answer was made known in counting the heads of his proselytes. In their own religion, which is Budhism, the Burmahs appear to be very relax; it is too absurd for the energy of their minds. Those who enter the priesthood wear a yellow dress; but if a priest at any time feels disposed to quit his profession he is at liberty so to do. All he has to do is to throw off his yellow garment; but at the same time, he can never resume it. The Burmahs are superstitious about charms, but are not superstitious on religious points. In fact, there is very little religion among them, and had we at the close of the war, instead of demanding a crore of rupees, insisted that they should embrace Christianity, the king would have given the order, and the whole nation would have nominally been Christians. I once asked a Burmah soldier what was his idea of a future state. His idea of bliss was singular—"I shall be turned into a buffalo, and shall lie down in a meadow of grass higher than my head and eat all day long, and there won't be a single musquito to annoy me." While on the subject of religion, I may here observe, that at the capture of Rangoon, I entered a Chinese temple, the altar-piece, if I may use the term, was the Ganesa of the Hindoos, but not seated on the lotus leaf, but on the Chinese rat. On each side of this were two little candelabras formed of the Egyptian ibis holding the oil cups in their beaks. I also found the Hounyman, or monkey god of the Hindoos and Budhist figures. I once observed some sepoys playing and laughing at a bronze image they had picked up at the pagoda of Syriam, and on examining it I was surprised to find that it was a figure of the Egyptian Isis, with her hand raised and her person in the position described as the correct one when blessing the world. The art of embalming appears to be known to the Burmahs, and is occasionally practised by the priests. At the capture of the old Portuguese fort at Syriam, I found not far from it, a sort of canopied shed, decorated with carving, cut paper, and tinsel, and supported by four pillars like a bedstead. Below lay the body of a priest embalmed and gilt. I intended to have brought this home, but before I arrived there, I found one of my marines, a graceless dog without religion or any other good quality, very busy hammering the mummy to pieces with the but end of his musquet. I was very angry, and ordered him to desist. In excuse he replied, that it was an abominable molten image, and it was his duty, as a *good Christian*, to destroy it—the only evidence of Christianity ever witnessed on that fellow's part. On examination, I found that the body had been wrapped in sundry clothes, and like the ark of Noah pitched within and without: over the clothes was a coat of damma, then of cheenan, and lastly it was gilt; the head of the mummy was fictitious and formed of a cocoa-nut, the real scull being where, in the mummy, would have appeared to have been the breast of the body. It did not smell much, but there were a great many small scarabei inside, and it was so mutilated that I did not remove it. The Burmahs are cleanly in their houses, which generally are raised from the ground a few feet, so as to allow the pigs, which are the scavengers of the town, to walk under. They have houses of brick or stone and mortar, such as the custom-house at Rangoon, and one or two others; but the most substantial houses are usually built of thick teak plank. The smaller houses and cottages are built of bamboo, the floors and walls being woven like wicker-work; the cleanliness and the beauty of these houses when new are very remarkable, and what is still more so, the rapidity with which they are built. I have known an officer order a house to be built of three rooms, with doors and windows to each, and of a comfortable size, and three or four Burmahs will complete this house in a day and thatch the roof over. In another point, the Burmahs show a degree of civilisation which might be an example to the northern Athens—to every house there is a very neat and clean cloaca.

The government is, like all are in Asia, despotic; and the people have the faults which are certain to be generated by despotism—but not to that degree which might be expected. They have their hereditary nobility, and the orders of it are very clearly defined. They consist of gold chains, worn round the neck, with four plates, or chased bosses dividing them; the lowest order wears the bosses linked together by three chains, the next highest in degree with six, the next nine, and the last, and highest order, has twelve; the king only wears twenty-four chains. The use of gold and silver, as drinking cups, &c., is only permitted to the nobility. They are very clever in chasing of

metals, and they have a description of work in glass and enamel, quite their own, with which they decorate the temples, houses of the priests, and coffers containing the sacred volumes. Their ornamental writings in the Pali language, a variety of the Sanscrit, known only to the priests, are also very beautiful—especially that upon long leaves of ivory. Upon the whole, their manufactures are superior to all around them, except perhaps the Chinese.

The women are small, and delicately formed, in proportion to the men; they are not shut up, but go where they please; their dress is becoming, they brace the hair with flowers, and they are much fairer than would be supposed. Those who keep much within doors, are nearly as white as Europeans. They have a singular custom of putting a patch of white chunam on the cheek bone, something in opposition to the black patches which used formerly to be worn by our belles; and it is intended to show how near they approach to white. Indeed, in the men, the lower classes, who are exposed all day to the sun, if they remove their garments, it is singular to witness how many shades lighter they are in that part of their bodies which is covered up. Usually, the men have but one wife, but occasionally there are supernumeraries.

The laws of the Burmahs appear to be good, but, as in all despotic countries, they are not acted upon, unless it pleases the ruler. Slavery of a certain species is allowed. Should one man be in debt to another, and is summoned before the lawyer; if he states his inability to pay, he is asked how many children he has, and according to the debt, so are his children given in bond slavery to his debtor, who writes off a certain sum every year until they are free. If he has no children, his wife, or himself perhaps, will be bonded in the same manner. But in this case, where ill treatment can be proved, the bondage will be removed; and further, any person so bonded, may at his or her wish remove to the service of another master, provided they can find one who will pay to the debtor the amount still due, and thus finish the time of servitude under one whom they like better. These bonds are all in writing, and must be produced. Some of our military officers released several of the young women from their slavery.

*Sitting down* in your presence, is, among the Burmese, a mark of respect. Every poor man who is sent for, immediately drops down on his hams in the corner of the room, or at the portal. The use of the cocoa, or betel nut, is universal among the men, but not so common with the women until they grow old. The consequence is, that the teeth of the men are quite black and decayed, while those of the young women are very good.

The most remarkable feature in the character of the Burmahs is, their *good temper;* I think they are the most even-tempered race I ever met with. They are always gay, always content under any privation. I had, as will be seen hereafter, more opportunities of seeing into the character of this people than others had, for we mixed with them in amity for some weeks. They are very fond of marionettes, and puppet playing, and are very amusing mimics. They work very hard, and with the greatest cheerfulness. They have a high respect for the English, or the white faces, as they call us; and the superiority of our warlike instruments, and our ships, is a subject of wonder, and at the same time, of most careful examination. They perceive how far they are behind us, and are most anxious to improve. From this reason, joined to others, it was a pity that we ever made war with the Burmahs; they had made an easy conquest of those around them, and were satisfied with their supposed superiority, but now they are not, for they are active and enterprising, fond of war, and will not be content until they have improved their system. Twenty years hence we shall find the Burmahs a much more formidable nation than they are at present, for they have every quality necessary to become the first nation in the East: indeed, when we consider with what weapons they defend themselves, and the nature of the warfare, it is not a little to their credit that they held out for nearly three years against the power of Great Britain.

*(To be continued.)*

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## BEAUTIES OF THE GRECIAN DRAMA.

It is not intended, under this title, to enter into critical discussions or philological inquiries respecting the Greek scenic poets, or to attempt any continuous versions of their works; but merely to place before the public, in an English dress, some few of the passages in them, that are peculiarly eminent for intrinsic sublimity and pathos, and that appear most readily transferable into a modern language.

It is indeed our belief, that a selection of this nature, if skilfully made, would give the non-classical reader a more worthy idea of these noble creations of the human intellect, than is generally derived from perusing regular translations of them, however ably the text may have been rendered, however learnedly illustrated. For these dramas contain so many metaphors and similes taken from the every-day occupations of those for whom the authors wrote, so many allusions to the passing events of the time—the plots are so frequently woven, and the characters so generally drawn, from the legends of the national mythology, that those only whom years of study have familiarized with these subjects, those only who have acquired the mental citizenship of Athens, can appreciate the symmetrical elegance of the poems, or be fully influenced by the inspiration of the poets. To other eyes so much appears

strange, so much obscure, or void of meaning; so much is at variance with the conventional ideas and expectations of the reader, that, in his weariness and vexation of mind, he passes heedlessly over passages, which, if presented to him singly, would have arrested him by their beauty, and in his disgust at what seem to him mere masses of antiquarian lore, he is apt to overlook the splendor of the gems they contain.

To choose out these gems, to render, in our own language, these passages, encumbered by no longer explanations than are necessary to make their subjects intelligible, occasionally illustrating their train of idea by similar expressions in other writers, is our endeavor. Ample, indeed, are the stores which the volume of the Grecian drama offers for our selection, and we may hope that their native brilliancy and sweetness will not be altogether lost, though they need must suffer much by removal into a foreign and harsher soil, and still more by the unskilfulness of the transplantor.

The following passage from the Orestes of Euripides, (line 140,) represents a sister watching by the sick couch of her brother. The Chorus of Argive damsels enter to console her.*

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ, ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ΗΛ. Εἶγε σίγα, λεπτὸν ἴχνος ἀρβύλης
πίθετε, μὴ ψοφεῖτε, μὴ 'στω κτύπος
ἀνυπνὸ βᾶσ' ἐκεῖς ἀνυπνό μοι κοίτας, &c.&c.

ELECTRA. CHORUS.

*El.* Softly, not an echo waking,
With light-falling sandal tread,
Not a sound the stillness breaking—
Farther, farther from the bed.
*Ch.* At thy bidding see we go.
*El.* Dear companions, faint and low
As the thin reed's whisperings,
Let your voices to me flow—
*Ch.* Lo each flute-like† accent springs,
From my lips most faintly.
*El.* So,
Gently speak—move lightly round him,
Tell me why ye've hither crept,
Slumber now indeed hath bound him,
But 'tis long since last he slept.
*Ch.* What, beloved one, is his state?
*El.* What, alas! shall I relate?
This to declare is alone in
My power, yet he doth live,
By that low and broken moaning—
*Ch.* What baleful tidings dost thou give!
*El.* Break not, unless we wish him dead,
The calm upon his eyelids spread;
Now enjoying sweet and deep
The gracious blessedness of sleep—
* * * * *
*Ch.* He wakes—behold the robes are stirred—
*El.* Curses on thee for the word,
Ye, by your voices loud and fast,
Slumber from his eyes have cast.
*Ch.* He seemed asleep.
*El.* Begone, I say,
Troubler of his rest. Away.
*Ch.* He now sleeps well.
*El.* Thou sayest right.
*Ch.* Holy dim and awful Night,
Giver of sleep, on whom the labor-laden call,
Hither from the depths of Erebus
Come on thy shadowy wings to us,
To the Agamemnonian hall—
For beneath our wretchedness
And our manifold distress
We perish, we utterly perish.
*El.* Again ye've roused him.
*Ch.* Nay.
*El.* Oh! cherish
His repose, each sound repress,
And in silence watching by,
Let him slumber tranquilly.

The subjoined lines from the Agamemnon (1178), are part of the prophetic wailings of Cassandra before entering the palace to meet the death which she knows is there prepared for her. The poet has previously represented her pouring forth broken lamentations for her country's fall, mingled with forebodings of her own impending fate, and that of the victor whose triumph she decked. The Chorus struck with awe at these indistinct presages of calamity to their monarch, have questioned her further, but complained of the obscurity of her words. In reply, she alludes to the horrors that in preceding generations had desolated and devoted to the avenging powers the royal mansion of the Tantalidæ.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ.

Καὶ μὴν ὁ χρησμὸς οὐκέτ' ἐκ καλυμμάτων
ἔσται δεδορκὼς νεογάμου νύμφης δίκην
λαμπρὸς δ' ἔοικεν ἡλίου πρὸς ἀντολὰς, &c. &c.

CASSANDRA.

No longer then shall the oracular strain
Look dimly forth from 'neath dark shrouding words,
Like a bride muffled in her nuptial veil;
Full into light it dashes, like the blast,
The mighty western blast,* impetuously
Bursting upon the day springs of the East.
Beneath it like successive billows borne,
Crimes and calamities wash into light,
Each direr than the first. Ha! speak I now
Enigmas? Bear ye witness to my words,
With which I follow, hound-like, on the track
Of the evil deeds committed long ago.
There is a choir that ne'er forsakes this roof

* Perhaps Schlegel's description of this scene is the most short and vivid that can be given. "Orestes, after the murder of his mother, lies on a bed sick with anguish of soul and madness. Electra sits at his feet. She and the chorus tremblingly expect his awaking."

† See Musgrave on the word ἀτέρφον.

* The translation is here expanded into what seems the full meaning of the original. Æschylus alludes to the west wind, which he elsewhere in this play calls the Ζέφυρος γίγας.

Symphonious, not euphonious, for its notes
Are not of good. A band of wassailers
Drank and made bold with draughts of human blood:
A band of sister Furies holds this house,
Hard—hard to be dislodged. To the doomed walls
Close clinging loud they hymn the original crime,
Then loathingly reject the name of him
Who trampled on a brother's marriage bed.
Miss I my mark, or do my words strike home?
Wilt call me now "false prophet, vagabond,
Wretched impostor?" On thy oath attest
My knowledge of this house's ancient crimes.

We now turn to the famed chorus in the Œdipus Coloneus, (668,) where Sophocles sings the glories of Athens, and celebrates the sweet scenery of his own native district.

There is, in the original, a fresh beauty and a natural grace in the description of the sacred grove, and an earnest sublimity in the poet's praises of his country, to which few compositions, ancient or modern, can furnish a parallel.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

*στροφὴ ά*
*Εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώ-*
*ρας ἵκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἕκαυλα*
*τὸν ἀργῆτα Κολωνὸν ἔνθ',*
*ἀ λίγεια μινύρεται, &c. &c.*

STROPHE I.

Stranger, earth's fairest dwelling place
In this region far renowned,
For its coursers' generous race,
White-soiled Colonus, thou hast found.
Here the melodious nightingale
Oft repeats her mournful tale
'Mid these copses greenly springing,
To the dark leaved ivy clinging;
Or 'neath that sacred foliage veiled
Where thousand blossoms spring,
In vain by fiercest noon assailed,
Or the sweeping tempest's wing.
The reveller Dionysus loves
To tread this mossy sod,
While 'mid the bands of Nymphs he roves
That nursed the infant God.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Here 'neath the dew-drops fair and free
Blooms the narcissus clustering wild,
The ancient coronal for thee,
Great Ceres, and thy Goddess child.
Here the golden crocus beams;
Nor ever fail the sleepless streams
That feed Cephisus' silvery tides.
Still o'er the meads the river glides,
And sheds with fertilizing power
Verdure and wealth around,
Bedewing with his purest shower
The deep and level ground.
Nor do the Muses' circling feet
Abhor this gentle plain,
Nor is it the least chosen seat
Of Aphrodite's reign.

STROPHE II.

Not in the fertile lands that smile
Fair Asia's regions o'er,
Nor in the mighty Dorian isle
Where Pelops reigned of yore,
Flourishes the sacred plant
That loves our favor'd soil,
Whose fruit is earth's spontaneous grant,
Unsought by human toil.
The olive, dread of hostile spears,
Which not the wrath of youthful years
Nor stern commands of skilful age
Shall e'er destroy with wasting rage.
For the all-seeing care of Jove
Forbids that sacred stem to die,
And fair Athenè from above
Bends o'er its growth her azure eye.

ANTISTROPHE II.

There is a loftier praise for thee
City, mistress of the land,
Thee a mighty Deity,
Hath gifted with unsparing hand.
Gallant coursers are thy boast,
Skilled t' obey their lord's behest;
Favoring seas wash round thy coast,
With deep and sheltering havens blest.
Son of Saturn, Neptune, king,
'Tis from thee these glories spring;
Here thou first didst teach the steed
To feel the bit control his speed;
Here far and fast the briny tide
Is whitened by the dashing oar,
While swiftly as the Nereids glide
Bounds the ship 'mid ocean's roar.

We will conclude with the character of Capaneus, in Euripides, (Supplices 870,) and that of Helen, on her arrival at Troy, in Æschylus. (Again, 719.)

*Ὁρᾷς τὸν ἀβρὸν, οὗ βέλος διέπτατο;*
ΚΑΠΑΝΕΥΣ *δὸ' ἐστίν. ὢ βίος μὲν ἦν πολὺς, &c. &c.*

Seest thou this stately one, through whom the bolt
Of Jove hath winged its way? 'Tis Capaneus.
His means were ample, but his noble mind
Never grew haughty or puffed up by wealth—
Faithful he was to absent friends as well
As present—virtue that you rarely meet.
His manners guileless, and in his address
Most affable and kind. His plighted word
He never broke to slave or citizen.

*Παραντὰ δ' ἐλθεῖν εἰς Ἴλιόν πόλιν*
*λέγοιμ' ἂν φρόνημα μὲν νηνέμου γαλάνας, &c. &c*

When first she came to Ilion's shore
You might have sung of one, who bore
A spirit gentle as the sea*
In its windless, smooth tranquillity;—
Of one to whom by wealth was lent
Each blameless grace and ornament.
Soft was the winning glance and meek
That darted from her beauteous eye,
The bloom of love was on her cheek
To wake th' incautious gazer's sigh.

* So Shakspeare—
"A soul as even as a calm."

# THE POLITICIAN.

A SKETCH.

"He has had strange delusions, talked of battles,
Monopolyes and levyings of taxes."
INJURED LOVE, OR CRUEL HUSBAND.

"Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's years,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."
SHAKSPEARE.

WERE we required to pronounce an opinion on that often mooted point—that *questio vexata*—which has given exercise to the polemical powers of the philosophers of every age—we allude to the celebrated question, as to what is the one peculiar and distinctive characteristic in man,—the *bipes implume* of Plato—we should at once, fearlessly, boldly, and without hesitation, though with all that modesty which forms so essential an ingredient in our character, reply, "Man is a political animal; in that 'he is himself alone;' there is the point of distinction, the line of demarcation between man as a sentient intellectual 'animal and the 'beasts which want discourse of reason.'"

We know that this opinion which we have propounded will be the father to much curious disquisition; with a 'prophetic soul,' and an eye which penetrates through the dim vista of increasing years, we see that it will be fiercely attacked, eagerly contested, and sought to be demolished and overthrown. Be it so; by that will its truth be at once attested and established. "What is writ is writ," and we are prepared to defend it at the pen's point, but this is not the time, nor the place, nor the occasion.

In candor, we admit that we have been somewhat hastily delivered of this proposition; the period of its gestation has been of the shortest, "brief as woman's love," it has been

"Sent into the world but half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,"

that we would at once recal it till "another and a better" opportunity, but that on reflection it strikes us, that it will serve indifferently well as a type and prefiguration of that flourish of trumpets which (on the stage at least) is always used to herald the advent of a great character. And, if to give up his time, and talents, and energies, to labor as if it were a labor of love, to devote himself with a concentrated singleness of purpose to the task of enlightening his fellow men on their political wrongs and the *modus operandi* of their redress; we say, if to be all this, and more than this, be to be great, then he whose history we are about to communicate confidentially to the world truly merits that much coveted appellation. Sydney Hampden Little, for in those names he rejoices, is, as may be inferred from our exordium, an ardent politician: in the troubled sea of politics

"He lives, and moves, and has his being."

They are the be-all and the end-all of his existence, the aim and scope of his being, the nucleus from which all his hopes, and thoughts, and feelings radiate.

We are decidedly of opinion that "the child is father to the man." Wordsworth asserts it; and all history and experience prove and corroborate its truth and justice. We know that Pope "lisped in numbers,"—that Napoleon in childhood (if one like he ever were a child) constructed mimic fortresses of snow and defended them with a *warmth* which threatened annihilation to the frail material of which they were composed; and, when we are supplied with that important desideratum to English literature—a full, true, and particular life of Burke—not he of the "Sublime and Beautiful," and the "Reflections"—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—but Burke of anatomical celebrity—we doubt not, for a moment, but we shall perceive the latent seeds, if not decided indications, of that ardent and intense love of physiological research, that devotedness to scientific pursuits, compared to which he valued not his life "at a pin's fee," which has obtained for him a name which the "world will not willingly let die," and enriched with a new word the proverbial poetry of the English language. Be that, however, as it may, and it is but a mere speculative opinion, the rule is sufficiently established, and Hampden Little was not destined to prove an exception.

We dislike exceedingly, and therefore, of course, hesitate to become too didactic, but for which we should venture to make the profound remark, that a school is, in fact, an epitome of the universe, a "picture in little" of the world at large; in it are displayed the same passions (or at all events the germs of the same passions) and the same feelings, tempered and modified, of course, by circumstances, the same love of despotism and exercise of tyrannical sway on the one part, and the same open and fierce resistance or deeply-nurtured and concealed dislike on the other, by which mankind ingeniously contrive to embitter that small portion of time which is to them allotted on this "distracted globe;" our school (academy "the wise it call,") for it was there we first became acquainted with Hampden, was not exempt from the common lot. We were not without our feuds, our factions, and our little intestine warfares. On one of these occasions it was that Little's genius as a statesman first made itself apparent: there had been some little disagreements—(we use the word 'little' relatively, for "those little things are great to little men")—at our school, and the secession, or, rather, deposition of one of the ushers, and the arrival and usurpation of another, (who from an unfortunate habit of "scenting the morning air" more frequently than agreeably, obtained from us of the "adverse faction" the *sobriquet* of "Sniffle,")

was the occasion of a contest in comparison to which all the celebrated feuds of ancient or of modern days, the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, the Capulets and Montagues, and though last not least, the Bardells and Shillibeers, were mere child's play and puddles in a storm: we reserve the history in full for a future opportunity, and shall merely observe, that both parties were in no slight degree happy when Hampden arose to act as mediator. His genius seemed to rise with the occasion: he harangued and he declaimed, he penned protocols and composed epigrams: he, as my Lord Clarendon has it, "had a heart to conceive, a head to plan, and a hand to execute" every possible expedient that the occasion could require: he literally "formed, composed, and directed the whole:" he was the presiding genius—the Magnus Apollo. Need we recount the result to the party to which he particularly attached himself? We were a joint in his tail—were victorious, and they upon the opposition side were compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of, and bow in token of submission to the usurper, Sniffle. "From what trivial causes great events arise!" henceforward Hampden took the lead—he was acknowledged premier of the academy, and when he left it some short time after to occupy a desk in the counting-house of his father, a wealthy merchant, the whole school felt that they had lost the "noblest Roman of them all."

On leaving school, our different destinations in life placed a wide distance between us: yet, although *we* heard not from him directly, it was almost a matter of impossibility to take up a newspaper which did not "prate of his whereabout:" no public meeting could assemble, no matter for what purpose or on what occasion, whether to disseminate the blessings of rum and true religion among the natives of Timbuctoo, to preserve the *suttees* in the east from immolation by the funeral pile, or the *sootees* in the west from destruction by narrow chimneys; we say, no matter for the occasion—no meeting could congregate at which Sydney Hampden Little failed to add his "most sweet voice," at first, when a mere sciolist, modestly to propose "that Mr. Potts be requested to take the chair," or "that the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. Snooks," and, latterly, as he began to get more confidence, as a rather copious and somewhat long-winded orator.

We now approach the great epoch in his life—the momentous era, which has earned for him an undying fame, and obtained for him a reputation which endureth for ever. We allude to his speech on the celebrated GREAT COAT QUESTION: so well must the whole affair be known, that it will appear almost a matter of supererogation to give the details; but it may chance that there are two or three of the rising generation to whom the full particulars are not quite familiar, and, therefore, for their sakes we will, even at the risk of being thought tedious, as briefly as may be, give a slight outline of the event.

In the parish in which Hampden lived, it had been the custom from time immemorial to supply those "ancient and trusty gentlemen," the nightly watch, every third year with a warm and comfortable watch-coat. There was, however, a party who objected rather loudly to this arrangement, sanctioned as it was by prescriptive usage, and who insisted most strenuously on the biennial distribution of the "*woollen conveniencies*:" it was a fierce contest, that of the biennials and triennials, and annually as the weather got colder and colder, the disputants waxed warmer and warmer: at length the winter of 18— proving more severe than any one in the recollection of that mysterious gentleman who always acts as umpire on those occasions, we mean "the oldest inhabitant," it was determined to bring the matter to a speedy issue, and a night, the 13th of November, "be it aye remembered i' the calendar," was the night fixed for its discussion in the vestry; the leader on the triennial side was old Swiggs, the brewer, a rather *frothy* orator, and fortunately for his future fame, Sydney Hampden Little was the Coryphæus of the "Carlists," or advocate of the Charlies. On that night he delivered that remarkable oration which has procured for him so conspicuous a niche in the temple of fame, and enrolled his name proudly among those which the world delighteth to honor. We regret that the sketch, which is the only record of that eloquent speech, is meagre and imperfect to a degree, but much that is there omitted has been supplied to us by oral testimony, and it truly appears to our apprehension to have been sublime. The exordium is magnificent—the orator appeals to the sympathies of his auditors in behoof of those "poor, forlorn old men, fourscore and upwards," whose cause he humbly advocates; he useth that remarkable expression, so often since quoted, that the eyes of (not of Europe, but) the whole civilized world is upon them; he goes on to describe in language most awfully pathetic, the *freezing* condition of his protegés, and the comforts and advantages of warm *frieze* coats; he diverges most gracefully into a history of the cloth trade in general; he launches into the most fierce and bitter sarcasm, and glides into the most polished irony; he, with a peculiar combination of happiness and elegance, designates his rival, the brewer, by the felicitous appellation of "Swipes;" he lets drop some slight inuendos, some delicate hints, by which, although concealed by flowers of the most cunning periphrasis, the inquiring mind may infer that his, Swiggs' mother, like the old lady in Macbeth, "was a godly woman, more often on her knees than on her feet," in short, a charwoman, and concludes a most powerful and magniloquent peroration by casting on the table—yea, even before their eyes—one of the coats, "a three-years old," as he contemptuously called it, "Rent with the strife of many a well-fought field;" the effect was as the shock of electricity—the force of eloquence could no further go, and we doubt if a greater sensation was created

by the exhibition of the mangled cloak of Cæsar or the mangled body of Lucretia, the dagger of Burke, or the hat of Corporal Trim. Is it necessary for us to recount the result? Can it be doubted his cause triumphed? and he gained and well deserved the title of "the watchman's friend."

"He won it nobly, may he wear it long."

Indeed he took so lively an interest in them and their concerns, "they looked so like his father as they slept," that he actually proposed in the full flush of confidence in his victory, that they shoud each be supplied nightly with a basin of coffee at the expense of the parish, and had (to use a college phrase) "crammed" himself for his speech on the occasion, by getting by rote the whole history of the coffee-tree, which he meant to introduce, but some evil-disposed person having hinted to those venerable gentlemen that coffee has an anti-soporific effect, they all, with one accord, rejected his proffered kindness, but were willing to compromise for beer: as, however, there was very little to be said about beer, and the carrying his motion would have the effect of giving a good order to his rival, Swiggs, he refused to agree, and so the coffee fell to the ground.

His genius now began to take a more lofty flight.

"Returning home in triumph, he disdain'd"

to be the mere Demosthenes of a parochial vestry: he thought that "his demerits might speak unbonneted to a higher fortune than that that he had reached." There were the wrongs of a suffering nation to be redressed; the iniquities of those decked in purple and fine linen and sitting in high places to be exposed and held up to public reprobation; and conceiving *that* his duty, Hampden was not the man to shrink from its performance, "though hell itself did gape, and bid him hold his peace." He left his own business to take care of itself, while he, with the self-devotedness of "Curtius," cast himself into the gulf of public affairs. He was *hic et unique;* he attended at every debating club, at every political meeting. He made orations, he denounced tyrants, he more than insinuated treason; he spoke of equal laws and degrading distinctions; about vengeance on oppressors; he mysteriously hinted at new Cromwells and more modern *Bruti*, and wound up all by calling his hearers base helots and degraded slaves, upon which that many-headed monster, the mob, threw up their greasy caps, and yelled, and shouted, and "aggravated their voices," and vociferated, proving to a demonstration that although their liberties might be in danger their lungs were perfectly safe. Fortunately he had some short time before espoused a maid with a handsome fortune; we say fortunately, for, to tell the truth, owing to the neglect of his business, he was just on the verge of bankruptcy while devising means to liquidate the national debt.

And now "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." With the increasing claims of his domestic duties, (for he happened since his marriage to have a son and heir,) there came a wonderful alteration in his notions of right and wrong. He began to discover that, after all, and equalization of property was clearly not the intention of Providence; he had some faint notion, that more than one class was absolutely necessary for the working of the machine; and was compelled to admit that all kings were not necessarily despots, nor all laws unjust and oppressive, in short, for why should we conceal the fact!—from a "Whig, and something more," he has become a Tory, and nothing less, for he quite disdains and repudiates the affectation of the title of Conservative. It may be said, and reasonably too, that in narrating so great a change in his political creed, we have been altogether too abrupt, pursuing the even tenor of our brief sketch as though it were a matter of no moment, and consequently deserving of no particular remark; to which objection, all that we can say is *this*, that, in point of fact, the change itself was not gradually developed, nor of slow growth, but was as sudden, as unmarked by any of the usual indications, the *diagnosis*, of so potent a transition, and as swiftly-wrought as one of the tricks of a Christmas pantomime, as the change of season in a Russian climate, where a glance at the landscape before you retire to rest at night, presents to your view "one perfect and entire" scene of wintry desolateness, to be succeeded in the most *summary* manner possible, at the hour of your rising, by the carolling of birds, and the balmy breezes, and the verdancy of spring.

On the well known principle that "extremes meet," perhaps this ought not to excite any very great degree of surprise, and, indeed, the same phenomenon has exhibited itself in persons of far higher rank than Sydney Hampden Little, and yet has passed unheeded by, "without our special wonder."

Sydney is now "some fifty, or by'r lady, nearer to threescore;" and although his opinions have so completely changed, unfortunately his predilection for politics burns as fiercely as ever; he pursues it

"With all that hot and burning zeal,
Which old and fiery converts feel,"

and will neither read, nor think, nor converse on any other description of subject whatever. Every night during the sessions of Parliament, is he to be seen, perched up in a corner of the gallery of the House of Commons, and he declares it is a pity that the sitting does not continue all the year round. When he meets a friend in the street, he scruples not to catch him by the button, (forming a *tableau vivant* of the Frontispiece to Chesterfield's Advice to his Son,) and gives him *viva voce*, a brief abstract of the speech of Peel, or the letter of O'Connell; and he lately called on a friend, who was indulging in all the luxury of woe, having just lost a wife, and two thousand a-year annuity, and insisted on

cheering his melancholy by reading him an octavo on the Corn Laws. He devotes at least a tenth of his time to the settlement of the tithe question, and knows no more than Ricardo about the currency. The most determined diner out can scarcely be prevailed upon to accept an invitation to his hospitable board. For the table of "that old man eloquent" is always particularly fruitful in political reminiscences. By some curious association of ideas, he can never look at a goose without thinking of the member for Middlesex,—or eat an orange, but he gets furious about the Duke of Cumberland—nor pour out his old port "in a glass darkly," without entering into a disquisition on the affairs of Portugal. Sugar always sours his temper—about our West Indian mismanagement, (and he is as eloquent about the twenty millions, as O'Connell is about the seven,) and tea, "the cup which cheers, but not inebriates," always inflames him respecting the China trade. He hints darkly, that reform came in very close connection with the cholera, and shrewdly suspects that the advent of the comet with its *tail*, is not without its moral, now that a tail has become a rather fashionable appendage. He shakes his head significantly when the conflagration of the Houses of Parliament is adverted to, and when questioned as to the reason, replies, "there is nothing in it." He has toppled from their "high estate," Shakspeare, and "the blind old man from Scio's rocky isle," who for years reposed in all the pride of place, on the mantel-piece of his study, to make way for the objects of his profoundest admiration—his *dii penates*, Wellington and Peel. The "counterfeit presentment" of Locke has been displaced by that of Lyndhurst and Newton; the discoverer of the theory of *gravitation* by Wetherell, who sets all gravity at defiance. He has become as aristocratic as though he were

> "The tenth transmitter of a foolish race,"

or had "all the blood of all the Howards" circling in his veins, and would have no respect for one of the swinish multitude, even if he were to possess the talents of a Hogg or the wisdom of a Bacon.

But lest we ourselves should be taken for one of the latter species, abhorred of gods and men, denominated a *bore*, we conclude this sketch of one who is no fanciful and unreal creation of the brain, but who "liveth in the flesh bodily," and hath a "local habitation and a name."

MAR W——.

## LES ENFANS DE LA FRANCE.

Reine du monde, O France, O ma patrie!
Soulève enfin ton front cicatrisé
Sans qu'à tes yeux leur gloire en soit flétrie
De tes enfans l'étendard s'est brisé
Quand la fortune outrageait leur vaillance,
Quand de tes mains tombait ton sceptre d'or
Tes ennemis disaient encor
"Honneur aux enfans de la France."

Land of my birth, thou mistress of the world,
Rouse thee at length, and raise thy wounded crest,
Though fallen the standard that thy sons unfurl'd,
Still do its unstained glories stand confest,
When fortune envied their increasing fame,
And bid thy golden sceptre fall;
Still they could teach their enemies to exclaim,
Honor and glory to the sons of Gaul.

Shorn of the conquests thou hadst won of late,
And doomed to yield each rich and hard-earned prize;
True, thou canst fall, when urged by cruel fate,
Still 'tis a fall like lightning from the skies.
Now through a foreign land the angry Rhine
Bids with disdain his turbid waves advance,
And from his rocky shores that once were thine,
Cries, "Give due honor to the sons of France."

Where in thy fields barbarian foemen trod,
Where too the Calmuc troops profaned the ground,
Plenty now reigns, and there a bounteous God
Bids a luxuriant harvest smile around.
'Tis true, our acts might feel the cruel blow,
Tho' wronged and robbed, yet still these acts advance,
Rise with a Phœnix' vigor, and bestow
Their meed of glory on the sons of France.

Consult our history's records, they can name
What enemies of old were forced to yield,
Whilst modern nations, envious of our fame,
Have felt our power in many a bloody field.
Britain exhibited her wealth in vain,
In vain did bankrupt kingdoms give their all;
Ages and history speak, and cry again
Honor and glory to the sons of Gaul.

Tyrants and slaves, ah! no, it cannot be,
These withering names no more shall curse the land,
Pleasure shall reign (she bids us all be free,)
And love and liberty go hand in hand.
Rise, Freedom, to the world thy light display,
Resume the flaming torch, forego the lance,*
Whilst nations, as they cast their chains away,
Shall give due honor to the sons of France.

* Laissez dormir la lance.

Queen of the world, my loved, my native land,
For thee new laurels yet shall bud and bloom,
For thee shall victory's fertile palm expand*
A guardian shadow o'er each hero's tomb;
And 't is my hope that where my ashes lie,
The traveller may wind his way, perchance
Recall a patriot's memory, and cry
Honor and glory to the sons of France.

JOHN WARING.

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## A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

### CHAPTER I.

"Nay—but I must, I must indeed, papa!
Pray let me go: what signifies mamma?"

ANONYMOUS.

". . . . . ."

". . . . . ?"

"Ay—what? What the devil are you talking about? What did you say?—for if I heard the words, I am sure I don't understand the sense of the question."

". . . . . ."

". . . . . ?"

"By Jupiter's pig-tail! Stay—I like not the oath. By the *living Jingo!* (I should say.) By the living Jingo, and all the little Jingoes!—why, what does this mean? Oh, all ye Jupiters and Junos, that ever kept house upon Mount Olympus, what is to be done with mortality, when wit and reason go a woolgathering? Who is it can have possibly instilled into your brain such a Hudibrastical, Quixotical, knight-errantical idea? Oh, madness, madness! I' faith, all this will never do: you can-*not* (giving it peculiar emphasis,) you can-*not* be in earnest. Oh, man, (for such I had thought thee,) how art thou puerilized! Do you *really* intend it—do you *really* mean to go? and so far—perhaps a thousand miles! Preposterous! Oh, Reason, whither hast thou fled? why hast thou (for I'm sure thou hast,) why hast thou bid adieu to thy more than twenty years' lodgment, to seek another home, I know not where? Hast thou fled, to roam among the rugged mountains? to chase the bearded goat to his Alpine den? to listen to the foaming torrent chafing o'er its rocky bed? Hast thou fled to the sunny banks of some crystal lake, to lie thee down, and hang o'er its waters like Eve, and view thyself in reflection? or dost thou, like Diana, delight in the forest? To what region hast thou gone? for, like another Hamlet, thou hast passed from hence, to wanton elsewhere. And dost thou, with a curling finger, beck to thy old dwelling to follow thee?"

"Go I must—the die of my inclination and purpose is cast. To argue thus, methinks you view me not with Reason's eye."

"You speak not now with Reason's tongue."

"Excuse, and hear me."

"I' faith I will: for I long to hear the English of this thine outlandish——"

"Nay, not outlandish—I'm not going to sea——"

"Sea! who the devil said a word about sea?"

"I thought you did—at least indirectly."

"Not I; either directly or indirectly—straight for'ard or backward—sideways, or upwards, or downwards."

"Know, then, in brief, that this century is not the last century."

"True."

"Don't interrupt me.—That is, that the features of things wear not precisely the same air and bearing to-day, as they did in the yesterday of the past hundred summers."

"True—a century works a change on the features of most of us."

"The times do not wag in our age as they did in the age of our fathers."

"True."

"Fathers do not now, as they did then, know how to dispose of a family of overgrown idle boys."

"True—then are you a father with a family of overgrown idle boys?"

"No: more like an idle boy, the son of my father."

"True."

"Here I am, grown up to man's estate, nourished in the kindly soil of 'sweet home:' and although I well know that there is no geography in this world so agreeable to study, as *the geography of up and down stairs at home, and from the parlor to the drawing-room*, yet I am of opinion, that when a hobbeddehoy becomes cracked, (that is, in his throat,) or as Portia would say, when he speaks with a *reed* voice, (*buzz,*) he should think of placing his breast against the boisterous and buffeting storms of more active life."

"True."

"A lame leg is not the thing for a soldier or a sailor—or a soldier or a sailor is not the thing with a lame leg."

"True."

"—— or else, I swear by the trident of thirsty Neptune! I would, long ere this, have cut Hippotades' silver-thonged bag of winds, and faced the howling of the enlarged tempest, even as the adventurous Ulysses himself."

"It is probable you would."

"But if a man cannot say, 'the world is mine oyster, and with my sword will I open it,' he must e'en call the world his something else, and endeavor to open this something else, with that weapon which he rather chooses to wield; or, indeed, which the Fates choose to place in his hands—(whether or nay, Mr. Thomas Collins)——"

"If his microcosm should lie on the face of a sheet of paper, then let him open it with a pen, as the great Shakspeare did."

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* Palme féconde doit protéger les tombeaux.

"Shakspeare! Ah, or Johnson, since him."

"True—or Wordsworth, one might add."

"And Coleridge too."

"And Byron."

"And Sir Walter Scott."

"And fifty others!"

"Fifty? ay, a hundred!"

"Ah, five hundred!"

"A thousand!"

"Ay, ten thousand!!"

"Twenty thousand!!!"

"Or if it should be the church, let him open his pulpit-world with wholesome doctrine—words that will teach his fellow laborers in the vineyard love to each other, honesty, upright dealing, and, above all, the essence of virtue's sweet attribute—gratitude. That which will make a man feel his dependence and insignificance, and teach him to look beyond himself, and beyond the life in which he exists."

"Oh, true—most true!"

"But there are reasons why neither of these are destined for me: various reasons—yet it is scarcely worth while to speak of them now. Health (as it is called, that is, the want of it) has been a chain, that has linked me almost constantly at home, like Andromeda to the rock, but with feelings very different."

"When people see young men without professions, they set them down for arrant idlers at once. And perhaps it is but natural to do so. Yet methinks that the experience of the present day, when young men to professions, are almost as *plus* to *minus*, would have instructed people to reflect at the sight of an 'idler,' and say, '*Perhaps, poor devil, he can't get a profession.*' But this is not always the case: men without regular professions are supposed to be wilful idlers; yet it is to be hoped, that all so circumstanced, idle, as it is termed, *nolens volens*. Why, even one's acquaintance will say, "What a shame it is that great boys should remain year after year under their father's roof, doing nothing—wasting all their time—idling all day, and learning to be idle all their lives. Why don't they go into the world and get professions, and attempt to be independent? far more praiseworthy than to remain where they are.'"

"O ye fathers and mothers of the present century! O all ye living heads of families! Tell me candidly, do ye find it as easily done as said, to get your sons professions—honorable professions—suitable professions—professions congenial with their ideas and education, and professions suited to their and your birth and rank in society! Do you find it a thought and a reality? I now fancy I see hundreds of parents' heads wagging in answer—*not nodding*."

"It stands thus with me. If I *must* be an *idler*, I'll e'en be so in *private*—that is, away among strangers, who know not who I am, or what I am; and this, in one sense, may be classified in the same genus with *privacy*."

"But if a person sets out to travel with the sincere intention of really seeing every thing he sees—of *looking into* every thing he sees—of scrutinizing, and of understanding, (for Lord Chesterfield says, that there are men who have travelled all over the continent—ay, the world—who have seen every thing, and yet have seen nothing;) but if a man (not to kill time—*the worst of murders*) travels to comprehend what he sees, instead of idling, he goes to a useful and instructive school. He studies nature, he studies art: he studies men, he studies manners: he enlarges his mind, and he obtains health for his body: and all these, under the most delightful circumstances imaginable."

"You throw another weight into the already preponderating scale of my inclination. I have thought of this trip for some time, though I have said little about it: but I burn to enter a class in this instructive school of which you speak, and pleasing too; I thought the two words were never coupled, but if so, it will be the first agreeable school I have ever encountered in my life. I must be off forthwith—'I stand on ready haste,' as Shakspeare has it."

"But where do you intend to go?—you have said nothing about that. Which way? North, south, east or west? for I have heard you speak of several countries at different times, that appeared to be somewhat magnetic to the heel of your *penchant*."

"I have often had France and Italy in the corner of my mind's eye—but this is a great undertaking to a pedestrian."

"True. But who, or what, has engendered the preposterous fancy of touring in this way, and of despising the advantage of coaches? That is an Alpine impediment, over which I know not how to soar."

"Exercise is the great key to health: and when I turn that golden key in the lock of such a sacred casket, I find it easily opened to me, that I may take and enjoy the greatest of earthly blessings."

"All this is very rational: but you talked of the amazing distance of a thousand miles."

"Yes; it may be as much, or it may not. But I do not mean to perform it *all in one day*."

"I did'nt suppose you did—mum!"

"To walk through France, Italy, and Sicily; and return by Switzerland and Germany (my *beau ideal*) appears rather formidable for a *coup d'essai:* besides, Lord Byron was of opinion, that every man ought to see something of his *own country*, before he should go *abroad*."

"Lord Byron was right."

"Well, then, I'll keep the continent for a *bonne bouche*, and seek out nearer beauties."

"Where then shall I go? This way? that way? t'other way?"

"Oh, poo poo nonsense! I have it. I'll go to Wales—ay, will I—to Wales!"

## CHAPTER II.

"Whannë that April with his shourës sote
The droughte of March hath percëd to the rote,
And bathëd every veine in swiche licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zepherus eke with his sotë brethe

Enspirëd hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppës and the yongë sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfë cours yronne,
And smalë fowlës waken melodie,
That slepen allë night with open eye,
o pricketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folke to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken strangë strondes,
To servë holwes couth in sundry londes."

CHAUCER.

"To Wales, ay—to Wales?" said Pedestres musingly; "let me see—what shall I require for my walk? A pedestrian must be but lightly accoutred—as spare a wardrobe as possible—and all *do-with-out-ables* must be studiously left behind. A knapsack I have—that will carry my baggage, and certain little articles (substantives) of knick-knackery that I cannot dispense with. As to clothes—let me see—why, this coat will do," (passing his hand down the sleeve)—"and these—what do the ladies call 'em?"—(looking at his legs)—"and these inexpressibles—I think they call them—are just the thing. My hat shall be fitted up inside as a fly-book. Ah, ha! a good idea—for who would go to so famous a land, without imagining he should there also find famous water? A collar, flies, and line, will be easily disposed of in the crown—and their weight will be nothing. Besides, such a proximity to one's brain as the inside of a hat, is next to having the means, as well as the ideas of fishing, really in one's head.

"My knapsack shall contain my sketch-book—given me *expressly* for my tour: there's my little Romeo and Juliet of course—for who would be so crazy as to think of roaming sentimentally among mountains, without a volume of Shakspeare? Oh! my flute—I must take that—my 'wry-necked flute:' perchance it may serve to beguile the length of a solitary hour on some lofty crag—and no one knows how many crags I may perch upon. Another romantic notion too.

"Ah! and thou my destined companion," he continued, with a somewhat impassioned turn, and looking towards the object addressed, which stood in one corner of the room; "last, though not least, thou shalt go without fail—to say truth and justice, I imagine I should fail going without thee. Thou shalt support me throughout my long pilgrimage: by the bank of the river, and the lake, and on the sea shore: through the depth of the valley, and o'er the summit of the mountain: under the umbrageous boughs of the cool forest, and in the scorching sunshine of the open plain. Thou shalt also be my defender by night, as well as by day: and if cruel misfortune throw necessity upon us—why, *I* will *speak* daggers, whilst *thou* shalt use them in substance. For with that steel tongue, thou possessest the wherewithal to do so.

"If I were to give thee a name—(and why should I not?)—methinks I would call thee—but stay—what would I call thee? A name thou shalt have verily. Do we not read how Sir Tristram had his *Hodain*, his *Cru*, and his *Peticrewe*? faithful companions they were. How Arthur had his *Priven*, his *Ron*, and his 'trustye' *Caliburn*? And how Sir Quixote had his *Rosinante*, and his 'squire his *Dapple*—and what pains he expended, and how deeply he grubbed in the soil of reflection, in order to coin a name that should be at once harmonious and apposite?"

Pedestres threw himself into an easy chair—placed his hands over his eyes to shut out the world—and continued in a mood of profound cogitation for the space of about ten minutes.

That time having elapsed, he raised himself, and turned towards the corner of the room.

"And now, my friend," he continued, "I think we shall do. Having carefully turned over, as I would turn over the sacred leaves of an antediluvian black-letter folio, the thoughts and actions of my predecessors; and having paid particular attention to the well-chosen appellations that the adventurers of antiquity attached to their companions, whether 'squires, weapons, or blood-hounds;—methinks it will be but a due tribute unto thy merits, and a just respect unto their manes, should I but follow the praiseworthy and bright precedents, set forth by them. What, therefore, thinkest thou of the name *Clavileno*?

The object thus addressed, notwithstanding this appeal, was perfectly silent. But as "*silence gives consent*," Pedestres went on somewhat encouraged.

"When I consider the matter over," he said, "even a second and a third time, urged by the same impressions, I unfailingly arrive at the same conclusion and determination; just as like impulses often repeated will produce like results. When I ponder on thy destined office, and on thy extraction, every thing comes forward to congratulate me in the choice of the name which I have thought fit to set in thy title-page. It will adorn thee like a jewel—it will tell of thee like a *frontispiece* or a *vignette*—and it will give thee worldly consequence and consideration, like an honorable title."

"Title? Ah, true, speaking of titles," he further added, but a little more *in petto*, "I am disposed to exalt him to distinction at once without more ado now, before we set out—I trow I have as much power to create titles as the worthy inn-keeper of Castile, and particularly as his master——But titles upon names, and names upon persons (or things) is somewhat elevated and towering. It is too much like Inigo Jones's fine orders of architecture, one over another, or not unlike "more sacks upon the mill!" In spite of all this, my affection urges me to think of conferring the honor of knighthood upon him—I think it would sound uncommonly well, and perhaps write better. Let me make the experiment that I am told young ladies are very fond of making when they are on the eve of changing their own names or adding others to them. Let me repeat the proposed name aloud, to discover whether its articulation be full of euphony—(yet in their case, under bed-room lock and key, for fear of

being overheard)—let me write it on paper, to see if it flows smoothly from the pen; and then, when written, let me survey it at arm's length, and decide whether it be agreeable to the eye. My fair fellows in experiment would say—Mrs. This, Mrs. That, or Mrs. So-and-so—which sounds best?—*which shall I be?* Let me try them all on paper;—which writes the most pleasantly?—and, now, which looks the best?—*and, now, which shall I be?*

"With regard to my experiment, and the conferring this name and title—let me see;—first I'll shout as loud as ever I can, *Sir Clavileno! Sir Clavileno! Sir Clavileno!* How does it sound? I think very well:—so much for that—let it pass. And now let me write it carefully.

*Sir Clavileno.*

"I think it both writes well, and looks well when written."

All that afternoon, and all the night succeeding, it passed away, and Clavileno next morning was to have been dubbed knight as sure as a gun. But as Pedestres was coming down stairs that particular morning, he all at once, and in "the twinkling of an ẽ," thought fit to change his mind; not out of mere fickleness, but because on reflection he thought it better to do so. "A wise man changeth his mind—a fool never." Neither did he do it under the idea that changing his mind would make him a wise man—No,—"Purchased friendship and fidelity," said he within himself as he alighted on the mat at the landing, "are not worth having. If I confer honors on my companion before he has won them by his services, he will not only not deserve them, but perhaps he will not value them. I will not, however, say that he does *not* deserve, because I have had no proof of knowing it; but, on the other hand, I have no reason to say, he merits rewards from me, as he has had no opportunity yet of discovering that, for it is not three days since our first introduction. Let it wisely rest, therefore—time will discover all things. Were I to follow my first bent, it would look like buying his interest and truth for the journey, and, perhaps, add to which—his protection. Now that would appear cowardly in me. No—he shall not be knighted just yet; but if he conducts himself with love, valor, and loyalty till we return, it will then be more of justice than of generosity to give reward, however bounteously.

"As to the extravagance of the idea, I think nothing of it at all. Did not royalty once confer no less on *part of the back-bone of a dead ox?*

"And as to its homogeniousness—softly! it is the most appropriate combination and meeting of separates that the adhesive gum-pot of man's imagination could ever have glued together—they stick like wax. But let us, nevertheless, analyze and divide—for even a chemical combination will allow of this: let us cleave the word in twain, just in the middle; let us decant off half the word, and then examine the parts separately, and when that is done, what remains? Two halves, forsooth, which cry out—'When we are united, we bespeak ourselves to be—*a wooden peg!*'

"Oh, Clavileno, thou *ligneous walking stick!* Tell me what other name, searched out through all the three thousand and sixty-four languages, the number spoken by all the inhabitants of this world, could have sat more happily on thee? No, no, it fits thee to a Q, an R,—what letter is it?—a T—it fits thee to a T, Clavileno."

It is, however, to be observed, that this is only the *Christian* name, (if I may say so,) that is, the first name; and if we attach the other, or sirname, it will not only make matters more expressive, but will, at the same time, give great dignity and importance to the whole affair. Had Pedestres, then, not altered his purpose, Clavileno would always have been addressed thus—

*Sir Clavileno Walking-stick;*

or, what I think is still better—

*Sir Clavileno Wooden-peg;*

and which latter name, it has lately been decided, he shall ever retain. Now, however, as matters have changed, and now that his blushing honors have faded, to all his challenges he subscribes himself—

"*Clavileno Wooden-peg.*"

Although it cannot be argued, that the word Clavileno is a strict and pure onomatopœia, yet it carries a great and manifest perfection with it—*the name bespeaks the thing.* The second word also (I mean the *family* name, and which he declares shall descend to his latest posterity) is an anglification of the first; and to this, I think, there can be no objection. The ancients, as well as we moderns, were fully alive to the value of apposite designations applied either to persons or things:—witness Jupiter. Was he not called Jupiter for that reason and no other? Was it not so with Hermaphroditus, and with Julius Cæsar, and with Augustus? Did not the Peripatetics enrol themselves under the same genus? and the Stoics—the Platonian academicians of the sacred grove? and for the love of a like onomatopœia, Aristocles with the broad shoulders became Plato.

And, lastly, what think you, Sir Reader, of the name *Pedestres*, for one who intends to wander on *the feet of his hind legs?*

*(To be continued.)*

# THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH*

## WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

"MERAN!" cried he, "why, what is all human flesh but so many fractional parts of one entire mass? All the minute particles of the same substance may be contemplated as a whole, which would, by the principle of affinity, pervading all materialism of the same or like nature, combine, were they freed from constraint and set at liberty from foreign matrix, which restrain and detain them. The material particles, however, which make up the great body of human existence, are all bound together by a sympathetic chain, an invisible spirit, or one general soul runs through the whole race, rendering it out of the power of man to injure his prototype without inflicting pain upon himself. There is a reciprocal, vibrating essence, spirit, or soul connecting soul, *vulgariter*, called sympathy, which makes every lash laid upon the back of the slave resound throughout the world, and thrill upon the nerves of all classed among the animal *homo*. This truth I feel and know, so that the longer I live the more I suffer. I cannot, without plunging into the grave, disengage and separate myself from myself, which is all human nature, and of that bulk I form a sensitive particle. In this sense, then, I have suffered repeated deaths, and all kinds of the most cruel punishments. My bones have been all broken upon the wheel, my back has been lacerated, and the flesh torn off from it many hundred times; and last summer, when I was on a tour in Italy, I had both my shoulders dislocated, the pain of which I feel at the present hour."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "how sir?" forgetting at the moment, that he was speaking only in metaphor.

"I will tell you," continued he. "Thefts and crimes which are not capital are punished at Rome, and some other towns of Italy, by imprisonment, or what is called the cord. This last is performed in the street. The culprit's hands are bound behind with a cord which runs on a pulley: he is drawn up twenty or thirty feet from the ground, and, if lenity is intended, he is let down smoothly in the same manner he was drawn up. In this operation the whole weight of the criminal's body, is sustained by his hands, and a strong man can bear the punishment inflicted in this manner without future inconvenience; for the strength of the muscles of his arms enables him to keep his hands pressed on the middle of his back, and his body hangs in a kind of horizontal position: when however, they mean severity, they proceed differently, and I was unfortunate enough to witness one of these cases. After drawing the criminal up to the greatest height to which the machine would admit of he was suddenly allowed to fall, and then abruptly checked before he reached the ground; the hands and arms by this violence were immediately pulled over the head, and both the shoulders were dislocated while the body swung powerless in a perpendicular line. The cruelty, the surprise, and the suddenness of the action so much affected me, that I am sure if my shoulders had actually, like his, been dislocated, I should not have felt more pain than I did at the time, nor would the sensation have remained longer with me."

I readily enough admitted this to be a most cruel punishment, but not more so than that of a cat-o'-nine-tails. He then told me of the mode of putting criminals to death in Rome, which they sometimes practise, instead of hanging. The criminal being seated on a scaffold, the executioner, who stands behind him, strikes him on the head with a hammer of a peculiar construction, which deprives him at once of all sensation. When it is certain that he is completely dead, the executioner, with a large knife, cuts his throat from ear to ear: this, he said, was the most expeditious mode of putting men to death he had ever seen; it is, in fact, the the method now generally adopted in slaughter-houses in slaying cattle and worn-out horses by those who deal in that flesh. The limits of this work will not permit me to give any more instances of this gentleman's eccentricities: the subject of death and punishment was never for a moment out of his mouth. After this, our first interview, he was not at no period during the remainder of his life a whole week without calling upon me, many times pressing me to put a halter round his neck, and show him the proper mode of adjusting it to produce a speedy death. He was a very sensible gentleman, and, if mad, it was only upon that particular subject. As I never knew who he was, or where he resided, I have no means of ascertaining his end, but as he disappeared and ceased to visit me suddenly, I have no doubt but he terminated his existence by suicide.

From the fact that many who have committed self-destruction were always, during their lifetime, very inquiring and curious regarding punishment and executions, together with the conduct of malefactors, I infer that public exhibitions of that nature tend to promote the crime of suicide. The more we, in imagination or by actual observation, familiarise ourselves and shake hands, as it were, with Death, the less we dread and care about grappling with him. If this proposition be not founded upon a fallacy, what are we to say in support of public executions which are upheld in the senate-house solely upon the ground that they may deter men from

* Continued from p. 60.

crime. But that the proposition is not based upon truth I know, if I may judge from my own feeling and the opportunity I have had of observing others. I never had the slightest dread of hanging; and let it be remembered, that I saw every execution in London from my earliest days, and latterly, for thirty years, was an actor on the stage upon almost every one which happened in either town or country.

My predecessor was of the same opinion, and used to tell me many anecdotes to support his doctrine. In his day they hung at Tyburn: once it happened as he was going up Oxford Road with a malefactor, he was arrested for debt in the cart; this circumstance occasioned the man to be taken back to Newgate, and he was afterwards pardoned. Within six months, however, they were both travelling the same road again, when the culprit said,

"I hope you don't mean to disappoint me this time: it's hard a man can't die a natural death!"

"What do you mean by a natural death?" said the executioner.

"Hanging, to be sure," answered the man. "The fortune-teller told me that the gallows was a natural death for me, as I had always been brought up to it."

"Well, well," said my predecessor, "don't make yourself uneasy; I have no more creditors."

This man had seen all his associates executed, and every other malefactor during his time, yet if he had a second time been saved, he avowed his intention of returning to his usual calling of robbery.

About the autumn of the following year,* on a Sunday evening, a circumstance occurred connected with my professional business, which roused and awakened latent feelings in my breast, for which I had never before presumed to give myself credit. On the morrow, (Monday,) four men were to be executed; my wife and I were taking our tea, it being just dusk, when a gentle knock came at the door. I was at the moment lamenting to my partner the extreme hard case of a fine young man, not more than twenty-two years of age, who was one of the four destined to suffer the next day.

"Sarah," said I, "to-morrow I shall rise with a heavy heart: that young fellow's fate troubles me."

My wife replied, "You must not interfere with these things; if I were you, I'd never inquire as you do about any of the poor wretches, and then they would be all alike to you."

"Ah!" continued I, "but this is such a cruel case; every body is concerned for him; nothing however will move our stony-hearted secretary, and he must die. I wish it were true that the pardon did rest with the king; I am sure he would then be saved; but now you may consider him as dead as Dr. Dodd."

My wife, now, like most of us, could not practise the doctrine she preached, but expressed a strong desire to know the man's history. "Come," said I, "pour out another cup of tea while I tell it you."

"His father made a fortune in the corn trade, and about five years since retired into Berkshire, to spend the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of the society of his family; but, perhaps indiscreetly, invested most of his money in a banking-house, to serve a friend who had recently become a partner in it: he also, being a man of a most benevolent and generous nature, became security for an old acquaintance, who was appointed receiver-general of the taxes for the county. Within the same week the bank failed, and the receiver-general fled the country, carrying with him his last receipts of cash, amounting to an enormous sum of money. These tax-gatherers are like *Briareus*, they have many hands, one of which dipped deeply into the poor gentleman's property. He was now a ruined man, but was never heard to utter a word of complaint; he became apparently insensible to the events passing, keeping his eyes most constantly fixed upon his two favorite daughters, and after the eastern fashion, frequently repeated, 'God is great—we must submit.' It was evident that he was making an internal struggle to raise his mind and feelings above his misfortunes, and set his wife and family an example of fortitude. The conflict was too much for a loving husband and a fond father; the extent came in from the crown, and he became a beggar. He went to bed that night calm and composed to all appearance, but early in the morning he was dragged out of his own fish-pond a corpse.

"I will not stop to describe the family scene the next day, as related to me by a faithful servant, who comes every day to see his old master's son at Newgate, but proceed to speak of the young man. When these misfortunes, like a thunder-bolt, fell upon his father's house, and his paternal home, he was in Paris, finishing his studies for the medical profession, from whence letters brought him just in time to follow his parent to the grave, and prepare a lodging for the reception of his mother and sisters the next day, when they were turned out by the process of the law from their once happy home."

"What!" inquired my wife, "did they turn them out so soon?"

"Ah, Sarah," said I, "you don't know how many wicked things are done in the good king's name: when you fall into the hands of one man, you have the chance of his possessing a merciful heart; but when the exchequer takes you in its gripe, all its agents shelter and excuse themselves under the plea of being instruments only in the hands of the law, saying, 'It is a painful duty, but must be per-

* I must not be expected to insert accurately either dates or names, having received a hint from Mr. Capper, belonging to the Secretary's Office, that they do not publish the names of actual sufferers after their execution, for many obvious reasons, among which is a consideration and respect for surviving relatives.

formed:' this you know is my case, even upon this very occasion. If I had my own way, do you think I shouldn't see right from wrong better than these foolishly-called great and learned in the law people do? D'ye think I would suffer such murders as these to be committed?

"This unhappy young man never, for a moment, remitted his attention to his mother and sisters; while former friends or acquaintances retreated, one by one, from the scene of approaching want; many without a nod at parting, or making any effort to serve them. Some staid just long enough to give advice, and then turned to mix with those whose tables were still spread, and where poverty is never seen, or her name mentioned, lest the delicate nervous fibres of the well-fed should vibrate too violently at the unharmonious sound. The few that did notice them after their misfortunes, extended their favors no further than just enabled them to withdraw without committing an act of positive and abrupt rudeness, and defy the world to say they had done nothing. At length, after two years had elapsed, an epoch in their lives, spent in struggles, mortifications, and in receiving discountenances from those whom their father's former bounty had fed; and when the hollow and slippery possessors of wealth had fairly shook them off, poverty, attended by all her train of ills, came upon them.

"I'll have you to understand, Sarah, that things want renovating; we must go back to the golden age, by which is meant the happy age; for although it bears that name there was then no gold to corrupt mankind. It's a scandal that a world, in every other respect so formed for happiness, should be rendered miserable by a few, who have wealth sufficient, could they digest it, to drink, like Crœsus, liquid gold from his cup. Wonderful is the avarice of man, and direful the effects thereof. This miserable family at length became so much in want, that they were two days without food to eat; while the son was walking the streets, undetermined in purpose, and in a state bordering on madness, brought on by the agony of mind he endured on his mother's and sisters' account, daring not to go home until he could procure something for their relief. In this state of his affairs, as he stood leaning against a post at the corner of Albemarle Street, a person placed his hand upon his shoulder, and with apparent delight, said, 'By G—d, how strange! what brought you here?' To which the unhappy man replied, 'Chance.' 'Ay, it is chance,' rejoined the other; 'come along, it's the strangest coincidence I ever met with.' Then seizing his arm, dragged him down St. James's Street. By this time he recognised in the features of the stranger an old schoolfellow, whom he had not seen since the days of boyhood, while his quondam friend, in a state of ecstacy, kept exclaiming, 'I have had a dream—I have had a dream—it's all but fulfilled—it's all but fulfilled. Are you poor? are you in want?' 'Indeed I am,' said the other—'starving; and to add to my misery, I have a mother and two sisters in the same condition.' 'Better still, better still!' vociferated his companion, who all this time kept his arm fast locked in the other's, and at every step increased his pace. 'Stop!' said our distressed man, 'I am weak, faint, and hungry—whither are you leading me? and what does all this mean?' 'Mean, mean!' rejoined the other; 'ah! I forgot that you were not only poor, but hungry. Ah! that's cruel in me; I knew it, and did not relieve you. There, there's ten guineas for you.' No sooner, however, were they grasped by the recipient, than the donor violently snatched at them, and occasioned the whole, excepting one, to be thrown upon the ground, which was still retained in the hand. With this, under the impression that his companion was demented man, he was about to make his escape, and hasten home to the relief of his mother and sisters, when the other seized him by the collar, and swore that he should not leave him, and that he should forthwith restore the guinea. This being complied with, he picked up the scattered coins that were upon the ground. Demanding an explanation of this extraordinary conduct, his schoolfellow informed him that for the last twelvemonths he had been addicted to gaming, and was a considerable loser; but had not, even now, sufficient resolution to overcome his propensity. 'Last night,' continued he, 'after losing a large sum of money, I went home to rest. During the night I dreamt that I run into luck, and won every thing before me, and that all the time I was at play, you stood by me in rags, and hungry, begging for money, saying' if I did not give it, I should have no luck. Notwithstanding this, I refused you, and continued to win until I more than reimbursed myself for all former losses. With this dream strongly impressed upon my memory, I was proceeding to the table, half anticipating its realization. Judge then of my astonishment when on my way I saw you, one that I have not known since our boyish days, and cannot imagine how you came to occupy my thoughts. The hand of fate appears to be in action—I must have you with me; and I must have you poor as I have found you—hesitate not, make no terms, no conditions, but come along with me; the morning play is still on, and I mean to take the tide at the ebb, which shall lead me to fortune.'"

"Bless me," said my wife, "you seem to know all the particulars as well as if you had been there yourself; and if that had been the case I never thought your memory was so good."

I then informed her, that I saw their former servant every day, who had left a good situation when he heard of his former master's son's misfortune; brought all the money he was worth to their aid, and never for a moment thought of anything but the misery of the family, and how he might best save them: "besides," said I "every particular is put into a petition, a copy of which I have been favored with."

"But why don't you tell me his crime at

once!—what a long story you make of it!" interrupted she. "What has he done? and how do you make out his innocence? Come, come, cut the story short, for I am already interested in his fate, and want to know about it."

"So, ho! do you remember your advice to me just now—not to be too curious and inquiring? Woman, woman, do you not know that it is easier to teach the whole town what is good to be done, than to be one of the people in it, to follow that good yourself. If, however, you wish to hear the story, you must have it as I learnt it myself."

"Well, well," she impatiently replied, "go on."

"Let me see, where did I leave off?—oh! just as his schoolfellow snatched the ten guineas back again. Well, then, he dragged him along into St. James's Square,—a house nearly in the corner, No. —; it was a regular gaming-house, where there were fifty or sixty persons playing at *rouge et noir*. So confident had the gamester now become by the half fulfilment of his dream, that the instant he approached the table, he laid down a fifty-pound note upon the color black. The dealer proceeded; first crying, '*one*,' then '*five*—red loses.' The gamester kept his eyes fixed upon his companion, in whose presence he supposed the charm to lie, but touched not the money; black again won, and there laid 200*l*., which he still left, and was the third time a winner, making 400*l*. He was then reminded by some one at the table that the stake was his property, but he, nodding his head, let it still remain. 'Forty,' said the dealer: this was the worst number which could come: he half doubted of the charm which he had supposed to be in the presence of his hungry and astonished companion; but when the dealer announced 'forty, *apres*,' he violently struck the table with his fist, exclaiming with delight, 'it's a certainty; I knew I was right!' A fourth time the coup came off in his favor, and still he left the sum, now increased to 800*l*., and again won; but observing only 500*l*. paid by the *croupeir* he, inquired the reason, and was informed, that the proprietors never answered any sum above 500*l*. unless the punter or player declared the same, and the bank acquiesced to the proposition, adding, 'Now, sir, we will answer any stakes you may choose to play for.' 'Very well,' said the winner, 'as you intended to rob me of 300*l*. had I lost, I'll be d—d if I don't, in revenge, break your bank—the whole remains again on black.' (1,100*l*.) In the sequel he won all their money, being some thousands in pocket; then forcing a hundred pounds upon the young man now in the cells they parted. I may without injury to the thread of the story pass over some subsequent events, and inform you, when the hundred was spent in supporting his family, other advances were made by his winning friend, until he one day said, 'I can no more; —why don't you go and try your own luck? There are minor houses; I will go and show you into one, and lend you a few pounds, but if you do nothing, what is to become of you?' Upon this, very shortly afterwards, the young surgeon suffered himself to be left at a hazard house with a five-pound note in his pocket. Here he won of an individual six pounds, never having occasion to change his own note. Thinking he had done pretty well for the first night, he hastened home, purchasing on his way a bottle of wine at a coffee-house where he was known, in his own immediate neighborhood, to carry home to his mother who was now fast declining in health. In payment for the wine he passed one of his six pound-notes, and received the change. The following morning he paid a butcher another note, but before noon was in custody on a charge of forgery for the one paid to the victualler: being searched by the officers, the four other fictitious notes were found in his pocket; added to these proofs, the butcher brought his note before the magistrate, which was also pronounced a forgery, and both the parties bound over to prosecute. I need not say that such proofs would prejudice most persons against his innocence, much less hackneyed hands such as we at the old Bailey. It so happens that I know the fellow who put the trick upon him, one Caleb Nash; all he went to the table for was to win a trifle, and then give change for a note to pass his own bad ones; but it so turned out, that he lost six running, the innocent winner of which is now destined thereby to lose his life. That Caleb is involved six feet one inch in the mine of guilt, and if he were tall enough, like Lucifer, would thrust his wicked deeds into the presence of the Deity. "Now, Sarah," said I, "look at the cases of these people; the mother, the two daughters, and the fine young fellow himself, and then say if this is any thing but a real hell we live in."

"Hush, bush!" whispered my wife, "don't be so wicked; recollect what you are talking about."

It is necessary to inform my readers, that about this time my spouse had been lately much taken up with the doctrine of a certain itinerant dissenting preacher, whose brother had been recently executed: the man was decidedly clever in his way, and I verily believe knew all the Bible by heart: whenever he preached at a chapel in London, I had no peace at home unless I would consent to go and hear him; but I never could listen to him with any degree of pleasure, because the way I came to know him first was when he called and pretended he wanted to consult me about the cheapest manner of getting his brother's corpse interred, but in reality to get as much money out of me as he could, for selling it to a surgeon.

"Now," asked my wife, "are you sure that this poor young man's affair has been laid before the king?"

"I am sure that it has not," was my reply; "it has, I know, been sent in to the secretary's office: but what is the use of granting a prerogative—a power to any individual who never can, by possibility, hear the truth upon

any subject once out of a thousand occurring cases, or see any parties who might enlighten his understanding? I have ever noticed that deputed privileges or prerogatives are invariably abused. It is true, the king cannot be everywhere to exercise and claim his own right; but in questions involving life and death, it was peculiarly designed that the king should, in his own *propria persona*, decide in the last resort of legal error and those of mercy. Were I to see him, I would fearlessly remind him, that a mistake once made by the law, afterwards neglected by him, in cases of death, unlike other errors, cannot be repaired, and that if he be a Christian he must expect hereafter to answer for every particular neglect of duty."

"I wish," said my wife, dolefully, as I observed her getting into one of her serious moods, "I wish I could send Mr. Cantwell to this poor young man; I know he can comfort him; he is such a good and pious creature, and has such a way with him when people are in distress."

Always anxious to avoid words, and yet desirous to guard her against imposition, I thought I would venture to tell her a tale. "You know," said I. "Mr. B——, our methodistical or evangelical preacher in Newgate; he who married a prisoner."

"Yes."

"Well, then, the other day, when a pretty looking girl, after a month's imprisonment, was discharged, this celebrated pastor met her at the corner of the Old Bailey, and under pretext of providing for her, and preventing her again falling into crime, placed her in a lodging to establish a school for her support. In a few months she was upwards of a hundred pounds in debt to tradesmen in the neighborhood, whom he had induced, by representations, to give her credit. As the lady showed no disposition to discharge these demands, the creditors applied to the pious man, reminding him that they had given their goods on the faith of his name, and as they had learned that he had generally slept at the establishment, he ought to pay the bills. After some negotiation, the good man offered to pay five shillings in the pound upon the debts incurred, which being rejected, the virtuous female took up her residence in a prison, preparatory to taking the benefit of the act; the furniture being claimed by her patron, he was constrained to appear and establish his claim at the Insolvent Debtors' Court, where, with the most consummate effrontery, he underwent an examination—succeeded in his scheme, and conducted the lady out of court under his religious wing. Now, Sarah," I continued, "I know this to be all true, and mention it only to caution you against imposition. I have no prejudices like school-educated people—there are good and bad in every class; but—" at this moment there came a second knock at the door, somewhat louder than the former. My wife went to open it, wiping the corner of her eye with her apron.

In an instant afterwards an elegantly dressed lady entered tremulously, and pale almost to absolute whiteness. My wife, judging some distress of mind oppressed her, guided her into a chair, threw the sash up, and got some cold water, before a word was spoken by any of us.

In a little time she somewhat recovered herself. Opening a small bag, she placed a purse and a letter upon the table, saying, in a faltering, but supplicating tone of voice, "Please to read," immediately burying her face in apparent agony of mind between her two hands. My wife in her way beseeched the lady to be composed, while I took up the letter, and read as follows:—

"Sir;

"If you have a heart, and if that heart ever responded to the sound of human misery, I conjure you to read with attention this letter. The writer is also the bearer of it, the business being of a nature not to be entrusted to a third person. The individual now before you, is at this moment one of the most wretched of nature's children, and has no hope even for a mitigation of her extreme distress but in you. Merciful God forgive me if I am doing wrong. I will not, however, deceive you; it is not only a sense of justice, and an abhorrence of our cruel and hateful laws which move me, but a passion, the strength and force of which I had no comprehension. This is no time for circumlocution or equivocation—I am in love. Yes! and am beloved by one who is innocent, but condemned; innocent, I swear he is, and will avouch the same before God and man—in the presence of all creation—to the end of time and eternity. Oh! sir, sir, can you lend yourself to the destruction of the young and innocent—to take away the life which the Almighty has given, without a cause? Say not it is the law; the law ought not to command that to be done which is wrong, nor will the law be any justification to him who does it, when pleading for mercy at the throne of grace. I say a legion of infernals cannot make him really guilty of one dishonorable act—but they will kill him, though the innocent blood, the natural action of which in me pauses at the thought. Can you? no, you cannot commit so accursed a deed; and yet, if the murder be perpetrated, the bitter cup must come from your hands. To you, therefore, as the last resort, I fly. Behold a female before you, a suppliant for the life of an innocent, and good, but cruelly abused young man, who is now threatened with destruction. If there be the smallest spark of feeling then, left in your heart, one remnant of a sense of justice or manhood, you will not commit an act of such atrocious cruelty—a deed over which angels will weep, and none but fiends rejoice. I am here to ask you to perform an act that the world will applaud, and to forbear to commit one which men and angels will condemn.

"On the table lies four hundred and some more pounds: they are all I can at present raise; but if ever I should become possessed of millions, they shall be all yours—only save

the innocent;—do not commit murder—'tis a crime of the deepest die, and denounced by the holy One. More money, however, I will soon bring you, that is to say, when the cause for secrecy is removed, and I can apply at the proper quarters to obtain it. At present my hope is, that as I have not entrusted my scheme with any breathing soul, you will the more readily enter into it.

"You will ask, I know, what I would have you do; I can only answer, find means for his escape—for the escape of him, whom they say has been guilty of forgery—the foul slanderers! Take him out of the hands of the law, in which is embodied more wickedness than was ever enclosed within the walls of that place, where they have shut up all my soul values on this side the grave. Find, I say, means for his escape; no one shall—no one can betray you—I am the sole repository of my own secret. Oh! if I had a masculine arm—an arm of strength, I would rescue him at the risk of ten thousand lives, each life ten thousand times doomed to suffer death.

"I have somewhere read, and often been told, that money has and will again prevail upon these occasions, and that men have been saved even by you. Is it not known that Dr. Dodd and several others, particularly one person in Ireland, have been saved by some contrivance which, if known to others, can only be practised by you? Heaven looks down and smiles, I tell you, upon the deed. Bring him out of their hands any way!—some way!—You shall never want—shall never lose by the blessed act. My faith, my honor is pledged to provide for you ever afterwards; and I can only assure you, that I shall shortly have the means at my own command. Again, I repeat, save him, and my fortune is yours—say, may I hope—have I assurance it shall be attempted? Bid me breathe with less difficulty, and look as if you intended to aid the righteous and confound the wicked.

"Yours distressed."

As I read this letter I occasionally paused—involuntarily paused to steal a look at the weeping spirit; the angel which had descended to awaken and stir up new feelings in my breast. Some of my old notions flew off as gunpowder explodes upon the application of a match. I had probably at that time seen more women in distress and trouble than any one other individual, but I was never before affected or roused into a full sense of my own innate feelings, and made conscious of so much sensibility to the sufferings of others as this lady. "What a selfish wretch is man, and what a stupid dolt I am!" thought I, as I contemplated the devotion of this woman, "to hesitate; but then what can I do? She is evidently distracted, and is laboring under a mistake as to my ability to serve the gentleman. People never reason justly when their feelings are excited. But how was I to undeceive her in her last hope, and convince her that I had no power at my command?"

"Madam," said I, after several efforts to say something to the point, "the villany of an individual is desperately avenged by the law, but the villany of the law cannot be avenged or counteracted by any one. With regard to the methods to which you allude in your letter of saving life, they have all had their origin in the fanciful imaginations of man. I never knew but one attempt, and that failed; but the gentleman is a surgeon, and must understand these things better than I do."

"Oh, yes, yes! it has been done; indeed, it has been done," exclaimed the lady.

I told her that the public were formerly very credulous, which bred many marvellous tales. "The story of Dr. Dodd's escape," said I, "is unfounded; and with regard to the case in Ireland to which you refer, it occurred in the year 1759. The sheriff of Tyrone was, it is true, fined a 100*l.* and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for suffering William Barret to escape with life after being ordered for execution; and it is said, that the man was suspended the whole time, having a collar which brought him off clear. But if this were really so, which I very much doubt, it was the sheriff's own doing; no person present could have been deceived by appearance: this happened at a remote part of the country, where it is more than probable, it was the general wish of a party, who acted together and who surrounded the place and carried it, with the acquiescence of the sheriff, all their own way; but here in the metropolis, madam, nothing of the kind could be attempted with any probability of success."

(*To be continued.*)

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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## SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.*

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER VI.

In which, as often happens at sea when signals are not made out, friends exchange broadsides.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the precautions of the party on the forecastle, this consultation had been heard by no less a person than the huge Corporal Van Spitter, who had an idea that there was some mystery going on forward, and had contrived to crawl up under the bulwark, and throw himself down on the fore-staysail, which lay between two of the guns. Having done so without being perceived, for it was at the very moment that the party were all listening to Bill Spurey's legend of the dog's first appearance on board, he threw a part of the sail over his fat carcass, and thus remained undiscovered during the remainder of the colloquy. He heard them all descending below, and remained still quiet, till he imagined that the forecastle was clear. In the mean time Mr. Vanslyperken, who had been walking the deck abaft, unaccompanied by his faithful attendant, for Snarleyyow remained coiled up on his master's bed, was meditating deeply how to gratify the two most powerful passions in our nature, love and revenge; at one moment, thinking of the fat, fair Vanderslooch, and of hauling in her guilders, at another, reverting to the starved Smallbones and the comforts of a keel-hauling. The long conference on the forecastle had not been unperceived by the hawk's eye of the lieutenant, and, as they descended, he walked forward to ascertain if he could not pick up some straggler who, unsupported by his comrades, might be induced, by fear, to acquaint him with the subject of the discussion. Now, just as Vanslyperken came forward, Corporal Van Spitter had removed the canvass from his body, and was about to rise from his bed, when he perceived somebody coming forward. Not making it out to be the lieutenant, he immediately dropped down again and drew the canvass over him. Mr. Vanslyperken perceived this manœuvre, and thought he had now caught one of the conspirators, and, moreover, one who showed such fear as to warrant the supposition that he should be able to extract from him the results of the night's unusually long conference.

Mr. Vanslyperken walked up to where the corporal lay as quiet, but not quite so small, as a mouse. It occurred to Mr. Vanslyperken that a little taste of punishment *in esse* would very much assist the threats of what might be received *in posse*, so he laid aside his speaking-trumpet, looked round, picked up a handspike, and raising it above his head, down it came, with all the force of the lieutenant's arm, upon Corporal Van Spitter, whose carcass resounded like a huge kettle-drum.

"Tunder and flame!" roared the corporal under the canvass, thinking that one of the seamen having discovered him eaves-dropping had thus wreaked his revenge, taking advantage of his being covered up, and pretending not to know him. "Tunder and flame!" roared the corporal, muffled up in the canvass and trying to extricate himself; but his voice was not recognised by the lieutenant, and, before he could get clear of his envelope, the handspike had again descended; when up rose the corporal, like a buffalo out of his muddy lair, half blinded by the last blow, which had fallen on his head, ran full butt at the lieutenant, and precipitated his senior officer and commander headlong down the fore-hatchway.

* Continued from page 68.

Vanslyperken fell with great force, was stunned, and lay without motion at the foot of the ladder, while the corporal, whose wrath was always excessive when his blood was up, but whose phlegmatic blood could not be raised without some such decided stimulus as a handspike, now turned round and round the forecastle, like a bull looking for his assailants; but the corporal had the forecastle all to himself, and, as he gradually cooled down, he saw lying close to him the speaking-trumpet of his senior officer.

"Tousand tyfels," murmured Corporal Van Spitter, "but it must have been the skipper. Got for damn, dis is hanging matter!" Corporal Van Spitter was as cool as a cucumber as soon as he observed what a mistake he had made; in fact, he quivered and trembled in his fat. "But then," thought he, "perhaps he did not know me—no, he could not, or he never would have handspiked *me*." So Corporal Van Spitter walked down the hatchway, where he ascertained that his commandant lay insensible. "Dat is good," thought he, and he went aft, lighted his lantern, and, as a *ruse*, knocked at the cabin door. Receiving no answer but the growl of Snarleyyow, he went in, and then ascended to the quarter-deck, looked round him, and inquired of the man at the wheel where Mr. Vanslyperken might be. The man replied that he had gone forward a few minutes before, and thither the corporal proceeded. Of course, not finding him, he returned, telling the man that the skipper was not in the cabin or the forecastle, and wondering where he could be. He then descended to the next officer in command, Dick Short, and called him.

"Well," said Short.

"Can't find Mr. Vanslyperken anywhere," said the corporal.

"Look," replied Dick, turning round in his hammock.

"Mein Got, I have looked de forecastle, de quarter-deck, and de cabin,—he not anywhere."

"Overboard," replied Dick.

"I come to you, sir, to make inquiry," said the corporal.

"Turn out," said Dick, suiting the action to the words, and lighting with his feet on the deck in his shirt.

While Short was dressing himself, the corporal summoned up all his marines; and the noise occasioned by this turn out, and the conversation overheard by those who were awake, soon gave the crew of the cutter to understand that some accident had happened to their commander. Even Smallbones had it whispered in his ear that Mr. Vanslyperken had fallen overboard, and he smiled as he lay in the dark, smarting with his wounds, muttering to himself that Snarleyyow should soon follow his master. By the time that Short was on the quarter-deck, Corporal Van Spitter, who knew very well where to look for it, had, very much to the disappointment of the crew, found the body of Mr. Vanslyperken, and the marines had brought it aft to the cabin, and would have laid it on the bed, had not Snarleyyow, who had no feeling in his composition, positively denied its being put there.

Short came down and examined his superior officer.

"Is he dead?" inquired the corporal, with alarm.

"No," replied Short.

"Vat can it be, then?" said the corporal.

"Stunned," replied Short.

"Mein Got! how could it happen?"

"Tumbled," replied Short.

"What shall we do, sir?" rejoined the corporal.

"Bed," replied Short, turning on his heel, and a minute after turning into his hammock.

"Mein Got, the dog will not let him go to bed," exclaimed the corporal.

"Let's put him in," said one of the marines, "the dog won't bite his master."

So the marines lifted up the still insensible Mr. Vanslyperken, and almost tossed him into his standing bed-place, right on the body of the snarling dog, who, as soon as he could disengage himself from the weight, revenged himself by making his teeth meet more than once through the lantern cheek of his master, and then leaping off the bed, retreated barking and growling under the table.

"Well, you *are* a nice dog," exclaimed one of the marines, looking after Snarleyyow in his retreat.

Now, there was no medical assistance on board so small a vessel. Mr. Vanslyperken was allowed a small quantity of medicine, unguents, &c. but these he always sold to an apothecary as soon as he had procured them from the authorities. The teeth of the dog had, however, their effect, and Mr. Vanslyperken opened his eyes, and in a faint voice cried "Snarleyyow." Oh, if the dog had any spark of feeling, how must he then have been stung with remorse at his ingratitude to so kind a master! But he apparently showed none, at least, report does not say that any symptoms were manifest.

After a little burnt oakum had excoriated his nose, and a certain quantity of the cold salt water from alongside had wetted through his bed-clothes, Mr. Vanslyperken was completely recovered, and was able to speak and look about him. Corporal Van Spitter trembled a little as his commandant fixed his eyes upon him, and he redoubled his attention.

"Mein Got, Mynheer Vanslyperken, how was this happen?" exclaimed the corporal in a pathetic tone. Whereupon Mr. Vanslyperken ordered every one to leave the cabin but Corporal Van Spitter.

Mr. Vanslyperken then communicated to the corporal that he had been knocked down the hatchway by one of the men when he went forward; that he could not distinguish who it was, but thought it must have been Jansen from his size. Corporal Van Spitter, delighted to find that his skipper was on a wrong scent, expressed his opinion in corroboration of the lieutenant's; after which a long consultation took place relative to mutiny,

disaffection, and the proper measures to be taken. Vanslyperken mentioned the consultation of the men during the first watch, and the corporal, to win his favor, was very glad to be able to communicate the particulars of what he had overheard, stating that he had concealed himself for that purpose.

"And where did you conceal yourself?" said Vanslyperken, with a keen, inquiring look; for it immediately occurred to him that, unless it was under the sail, there could be no concealment for such a huge body as that of the corporal; and he had his misgivings. But the corporal very adroitly observed, that he stood at the lower step of the foreladder, with his head level with the combings; and had, by this means, overheard the conversation unperceived, and had only walked away when the party broke up. This restored the confidence of Mr. Vanslyperken, and a long discussion took place, in which it was agreed between them, that the only way to prevent Snarleyyow from being destroyed, was to try some means to make away quietly with poor Smallbones. But this part of the conversation was not carried to any length; for Mr. Vanslyperken, indignant at having received such injury in his face from his ungrateful cur, did not, at that moment, feel the current of his affection run so strong as usual in that direction. After this, the corporal touched his hat, swung round to the right about in military style, and left the cabin.

## CHAPTER VII.

### In which Mr. Vanslyperken goes on shore to woo the Widow Vandersloosh.

Three weeks of comparative calm now passed away, during which Mr. Vanslyperken recovered of his wounds and accident, and meditated how he should make away with Smallbones. The latter also recovered of his bites, and meditated how he should make away with Snarleyyow. Smallbones had returned to his avocations, and Vanslyperken, intending mischief, treated him more kindly, as a blind. Snarleyyow also, not forgetting his defeat on the quarter-deck, did not renew his attacks, even when the poor lad helped himself to biscuit.

The Yungfrau anchored in the Downs, and Mr. Vanslyperken received despatches for the Hague. King William having written some letters to his friends, and sent over to them a little English money, which he knew would be acceptable; for continental kings on the English throne have never appeared to have a clear sense of the honor conferred upon them. England, in their ideas, has always been a *parvenu* kingdom; her nobles not able to trace farther back than the Conquest, while, in their country, the lowest baron will prove his sixteen quarters, and his descent from the dark ages. But, nevertheless, upon the same principle that the poor aristocracy will condescend to unite themselves occasionally to city wealth, so have these potentates condescended to reign over us.

Mr. Vanslyperken received his despatches, and made the best of his way to Amsterdam, where he anchored, delivered his credentials, and there waited for the letters of thanks from his Majesty's cousins.

But what a hurry and bustle there appears to be on board of the Yungfrau—Smallbones here, Smallbones there—Corporal Van Spitter pushing to and fro with the dog-trot of an elephant; and even Snarleyyow appears to be unusually often up and down the hatchway. What can it all be about? Oh! Mr. Vanslyperken is going on shore to pay his respects, and continue his addresses to the Widow Vandersloosh. His boat is manned alongside, and he now appears on the cutter's quarter-deck.

Is it possible that this can be Mr. Vanslyperken? Heavens, how gay! An uniform certainly does wonders with some people; that is to say, that those who do not look well in plain clothes, are invariably improved by it; while those who look most like gentlemen in plain clothes, lose in the same proportion. At all events, Mr. Vanslyperken is wonderfully improved.

He has a loose pair of blue pantaloons, with boots rising above his knees pulled over them. His lower parts remind you of Charles the Twelfth. He has a long scarlet waistcoat, with large guilt buttons and flap pockets, and his uniform coat over all, of blue turned up with red, has a very commanding appearance. To a broad black belt over his shoulder hangs his cutlass, the sheath of which is mounted with silver and the hilt of ivory and gold threads; and above all, his small head is almost dignified by being surmounted with a three-cornered turned-up and gold-banded cocked-hat, with one corner of the triangle in front parallel with his sharp nose. Surely the widow must strike her colors to scarlet, and blue, and gold. But although women are said, like mackerel, to make such baits, still widows are not fond of a man who is as thin as a herring. They are too knowing! they prefer stamina, and will not be persuaded to take the shadow for the substance.

Mr. Vanslyperken was, nevertheless, very well pleased with himself, which was something, but still not quite enough on the present occasion; and he strutted the deck with great complacency, gave his final orders to Dick Short, who, as usual gave a short answer; also to Corporal Van Spitter, who, as usual received them with all military honor, and lastly to Smallbones, who received them with all humility. The lieutenant was about to step into the boat, when a doubt arose, and he stopped in his advance, perplexed. It was one of no small importance—was Snarleyyow to accompany him or not? That was the knotty question, and it really was a case which required some deliberation. If he left him on board after the conspiracy which had been formed against him, the dog would probably be overboard before he returned; that is, if Small-

bones were also left on board; for Mr. Vanslyperken knew that it had been decided that Smallbones alone could and should destroy the dog. He could not, therefore, leave the dog on board with safety; and, as for taking him on shore with him, in that there was much danger, for the widow Vandersloosh had set her face against the dog. No wonder; he had behaved in her parlor as bad as the dog Crab in the Two Gentlemen of Verona. And the Frau was a very clean person, and had no fancy for dogs' comparing their legs with those of her polished mahogany chairs and tables. If Mr. Vanslyperken's suit was to be decided according to the old adage, "love me, love my dog," he certainly had but a poor chance, for the widow detested the cur, and had insisted that it should never be brought into her house. Take the dog on shore, therefore, he could not; but, thought Mr. Vanslyperken, I can take Smallbones on shore, that will do as well. I have some biscuit to dispose of, and he shall go with it and wait till I come off again. Smallbones was, therefore, ordered to put on his hat and step into the boat with two half bags of biscuit to carry up to the widow's house, for she did a little business with Mr. Vanslyperken, as well as allowing him to make love to her; and was never so sweet or so gracious, as when closing a bargain. So Mr. Vanslyperken waited for Smallbones, who was soon ready, for his best consisted only in a pair of shoes to his usually naked feet, and a hat for his generally uncovered head. And Mr. Vanslyperken, and Smallbones, and the biscuit, were in the boat, when Snarleyyow intimated his intention to join the party; but this was refused, and the boat shoved off without him.

As soon as Mr. Vanslyperken had shoved off, Dick Short, being in command, thought he might as well give himself leave, and go on shore also. So he went down, put on his best, and ordered the other boat to be manned, and leaving Obadiah Coble on board as the next officer, he took with him Jansen, Jemmy Ducks, and four or five others, to have a cruise. Now, as Snarleyyow had this time made up his mind that he would go on shore, and Short was willing to indulge him, for he knew that Smallbones, if he fell in with him, would do his best to launch him into one of the canals, so convenient in every street, the cur was permitted to get into the boat, and was landed with the rest of the party, who, as usual, repaired to the Lust Haus of the widow Vandersloosh; where we must leave them for the present, and return to our friend, Mr. Vanslyperken.

## Chapter VIII.

**In which the Widow lays a trap for Mr. Vanslyperken, and Smallbones lays a trap for Snarleyyow, and both bag their game.**

The Widow Vandersloosh, as we have informed the reader, was the owner of a Lust Haus, or pleasure-house for sailors; we will describe that portion of her tenements more particularly by-and-by; at present, we must advert to her own private house, which stood adjoining; and had a communication with the Lust Haus by a private door through the party wall. This was a very small, snug little habitation, with one window in each front, and two stories high; containing a front parlor and kitchen on the basement, two small rooms on the first, and two on the second floor. Nothing could be better arranged for a widow's residence. Moreover, she had a back-yard running the whole length of the wall of the Lust Haus in he rear, with convenient offices, and a back-door into the street behind.

Mr. Vanslyperken had arrived, paid his humble devoirs to the widow, more humble, because he was evidently pleased with his own person, and had been followed by Smallbones, who laid the biscuit by the scraper at the door, watching it as in duty bound. The lieutenant imagined that he was more graciously received than usual. Perhaps he was, for the widow had not had so much custom lately, and was glad the crew of the cutter were arrived to spend their money. Already had Vanslyperken removed his sword and belt, and laid them with his three-cornered laced hat on the side-table; he was already cosily, as of wont, seated upon the widow's little fubsy sofa, with the lady by his side, and he had just taken her hand, and was about to renew his suit, to pour forth the impromptu effusions of his heart, concocted on the quarter-deck of the Yungfrau, when who should bolt into the parlor but the unwelcome Snarleyyow.

"O that nasty beast! Mynheer Vanslyperken, how dare you bring him into my house?" cried the widow, jumping up from the sofa, with her full-moon face red with anger.

"Indeed, widow," replied Vanslyperken, "I left him on board, knowing that you were not fond of animals, but some one has brought him on shore. However, I'll find out who it was, and keelhaul him in honor of your charms."

"I am fond of animals, Mr. Vanslyperken, but I am not fond of such animals as that—such a filthy, ugly, disagreeable, snarling brute; nor can I think how you can keep him after what I have said about it. It don't prove much regard, Mr. Vanslyperken, when such a dog as that is kept on purpose to annoy me."

"I assure you, widow——"

"Don't assure me, Mr. Vanslyperken, there's no occasion—your dog is your own—but I'll thank you to take him out of this house; and perhaps as he don't go without you, you had better go with him."

Now the widow had never spoken so indignantly before; if the reader wishes to know why she did so now, we will acquaint him; the Widow Vandersloosh had perceived Smallbones, who sat like Patience on a monument, upon the two half bags of biscuit before her porch. It was a query to the widow whether they were to be a present, or an article to be

bargained for: it was therefore very advisable to pick a quarrel, that the matter might be cleared. The widow's ruse met with all the success which it deserved. In the first place, Mr. Vanslyperken did what he never would have believed himself capable of, but the wrath of the widow had worked him up to wrath, and he saluted Snarleyyow with such a kick on the side, as to send him howling into the back yard, followed him out, and, notwithstanding an attempt at defence on the part of the dog, which the lieutenant's high boots rendered harmless, Snarleyyow was fairly, or unfairly as you may please to think it, kicked into an outhouse, the door shut, and the key turned upon him. After which Mr. Vanslyperken returned to the parlor, where he found the widow, erect, with her back turned to the stove, blowing and bristling, her bosom heaving, reminding you of seas mountains high, as if she were still under the effects of a just resentment for the affront offered to her. There she stood, waiting in all dignity for Mr. Vanslyperken to repair the injury done, whether unintentional or not. In few words, there she waited for the *biscuit* to be presented to her. And it was presented, for Vanslyperken knew no other way of appeasing her wrath. Gradually the storm was allayed—the flush of anger disappeared, the corners of the scornfully-turned down mouth, were turned up again—Cupid's bow was no longer bent in anger, and the widow's bosom slept as when the ocean sleeps, like "an unweaned child." The biscuit bags were brought in by Smallbones, their contents stored, and harmony restored. Once more was Mr. Vanslyperken upon the little sofa by the side of the fat widow, and once more did he take her melting hand. Alas! that her heart was not made of the same soft materials.

But we must not only leave Short and his companions in the Lust Haus, but the widow and the lieutenant in their soft dalliance, and now occupy ourselves with the two principal personages of this our drama, Smallbones and Snarleyyow.

When Smallbones had retired, with the empty bread bags under his arm, he remained some time reflecting at the porch, and then having apparently made up his mind, he walked to a chandler's shop just over the bridge of the canal opposite, and purchased a needle, some strong twine, and a red herring. He also procured, "without purchase," as they say in our War Office Gazettes, a few pieces of stick. Having obtained all these, he went round to the door of the yard behind the widow's house, and let himself in. Little did Mr. Vanslyperken imagine what mischief was brewing, while he was praising and drinking the beer of the widow's own brewing.

Smallbones had no difficulty in finding out where Snarleyyow was confined, for the dog was very busy gnawing his way through the door, which, however, was a work of time, and not yet a quarter accomplished. The place had been a fowl-house, and, at the bottom of the door, there was a small hatch for the ingress and egress of these bipeds, the original invention of some thrifty spinster, to prevent the maids from stealing eggs. But this hatch was closed, or Snarleyyow would have escaped through it. Smallbones took up his quarters in another out-house, that he might not be observed, and commenced his operations.

He first took out the bottom of one bread bag, and then sewed that on the other to make it longer; he then ran a string through the mouth, so as to draw it close when necessary, and cut his sticks so as to support it and keep it open. All this being arranged, he went to where Snarleyyow was busy gnawing wood with great pertinacity, and allowed him not only to smell, but to tear off the tail of the red herring, under the door; and then gradually drew the herring along until he had brought it right under the hatch in the middle, which left it at the precise distance that the dog could snuff it but not reach it, which Snarleyyow now did, in preferrence to gnawing wood. When you lay a trap, much depends upon the bait; Smallbones knew his enemy's partiality for savoury comestibles. He then brought out his bag, set up his supporters, fixed it close to the hatch, and put the red herring inside of it. With the string in one hand, he lifted up the hatch with the other. Snarleyyow rushed out and and rushed in, and in a moment the strings were drawn, and as soon as drawn were tied tight round the mouth of the bag. Snarleyyow was caught; he tumbled over and over, rolling now to the right and now to the left, while Smallbones grinned with delight. After amusing himself a short time with the evolutions of his prisoner, he dragged him in his bag to the out-house where he had made his trap, shut the door, and left him. The next object was to remove any suspicion on the part of Mr. Vanslyperken; and to effect this, Smallbones tore off the hatch and broke it in two or three pieces, bit parts of it with his own teeth, and laid them down before the door, making it appear as if the dog had gnawed his own way out. The reason for allowing the dog still to remain in prison, was that Smallbones dared not attempt any thing further until it was dark, and there was yet an hour or more to wait for the close of the day.

Smallbones had but just finished his work in time; for the widow having been summoned to her guests in the Lust Haus, had left Vanslyperken alone, and the lieutenant thought this a good opportunity to look after his four-footed favorite. He came out into the yard, where he found Smallbones, and he had his misgivings.

"What are you doing here, sir?"

"Waiting for you, sir," replied Smallbones, humbly.

"And the dog?" said Vanslyperken, observing the strewed fragments of the door hatch.

"He's a-bitten himself out, sir, I believe."

"And where is he then?"

"I don't know, sir; I suppose he's gone down to the boat."

Snarleyyow hearing his master's voice,

had commenced a whine, and Smallbones trembled: fortunately, at that moment, the widow's ample form appeared at the back-door of the house, and she called to Mr. Vanslyperken. The widow's voice drowned the whine of the dog, and his master did not hear it. At the summons, Vanslyperken but half convinced, but not daring to show any interest about the animal in the presence of his mistress, returned to the parlor, and very soon the dog was forgotten.

But as the orgies in the Lust Haus increased, so did it become more necessary for the widow to make frequent visits there; not only to supply her customers, but to restrain them by her presence; and as the evening wore away, so did the absences of the widow become more frequent. This Vanslyperken well knew, and he therefore always pressed his suit in the afternoon, and as soon as it was dark returned on board. Smallbones, who watched at the back door the movements of his master, perceived that he was refixing his sword-belt over his shoulder, and he knew this to be the signal for departure. It was now quite dark, he therefore hastened to the outhouse, and dragged out Snarleyyow in the bag, swung him over his shoulder, and walked out of the yard door, proceeded to the canal in front of the widow's house, looked round him, could perceive nobody, and then dragged the bag with its contents into the stagnant water below, just as Mr. Vanslyperken, who had bidden adieu to the widow, came out of the house. There was a heavy splash—and silence. Had such been heard on the shores of the Bosphorus on such a night, it would have told some tale of unhappy love and a husband's vengeance; but, at Amsterdam, it was nothing more than the drowning of a cur.

"Who's there—is it Smallbones?" said Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Yes, sir," said Smallbones, with alarm.

"What was that noise I heard?"

"Noise, sir? Oh, I kicked a paving-stone into the canal."

"And don't you know there is a heavy fine for that, you scoundrel? And pray where are the bread bags?"

"The bread bags, sir? Oh, Mr. Short took them to tie up some vegetables in them."

"Mr. Short! Oh, very well. Come along, sir, and no more throwing stones into the canal; why you might have killed somebody—there is a boat down there now, I hear the people talking." And Mr. Vanslyperken hastened to his boat, which was waiting for him; anxious to ascertain if Snarleyyow, as he fully expected, was in it. But to his grief and disappointment, he was not there, and Mr. Vanslyperken sat in the stern sheets, in no pleasant humor, thinking whether it was or was not a paving-stone which Smallbones had thrown into the canal, and resolving that if the dog did not appear, Smallbones should be keelhauled. There was, however, one more chance, the dog might have been taken on board.

*(To be continued.)*

## TRAITE DE POLITIQUE A L'USAGE DE LISE.—1815.

Lise, qui regne par la grace
Du Dieu qui nous rend tous égaux,
Ta beauté, que rien ne surpasse,
Enchaine un peuple de rivaux.
Mais si grand que soit ton empire,
Lise, tes amans sont Français,
De tes erreurs permets de rire
Pour le bonheur de tes sujets.

Combien de belles et de princes
Aiment l'abus d'un grand pouvoir, &c. &c. &c.

Eliza, as a queen you reign,
A host of rivals in your train,
Live as your subjects, and obey
The charms by which you hold your sway.
But sovereign as your power may be,
We Frenchmen have the liberty
To lecture whom we please.
As such, we humbly beg that you
Will deign to take a hint or two;
Our views are simply these,
The innendos we may make
Are offered—for your subjects' sake.

How many belles as well as kings
Abuse the power dominion brings!
What lovers and what states there are,
The hapless victims of despair!
But then, my queen of love, do you
A different policy pursue,
And tyranny abjure:
And mind, in case of a revolt,
Your boudoir doubly bar and bolt,
The state is there secure.
This hint we hope our queen will take,
We give it—for her subjects' sake.

Women and kings are just the same,
Both conquer for the sake of fame;
Both far in search of victory stray,
And all they conquer must obey.
Oh! what coquettes these sovereigns are,
Do not, like them, attempt a war,
But prudently resign
Their "ruses de guerre" in every form,
Whether investment, siege, or storm,
The stratagem or mine,
Do not another conquest make:
Be quiet—for your subjects' sake.

We cannot easily define
If monarchs reign by right divine,
One point we readily can prove,
Eliza's throne is given by—Love:
Let others abdicate or reign,
Resign their sceptres or maintain,
As changes may arise;
One thing your subjects know as true,
The sceptre Love confers on you
All power of change defies;
That is, if our advice you take,
And wield it—for your subjects' sake.

Yet, if you wish to rule mankind,
Do bear this axiom in mind,
Live as a good princess, and see
Your subjects have their liberty;
And then shall love your crown compose,
And with his choicest flower,
The fairest, loveliest gem that grows

Wreath for our own Eliza's brows,
An emblem of her power:
Yes—Love your diadem shall make,
Then wear it—for your subjects' sake.

JOHN WARING.

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## "THE BOUNCING AMAZON."

### CHAPTER I.

*Othello.* Where will you that I go?
*Brabantio.* To prison.
*Othello.* What if I do obey?

"Do draw the curtain; the sun burns out my eyes," said Theseus.

"This room is insufferably gloomy," said Lysander.

"The room would be well enough if the doors and windows were not so ill-placed and the ceiling so low," said Demetrius.

It was very clear that the three gentlemen were out of temper, and only agreeing in discontent. The slave at the door was heard speaking loudly.

"Who comes now, in the name of Dis?" said Lysander.

"How should I know?" said Demetrius.

"If you two were not so fond of hearing your own tongues, you would desire Formio to let Nedar in."

The old gentleman entered, looking peculiarly sagacious.

"The top of the morning to you," said Theseus, picking his teeth with his stylus.

"How's Helena?"

"Pray, Lysander, oblige me by minding your own business," said Demetrius.

Theseus looked at Lysander, and Lysander squinted at Theseus.

"Why does not one of you ask me the news?" said old Nedar.

"We always save ourselves so unnecessary a trouble."

"Wonder rather why nobody asks you to be silent."

"And thank the gods for our civility."

"This is too bad, but I'll forgive you; indeed, you shall hear whether you wish it or not."

"Of course we shall."

"Nedar's here."

"It concerns you all, and thee, my most exquisite Theseus, thrice nearly."

"I do not understand your measures,—are we to be fined for pulling the janitor's robe over his ears the other night?"

"Or for pulling out the linch-pin of Phanion's chariot? Marry, if the fine be as light as her rep——"

"Hush! she's going to be married."

The three young gentlemen opened their eyes.

"Clotho!"

"Lachesis!"

"Atropos!"

"Now don't be so profane:—three bad omens for one day."

"One of them is worked out—you are here."

"But who is the happy Vulcan?"

"Phalerius, the banker, who intends to invite all his wife's connections to the nuptial."

"I hope, then, that he has engaged the Parthenon; half the male population of Athens will be there."

"Fie, fie!—it is said that she has confessed all her irregularities to him."

"What an instance of heroine-ism!"

"What an instance of impertinence!"

"What an instance of memory!"

"I declare I won't stay another moment: that is, after I've told you what I came to say."

"Well, out with it."

"You know, Theseus, my friend, that in your last Asiatic campaign you did not behave in the most proper way to a certain Ægle."

"So she said."

"And she, being heiress apparent to the Amazonian throne, has been set aside by the unanimous voice—squall, I mean—of the virtuous sisterhood, with the single chance of recovering her position by bringing yourself and your two good-for-nothing friends prisoners to the capital."

"Who is to succeed, then—her pretty sister, Hippolyta?"

"No, her no less pretty sister, Phædra, I believe."

"Well, the crimson robe would become her white shoulders well enough; I won't help to defraud them. There's an estate I must look at in Campania, and perhaps you, gentlemen, will assist me with your advice in managing it."

"Certainly, shall we start to-morrow?"

"You forget the race; Musca stands in my tablet for a hundred against Ickthus."

"True; the day after."

"What will Vestalia say to our forgetting her symposiac a second time?"

"Ah! we must go there. Well, the third day?"

"Thespis is to play, for one day only."

"What's to be done?"

"Pray, do not disturb yourselves: you have not heard the rest of the story. Hippolyta has espoused—"

"Whom—for Jove's sake?" said Theseus, starting up.

"Her sister's cause, and the two have mustered an army for the purpose of captivating you—"

"She has done that already," said Demetrius.

"Capturing, I should have said. Hippolyta has taken this course most disinterestedly, considering that, at present, she has very little chance of the throne; but that if any honest Athenian's sword should divide Ægle's pretty neck, she will have a better."

"I do not believe she has so sordid a motive," said Theseus. "She is candor and loveliness itself, and—"

"Most generous Theseus, if she should, by any accident, strike you down, you will be finding excuses for her, while her diamond-headed axe is finding the crevices of your helmet."

"Psha! have you any thing else to tell?"

"Oh, ho! you always save yourself the unnecessary trouble of asking me questions. Well, Phædra has joined the army, in order to save appearances, and the three graces are in full march upon Athens. They despatched a handsome strapping courier, with a demand for the surrender of you three, last night, which courier despatched an unfortunate cobbler in the market-place, who was indiscreet enough to attempt a kiss."

"She did quite right. But what's the plebeian to me? Why was I not informed of this—and what reply was sent?"

"Don't put yourself in a passion. What was the use of sending to a man who passes half his life on his couch, and the rest in drinking?"

"You libellous——"

"Pooh, *we* know. The government replied, with great intellect, and brilliant wit—that—guess——"

"That what, beast?"

"That—do you guess, Lysander?"

"Styx and Acheron, Nedar—I shall——"

"Don't be in a passion—*that they would consider of it.*"

"Plato seize their insolence! Consider of giving *me* up, I—who have—oh! may the bones of their fathers be spit upon."

"Depend upon this, you'll all three be taken into custody."

"They dare not."

"They dare—and here's the warrant—Servio, Milo."

Two officers of the archons entered, and informed the trio that they were prisoners. Demetrius tossed one of the myrmidons through the window, and Lysander threw the other down upon Nedar with such force, as to bring both to the ground. A guard entered, resistance would have been madness. Theseus, Lysander, and Demetrius, were taken off to the gaol. As they entered at the gate a slave requested to speak to the latter.

"Nedar wishes you all happiness; says that the second bad omen is worked out, and inquires whether you have any message for his daughter."

"Tell him to go to the devil."

## CHAPTER II.

"A new foundation, sir, of ladies, with
Most masculine authority."
THE SILENT WOMAN.

Queen Phædra reclined upon a couch, which, though rude in workmanship, manifested an attempt at luxury in the disposition of the beautiful skins with which it was covered, all the produce of the hunting of distinguished courtiers, it being then regarded as honorable to supply an ermine robe to the Queen of the Amazons, as it is now to receive one from the majesty of more modern states. One bare and magnificent arm supported her head, the hand of the other rested upon the head of an enormous hound, whose ivory fangs seemed to guard the throne. Another dog of the same species lay near—behold a classical lion and unicorn. The Queens of Spain had no legs, such a dismemberment was not in vogue in Amazonia—for the state could not have had better ones to stand on than those which the brief robes of her majesty disclosed to the knee. A bow and arrows inclined upon the back of the couch, which was placed nearly in the centre of a handsome tent, gracing a plain about fifty modern miles from the city of Glaucopis.

"Selina."

A pretty waiting-maid appeared.

"Where is Hippolyta?"

"Making the rounds, and setting the watch, your majesty."

"I shall be glad to see her, with Ægle."

"I will seek her, your majesty." Then, in a lower tone, as she departed. "As for Ægle, anybody who likes may seek for her, I am not going to lose my character by associating with such——"

(Hush, thrice virtuous Selina. Would that his Grace of Exeter could have heard so bright an example of female morality.)

"Here we are, Phædra. What's the row?"

"My dear Hippolyta, will you never divest yourself of such phraseology? You must have acquired it from Hercules, when you were the little girl whose great delight was to ride on his club."

"Has the courier returned?"

"Yes, and it appears that she has been exposed to insult, which compelled her to use slightly forcible measures in return. I am ashamed to tell you what happened——"

"Did Theseus venture to repeat——"

"For shame, Ægle—I wonder you can mention him. Do you think there are no men but Theseus in Athens. But I wanted to tell you that the reply to our demand for the wretch and his friends is, that the Athenians will consider of it."

"We march upon Athens to-night."

"We will wait another day."

"You were always a dawdler."

"No, I was not."

"But you were, and that was just what Theseus said of you."

"How you talk of the creature."

"And pray what is our expedition for?"

"What an——who is there?"

Selina begged to inform her majesty that Martine was without. Her majesty directed Martine's admission.

"Good day to your majesty, and to you, Hippolyta, and you, Ægle. You need not look so downcast, my love, as you have luckily escaped the great moral error of imprudent relationships—the increasing the population. I have just been visiting one not so happy, I mean Elucina, and have been expostulating with her on the folly she has

been guilty of. I said, 'Supposing there were support sufficient for every body that might be born, one great objection is removed. O! you think it strange the gods should not have made provision for the whole world. But what, if we consume every thing, will people a thousand years hence do, particularly in the northern islands, where the population increases as fast as that of fishes?' Elucina did not know, but thought——"

"Thought people a thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long, may take care of themselves, and so do I, dear Martine."

"Ah, Hippolyta, if we could but devise some check to—"

"We are going to find a partial one—we advance upon Athens to-morrow."

"With all my heart."

Selina entered for the third time, and informed the queen that three strangers had arrived, and wished an audience of her majesty.

"What kind of people? how do they look?"

"Oh! no great beauties—all tall, and rather awkward, I should say, and yet they seem to have something attractive about them."

"Double the guards, and we are ready."

Three ladies were introduced, and the waiting-maid seemed to have given the most correct possible description of them. When did a woman ever fail in a bird's-eye view—or indeed, when does she fail at all?

"We have the honor to salute the Queen of Amazonia. We are Athenian washerwomen, who finding the city is likely to be besieged, and having little to bind us to its walls, except our clothes-lines, have resolved to escape, and join your majesty; and beg to be employed in any way in which we can be useful."

"You are welcome. Is Athens prepared to resist a siege, or will her rulers purchase peace by giving up the miscreants we require."

"They cannot. Theseus and his two companions were conveyed to prison, from whence they effected their escape on the day we left the city."

"Escaped—and where are they supposed to be?"

"It is not known—but it is imagined they are endeavoring to sail for Italy."

"Where may Italy be!" whispered Phædra to Martine.

"It is an island on the southern coast of Africa, full of burning mountains."

"Shall we follow them?"

"Better learn all the strangers know, before we decide."

"What, strangers, is the distance to this Italy?"

"About ten days' journey, if it please your majesty."

"Are ye acquainted with the way?"

"A child might lead an army thither—the path is smooth as your majesty's cheek, and the climate bright as your eyes."

"Ha!" said Ægle, and whispered Phædra.

Demetrius pinched Lysander, who winked at Theseus.

The queen started.

"Take these strangers into custody."

And a second chapter leaves our heroes prisoners.

## CHAPTER III.

"Horridly stuffed with epithets of war."

"Pray, Theseus, have you any disposition to make of your property?—the estate in Italy we were going to survey, or any thing else—the smallest trifle thankfully received," said Lysander.

"I don't see that my chance is worse than yours."

"Oh! I never committed flirtation with a princess in my life."

"Nor I," added Demetrius, looking virtuous.

"Then I pity you; as you will die without reflecting upon such a pleasure. And now do not plague me: I want to say my prayers."

"Shall I assist your memory?"

"Silence! our third bad omen is fulfilled."

"Well, then, we must follow your example."

The gentlemen are at their devotions, which work a little rusty in the mouths of such confirmed rakes. Their brevity was compensated by their fervor: Theseus vowed a hecatomb, Demetrius an antelope, and Lysander his left mustachio, in case their pet divinities would favor their escape. Having arisen from their knees, and removed the wooden bench, the only furniture of the prison tent, the captives began to look at each other with a serio-comic expression of wonder what was to be done next. The rustle of a robe was heard, the awning drawn aside; a female entered with her face concealed by a veil. She looked round for a moment, and the next, Ægle was clasped to the bosom of the Athenian.

"Theseus, what madness brought you here?"

"Simply a desire to see my Ægle."

"Hem!" said Demetrius and Lysander together.

"You will inevitably perish."

"I have seen my Ægle."

"You shall be saved."

"We are very much obliged," said the two supernumeraries.

"Ye must remain; one only can be released."

"Oh! let it be Theseus, by all means." And they turned away for a private conference.

"We will cast lots," said Theseus.

"We will do no such thing."

"I will save Theseus; his friends must abide their fate," said Ægle, removing her upper robe and placing it upon her lover. "It suits you well, my Theseus."

"I wish it was like the skin of Cerberus and would hold three."

"Away, away."

"Farewell, my friends, you shall not fall without my effort to save you."

"Follow that path—the word is Diana—the sea is before you, on the shore are fishers' boats—here is gold."

Theseus left the tent; Ægle watched his departure with starting eye-balls.

"He will escape—he has crossed the—ha! he is accosted by a sentinel—no, thank Artemis, he is undiscovered—another—it is Hippolyta—all is lost."

Ægle rushed from the tent, and an arrow from the watchful warder's bow passed into her heart.

"We may as well make a run for it, Demetrius."

"We are unarmed—stay—we can wrench out some of these tent pins! What a noise!—these women have no repose about them——"

"That was the voice of Theseus—this way."

They rushed through the tent door—the guard was fitting another shaft, when a blow from Lysander's hand avenged poor faithful Ægle. But the camp was roused—the clash of arms and the beat of drums awoke the echoes of Attica—fires were lighted—and the confusion of a barbarian army was exemplified. Theseus shouted to his friends, and they forced their way to his side over a long line of dead. The three resolved to fall together.

Phædra advanced rapidly at the head of the royal guards, whose silver axes gleamed in the flickering light of the fires. Hippolyta hastened to join her sister, when Martine arrested her step.

"Do not be rash, Ægle has fallen—should my aim be steady, you are the Queen of Amazonia."

Hippolyta hesitated—what is a sister to a crown? Martine's bow was raised, the queen's guards had halted, for the fierce desperation of the captives inspired them with respect, if not with fear. It was momentary.

"Upon them," cried Phædra—they were the last words she uttered.

"Hippolyta is Queen," said Martine, as she received the dagger of Selina in her breast. The avenger threw herself upon Demetrius, but was hurled backwards to the very feet of her sovereign.

New honors make men arrogant—upon women they work differently.

"They are not such good-for-nothing wretches, after all," thought Hippolyta, "and I am queen. *Halt!* Athenians, you are pardoned."

"We are very much obliged to you."

Some weeks afterwards—but Shakspeare has told the rest almost as well as I could do it. Adieu.

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## EPIGRAM.

BY DR. FUNEVER M. D., A. S. S.

"The great O's poison'd!"—"Can't be true; what stuff,
What drug, what potion could be strong enough?"
"The venom, scorpion-like, himself supplied;
Forc'd his own words to eat, he writhed, and died."

## CAPTAIN CHAMIER'S BEN BRACE.

*Ben Brace, the last of Nelson's Agamemnons. By Captain Chamier, R. N. Author of "The life of a Sailor," &c. 3 vols. Bentley, London.*

British seamen have always fought with enthusiasm, and enthusiasm they have always inspired, whenever they have been either written or talked about by any thing with a heart better than a split block, or a condemned dead eye. Much of this high feeling is indigenous and inherent in the British animal, it runs in his blood, he is pugnacious for the mere pleasure of fighting, and generally victorious from the mere zest with which he sets about thrashing his enemies. Now all this is very well, but were it not for other considerations, would be prone to degenerate into brutality and ferocity, and the warrior would be converted into the savage. It cannot be expected, nor is it, perhaps, desirable, that the refinements of education should polish the subordinate class of seamen to which we allude, nor have they, as yet, very extensively had that effect. But other, and very powerful causes have been in operation, which have elevated the mere instinct of courage to the noble sentiment of heroism, and taught the British sailor that respect for himself, his hardships, and his privations, that have brought all the noble virtues in their train, among which the beaming forehead of Mercy has ever shone conspicuously.

This elevation of character, this feeling of superiority, that exists in spite of his ignorance and in the midst of his isolation from the rest of his species, so characteristic of the British seaman, we hope we may still say of the present day, arises almost wholly from two causes; the first, the example and the influence of his officers, the second, the inspiring and elevating stimulus of nautical literature.

With the first cause, on reviewing this work, we have nothing further to do, than to say that this stimulus has, in a degree, extended aft from the forecastle, and the same song that has cheered the captain of the forecastle, has not wholly been ineffective upon the feelings of the captain himself.

Mere nautical literature was at a very low ebb until the time of Smollett; that vivacious, witty, and very graphic author, was the first who turned the public attention to the physical singularities, and moral idiosyncrasies of the sturdy British tar. But he only described, he sought neither to elevate nor improve. He portrayed with the fidelity of a Moreland; and filth, consequently, too often made up the greatest part of the picture. Had it not been for his sterling humor, the nautical parts of his writings would have been intolerable. After this, for the lapse of nearly fifty years, Jack was permitted to play the fool, fight and conquer, without attracting any notice to his mere personal and distinctive character. He certainly had improved a little—and but a very little, and that improvement arose merely from the reflex of his superior officers. Even

the stirring times and the menacing events of the Parker mutiny, drew little attention to the mass, beyond securing to them a somewhat more liberal allowance, and a greater protection from the caprices of tyranny.

Classes of men, like nations, must have their peculiar literature before they can be justly described, either as flourishing, or much better than semi-barbarous. As yet, no generous writer had started fearlessly from the ranks of literary routine, either to direct or do justice to the energies of the British sailor, who, consequently, was generally regarded by his brethren of the sod as little better than a courageous brute at sea, and a blustering fool on shore.

Dibdin wrote, and at once a halo of light danced upon the sailor's brow. The songs spoke to his heart, humanized and ennobled it. He now knew the value of his own bravery, and consequently, honored the bravery of his enemy. He affixed immediately a higher notion to the word duty; and his duty henceforward became his pride and his pleasure. These songs gave him principle and taught him patriotism. They braced his heart in danger, and softened it in repose. They did more, they converted passion into sentiment, and planted in his bosom self-veneration.

From that time Jack was somebody, and not only somebody, but somebody of consequence also. But still, something also was wanting, the more properly to elucidate his character, and make the world acquainted with his sterling qualities in the detail, and thus individually to improve upon the opinion that the public began to have of him generally from the songs of Dibdin. As yet, to the world at large, he was nothing but an abstract idea, though a noble one. Dibdin, not being a sailor himself, could not supply the deficiency. All was vagueness and uncertainty, till Captain —— flashed forth upon the Orlop deck, the light of literature, and the mutiny at the Nore became a classical event.

The nautico-lyrical poet had prepared the way—the novelist stepped forward, and the navy was provided with a literature that is peculiarly its own, and so excellent, that it may successfully compete with that of "camp, or court, or grove."

We, of all persons, cannot be expected to enumerate the able novel writers that have done honor to themselves, and improved the condition, and advanced the estimation of all those connected with their service—the list is ample and brilliant; for each class of officers has found its chronicler, and the work now before us, has undertaken to describe the noblemindedness and the high moral superiority of the man-of-war's foremast man.

The character of "Ben Brace" is genuine, he is the glorious type of a glorious class; certainly not the *beau ideal*, but actually the *beau real* of a thorough British seaman. "The last of the Agamemnons!" how sonorous, how Homeric is the title; and how true! Ben Brace tells his own tale, in *propriâ personâ*—and how beautifully he tells it! His idiom is critically classical—not a flaw to be found in his main-deck dialect. It is racy with the flavor of the grog tub, and redolent of tar and oakum. His metaphors, they fly out as freely as the pennant in the breeze, his reasonings are as close as yardarm and yardarm, and as consecutive as the marines and afterguard tailing on the main braces, and his conclusions invariably chock-a-block. The land lubbers don't, perhaps, understand this. How should they, poor fellows, they've never had any education—a man must go to sea to learn something.

Well, Chamier has hooked Ben Brace on to Lord Nelson—from the first trip of the latter to the death that ratified his immortality on board the Victory, at the battle of Trafalgar. We have, therefore, a complete biography of our greatest naval hero, in the very complete and graphic phraseology of this best of all Bens. But the reader will never understand its excellence, until we give him a specimen of it. Where shall we choose? It is a matter of indifference, for should we be so unadvised as to point out this or that particular part as the best, we have only to turn over another leaf, and find a still better.

But, before we extract, we must premise that, though Nelson's life is the main stream of the story, there are several excellent episodes—Ben's own affairs being the best. He has just returned to his old father and mother, in their cottage at Cawsand Bay, he has the rhino in his pouch, and the attorney's clerk is rather importunate for the old gentleman's rent—the clerk looks warlike. Now, Ben, go on.

"'What!' says I, 'have you cleared for action, and come into the enemy's port to battle the watch with him? I'm for you, my hero'—and I seized him by the throat. The little quill-driver fixed his hands upon my shirt-sleeves; his face was as red as a lobster, and he blustered out something about assault and battery. 'Here's assault your battery for you,' says I; and I gave his nose a broadside. He came at me, after this, twirling his hands as if he was spinning rope-yarns; but I touched him upon his figure-head, and soon darkened his top-lights: for, do you see, I was young and stout, and he might as well have knocked his fists against a stone wall as against my head—for my skull had grown thick like a black fellow's. Well, it all finishes by my rolling him in a dirty puddle, and by giving him a salute, which was more honored in the breach than in the observance, as I learnt by heart.

"'I hope, sir,' says I, 'there's nothing personal—but you are a d—d backbiting, dirty, dishonest scoundrel, and much better in the mud than in an honest man's house.' So saying, I shut the door, and came to an anchor.

"'Oh! Ben, Ben, you have ruined us!' said my mother; 'to-morrow we shall certainly be turned out, and all our furniture sold. You had better be off at once, or he'll have you for striking him; he'll take the law of you.'

"'I tell you what it is,' says I, 'I'll set up my damaged shirt here against his nose, and I think I've the best of it.'

"'Never mind, dame,' said the old fisherman.

'To find Ben at such a moment is worth all the money in the world! Now the attorney may go to ——. I could dance a hornpipe and kick up Bob's a-dying.'

"Night came on, and a precious night it was. Mother was for giving me their bed, and father talked of pricking for the softest plank; but I said, 'No, I'm the youngest, and the best to caulk the seam;' so I took up my station in the old chair. 'Though I have stood by Nelson's side when the proudest victory ever gained was won, yet I never felt as I did at that moment. I thought somehow I could fly: I felt so light, so happy. Well, the old pair blessed me,—I that had left them, and had occasioned such distress to them, and who, had I remained, might perhaps have saved Jane also. Then father snapped his fingers, and says he, 'A dog-fish's eye for that snub-nosed attorney's clerk! we'll manage somehow.' And they went to bed.

"I slept like a top, and was making up the lee-way of my nap, when I heard a row at the door, and I saw the little shark, the clerk's master, with his precious assistant, who was marked with a pair of beautiful black eyes, and his nose as big as a cocoa-nut.

"'Holloa! shipmate,' said I, 'you must have run stem on to the chimney-sweep, and taken some of his soot to paint your figure-head.'

"'Here is the account of rent due for this house,' said he to my father; 'do you intend to pay it?'

"'How much is it, old Snuff and Twopenny?' said I.

"'Four pounds, Mr. Impudence,' said he.

"'Have you got a receipt?' said I.

"'No,' said he.

"'Then you may trudge back and get it, old Shiver-the-Mizen.'

"'Where's the money?' said he.

"'Here,' said I, 'and more besides.'

"'I'll have you up before the magistrate,' said the clerk, 'for the assault upon me last night.'

"'You be d—d!' said I.

"Upon which the attorney whispered to his clerk, who ran away home, whilst the old one blockaded the port. He soon returned with the receipt.

"'There's your money, my boy,' said I; 'and I don't want any receipt for the attack you made upon me last night, and tore my shirt; I see you show that *as plain as the nose on your face.* So brush, old Sweepings and Tape-strings. Nothing personal, you know—but curse me if ever I saw such an ill-begotten bandy-legged beggar, with eyes like two burnt holes in a blanket, and mouth like a sick cod-fish.' So away he went."

Here is something of the manner, and something of the matter, of Ben Brace. However, as we have begun upon Brace's own life, instead of his master's, Nelson, for he was his steward on shore, as well as being his coxswain on board, we will veer and haul upon it a little longer. Brace has a sister, a sweet girl, who has been seduced by one Tackle, a clever, brave, overbearing blackguard smuggler. In his second visit to his parents he meets, without knowing her, this sister, and travels with her and her sickly, delicate infant, in the same wagon. She has been deserted, and her intention is now to leave her child with her parents without making herself known, and then to commit suicide. Ben relieves her, of course. As yet, they know not each other. Jane has placed the child in a basket; Ben stumbles over it at the threshold of her father's cottage—it is taken in—and a letter discovers the name of the poor child. Ben rushes out to find the mother; having, with great difficulty, prevailed upon his parents to receive and bless her. He sees something, that, at first, he supposes to be a ghost!

"I gave a start back, and I felt a cold shiver run through me, as if I had touched a dead one; then came again the same low, dismal moaning, and I got as much a coward as the two captains in Benbow's action. 'Why,' says I to myself, 'Ben Brace, are *you* afraid, and Nelson's coxswain?—not a bit of it;' so I tried again. I went steadily along the house saying my prayers, when I distinguished a woman seated like under the lee of the stone, in order to shelter herself from the inclemency of the weather.

"'Holloa, messmate!' said I, 'you have got a bad berth of it here: why, you will be blown to pieces before morning.'

"'Leave me,' said the woman,—'leave me to die! I have lost my child for ever; it has been taken from me; and I have waited here watching the door which encloses my infant, but is closed against me.'

"I recollected the voice in a moment: it was that of the poor forlorn creature who had come down with me in the wagon, and whom I now knew to be my own sister. My heart swelled, and my voice was almost stifled; I was just able, however, to stammer out, 'Jane, Jane, come to a brother's arms!'

"'Is it you, Ben?—now I die happy! You'll be a father to it—won't you, Ben?' and she jumped upon her feet and threw her arms round my neck. 'Now—now promise me not to let it starve, and I will go and die elsewhere.—Oh! my heart! my heart! I feel it breaking whenever I think I am to quit this place and leave it there: but I'll stay until daylight; I have been at the window twice, but I did not hear it cry; but the wind shook the small shutter, and may be it drowned its noise.'

"I kissed Jane, and she gave me back a hundred. She hung round my neck, and she cried like a baby; it was some time before I took her by the hand, and told her that father and mother had forgiven her, and that the door would be opened to her, and that she must come with me.

"'Never, Ben—never could I look,' she said, 'upon father and mother again! they will curse me, and I shall go mad. No, as yet I do not know as they have cursed me—and that is some happiness. Oh! my child! my child!'

"'Your mother has taken the child,' said I, 'and I have been to the ferry to search for you.'

"'Then it was you that kicked the basket! Oh! how my heart failed me when I saw my child kicked in the dirt, and did not dare to rescue it.'

"'Come along, Jane,' said I; and I dragged her to the threshold; 'come Jane, and be a daughter to the old ones;' and I rapped at the door. I felt her tremble, and she sank down at my feet. My father opened the door: he could not bring a light, for the wind was boisterous.

"'Here she is, father,' said I.

"'Where?' said he.

"'Here at my feet.'

"The old man rushed towards his child; he seized her by the arm. 'Jane, Jane! do I live to see you again; to bless you, my lost one—to comfort you! Here's your child asleep, and here's your mother; come, cheer up!'

"My mother looked at her daughter as she lay on the floor, for we had lifted her in. I got the big arm chair; but I saw Jane shudder at the sight of it, and she hung her head down to the ground. I went to my mother and I touched her arm: 'Mother,' said I, 'your promise.'

"But she looked at her daughter in a strange unforgiving manner. By degrees I coaxed her nearer and nearer; and no sooner did I place Jane's hand in hers, and she felt the touch, than she burst out a-crying and blessed her child. I never saw such a scene. There was Jane dripping wet lying on the floor; she never spoke or cried; she was dried up by grief: and there was her father, the rough old fisherman, whose life had been one struggle against the storms of heaven, now beaten, fairly beaten by a woman's silent sorrow. My mother had raised Jane's

head and placed it on her knees; whilst I stood behind my father, endeavoring to shame my tears.

"Well, we got all hands to bed; and the next morning I arose with the conscience of a man who has done a good act: I was as light as a cork, and skipped about like one of the figures we see in Punch's box. Before we piped to breakfast, I was on my road to Susan's, which was about a hundred yards from our house. She was up, and received me very kindly; she saw I was in high spirits, and asked me the reason.

"'Jane's come back, Susan,' said I. 'Why, what do you look so contemptuous about? She is forgiven; and you'll come, I know, and see her, and be her friend, as you used to be.'

"'No, no, Mr. Brace,' she answered; 'that I can never do. Think what the world would say if I was the friend of a bad woman! I should be thought no better than she was. No, it must not be, and I cannot consent to have a sister-in-law whose conduct has been so reprehensible.'

"'That's a long word, Susan, said I, 'and perhaps it's a good one; but it sounds like as much as to say, you never will shake hands with my sister again; that you won't be her friend now that she most requires it.'

"'Certainly, Mr. Brace,' said she; 'that is what I mean.'

"'Then you never shall say that you are Mrs. Brace; and the sooner you are Mrs. Tapes, the sooner you may repent of this ungenerous conduct. I tell you what it is, Miss Susan,' (you see I came the captain over her,) 'your heart is not in the right place, or you would feel for one of your own sex, and rather endeavor to raise than to trample on her.—So, good-b'ye to you! we part company from this moment: and hereafter, when that attorney has cheated you out of your person and your property, you will think of the sailor—the coxswain of Nelson.

"Then I took off my hat, and making her a proper bow, lifting up left leg to keep the balance even as I bobbed my head and right hand: 'Good-b'ye to you, Miss Susan! I hope you may feel the satisfaction which I feel at this moment; for although I leave the girl I have loved ever since I was the height of a fire-shovel, yet I know that I have done what is right.' I just took a last look, and I saw her lift her apron to her eyes, then run into her house.

"'There,' said I, as I nearly run foul of the attorney, 'there's a clear coast for you to smuggle upon, old Tapes; but use her well, for she is a nice craft after all, and we part friends: so, tip us your flipper, and good luck to you both!'"

We have staid so long on the Nile* that we have no time to dwell on the more glorious and fatal victory of Trafalgar, which is told, if possible, in a still more powerful manner. But Brace has not all the burthen of narration upon himself. He has a queer devil-may-care sort of a fellow, occasionally his shipmate and messmate, who now and then spins out a very funny yarn of his own: this facetious companion rejoices and makes every one else rejoice in the euphonious title of Tom Toprail. Tom's marriage at Portsmouth is, perhaps, the most humorous, certainly the most ludicrous part of the novel. The general reader may, perhaps, think it overcharged: we can assure him that it is by no means so. Seamen of ardent temperaments, after a long confinement on board a man-of-war, when they first put their feet on shore, really become jovially insane, and are actuated by none of the impulses common to their less exalted fellow creatures. It is not pride that impels them to these ludicrous displays of riding outside coaches, with streamers flying and fiddlers scraping. They know, at the time, that it is abominably foolish, but we are inclined to think that they are moved to these absurdities more by a spirit of mad daring than by any other impulse. Whatever may be the cause, the facts are ridiculous enough, and are intolerably more disgusting in their actual perpetration: in Chamier's description they are not only farcical but grotesquely humorous, without ever departing from the actual fact. As these displays, gradually becoming more unfrequent, will, through the improvement of the seaman's *morale*, soon altogether cease and be matter only of history, it is consolatory to have the remembrance of them perpetuated by an historian so able as is Captain Chamier.

But to return to Brace. At the battle of Trafalgar he gets lopped of an arm, and at the same time that he loses his master, his admiral, and his friend, he loses also an eye. But here we must notice a discrepancy that we cannot exactly explain. If Homer nodded, surely the "last of the Agamemnons" may be allowed to take a nap. In the second volume, Ben tells us very shortly, that being a cripple in June, 1806, he went down to Gosport and married Susan, she then being, with some children, the widow of the lawyer Tapes. Well, being a married man, he then tries back, and after much yarning, spins us out, most excellently, the battle of Trafalgar, which battle crippled him. Well, in the third volume, coming up with the body of Nelson, and performing a prominent part at the funeral ceremonies, according to his late lordship's request, he repairs immediately to Merton, communicates with Lady Hamilton, and then goes down, not to Gosport, but to Rochester, to see his wife, and had the satisfaction of finding a warm heart and a warm cottage ready to receive him. We hope that this is all right, for the sake of Ben's veracity, for we should almost break our hearts if we found him tripping. But we really cannot find, as he never left the body of his old friend until it was interred, how he could have possibly got married to Susan *after* he became crippled, for in another page, he says explicitly thus, "My duty drove me to him who had ever been my friend; and when my heart beat right again, I resolved to obey his last command, and go to Merton. *As yet* I had not seen my wife, for she was living *near Rochester*, on fifty pounds a year," &c. The mistake that Ben makes about the seals on Tackle's secret papers is still more egregious, but as the acute lawyers and counsel did not find it out in the memorable trial of Brace *versus* Hawk, we shall also let it slip by in silence.

Had we not mentioned these trivial errors, so beautifully do we think that Captain Chamier has done his work, and so candidly do we express our opinion of its excellence, that our notice would have appeared fulsome in its encomiums. Enough of this. The fifty pounds a year permitted to Ben's wife as long

* We had extracted Ben's version of the battle of the Nile, which we were afterwards forced to expunge for want of room.

as the seals of Tackle's secret remained unbroken, are found to be insufficient to support the wife and family decently, so Brace becomes, and glories in the metamorphosis, a Greenwich pensioner. All this part of his life is rich and genuinely natural. We like the old sailor better as a pensioner than in any other capacity. The tale now begins to wind up rapidly; his few old shipmates die off—old Tom the last. His sister's daughter, by Tackle, of whom he has a long while lost sight, and who was a *protegée* of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, has in the interim, married a post captain, a lord, and a young lord of the Admiralty to boot. The meeting between the uncle and niece is too good to be omitted.

"Well, I got thinking of one thing and another, when I was startled by the noise of a carriage which drew up alongside the gates, whilst two chaps in cocked hats and long canes, who had been standing abaft, jumped down, opened the cabin door, and out comes the captain and his wife. Up I got directly, and steered towards the gate; for I thought I had never seen so fine a concern, with such a crew. The gentleman was a man about five-and-forty, togged off to the nines; and he gives his arm to his lady, and makes sail right towards me, steering for the governor's house. Well, I did as we always did—saluted a stranger when he came into port; so, as they went by, I took off my hat and scraped my leg. The lady was looking the other way at a gingerbread barge belonging to the Lord Mayor, which was bringing down a batch of hungry fellows to eat small fish; but the gentleman took off his hat, and said to his lady, for I heard him, 'My dear, you did not see that gallant old fellow who welcomed you to Greenwich.'

"She gave a hasty cast of her eye, and they went on. 'Well,' thought I, now we've exchanged salutes, I'll just ask the admiral's name; so I steered up to the gates and hailed the servants,—although, to be sure, they looked more like Austrian generals than English footmen.

"'What cheer, lads?' said I; upon which all these land-lubbers began to grin. 'Cheer!' said one; 'who cheered? I should think, old boy, you didn't give a cheer when the Frenchmen whipped off your arm, or bunged up your eye?'

"'Then you're just on the wrong tack,' said I; 'for it was at Trafalgar, and I did not value my arm, no, not a shilling, when I thought of the victory.'

"'Ah!' said one of them, 'that happened before we were born, old boy, and we are not going to believe all you choose to tell us about that.'—'What a rum coat the old fellow has got on!' said another. 'And twig his cocked hat.'—'Why,' said the coachman, 'I wonder he walks about, when the pigs might mistake his legs for cabbage-stalks!' Upon which they all set up a laugh; and one fellow takes his white gloves off and claps them in his pocket, whilst the other asked who had the honor of making my clothes.

"'I say, my lads,' said I, for there was a crowd of pensioners and idlers gathered about, 'is that the way you answer a civil question? I thought you servants were taught better manners.'

"'Servants!' they all exclaimed; 'mind your own business, old boy, and don't talk about what you don't understand.'

"'What!' said I, 'are you ashamed of your rigging—are you ashamed of your master's clothes? Now look here,' says I, as I showed the Greenwich mustering suit: 'these clothes are the reward of honest service for my country. I have fought for it—bled for it—whilst you powder-monkies have only cleaned your master's shoes, or carried away the plate on which he fed.—What, strike me!' said I, for one of the fellows raised his stick; 'strike Brace if you dare, and we'll haul you through every pond in the place, and wash the flour off your head under the pump. Don't commence action,' said I to half a hundred of my messmates: 'but only let them fire the first shot, and we'll soon see if we, old as we are, can't tackle them to their hearts' content. I only asked a civil question—I wanted to know to whom the carriage belonged, and I was then going to take them over and give them something to drink the king's health, when they began to jeer an old man of seventy-five with only one arm. But what can you expect from chaps who are ashamed of their own colors and their master's livery?'

"These flamingoes began to think it was no good battling the watch with us; so they all three got upon the forecastle of the coach, and they steered away for a public house. 'Here's after them!" said about a dozen of the old ones; 'and we'll get them into a line for their impudence!' and I was left alone by the gate. But as for the line business, that was a failure; for the servants, not liking to get amongst the old boys, remained on the coach-box, and drank their beer aloft, and shortly returned. I was backing and filling about the place—for the weather was warm, and I felt better by being in the air—when I saw the servants come down by the run from the box, clap their scrapers all right and square, and handle their sticks like the drum-major of a regiment. I turned round, and I saw the lady and gentleman coming towards the carriage, accompanied by Sir William. I heard him say, 'I dare say your lordship will find him at his wife's cottage, for he generally goes there about this hour. Poor old fellow! he was rather ill last night, and he is getting very aged for a sailor. ('Well,' thinks I, 'what can the doctor mean by a great age for a sailor?' but I heard his reason.) 'When they first enter the navy,' the doctor said, 'they are habituated to much ardent spirits, and the continued use of them is more pernicious than all the fatigues they undergo. Oh, here is Brace!' he said. I took off my hat, and made a bow. 'This is Lord Nelson's old follower, for whom your ladyship inquired.'

"She looked at me—I knew her, for the mole in her forehead was as plain as the seal on a letter. I did not do what my heart prompted me to do—run and kiss her, and welcome her who had come to me at the very moment when I was most beset with difficulty; for I thought it would be wrong for me, an old sailor in the Greenwich uniform, to take hold of a lady covered up with silks, and with a bonnet over her jib large enough for a coal-scuttle! Well, I was fairly aback; and it was of no use turning the hands up to brace about, although I had got stern-way and was backing a small distance off. I can't write what I did feel—it was uncommon to me. I felt as if I could have hugged her and kissed her; and yet somehow I felt as if the thought was a kind of presumption:—I thought my heart bade me go forward like a man and an uncle, and then I thought discipline kept hauling me back: it was a regular squabble between affection and duty; but when the heart's in the right place, affection will carry the day, without neglecting one's duty. The servants were looking—the coachman had placed himself as upright as a pumpbolt—Sir William had just called me—his lordship was eyeing me; when what does Jane do, but she drops her rain-preventer,—and she gets headway upon her, runs me right aboard, claps her arms round my neck, falls to a-kissing me, and bursting out a-crying, said, 'Uncle Ben, uncle Ben! let this prove that I have not forgotten you!'

"'My eyes and limbs!' said old Lanyard, as he hobbled away, 'that is a queer go, surely; there's old Brace a-kissing the lord's wife!'

"I am thinking that I should have been done outright if I had not been afraid to touch her; my stick fell out of my hand, and somehow my arm got round her waist, and says I, 'Blessings on you, Jane! you have hove in sight when the

enemy were likely to capture me; and now that I see you—ay, and see you happy—I don't care how soon I die. Lord love you, Jane, and bless you! I always knew your heart was a good one—I knew that you would come and see me.'

"'Give me your hand, my fine old fellow,' says his lordship: 'Jane has often told me of your kindness to her, and the manner in which you behaved to her during one very trying hour of her father's——'

"'Belay all that, your lordship,' said I, interrupting him; 'not a word about it: I'm at this moment in great distress about that affair, and if Jane—I beg your honor's pardon, but I can't help calling her Jane—will just let your honor unlay the strands of this difficulty, you will make me and Susan happy forever.'

"'Oh!' said Jane, 'I insist upon going directly to Susan; I have never seen her since I was a little child, and I remember her pretty face.'

"'It's better you did not, Jane,' said I; 'for you never will be able to make out her features—she's grown old.'

"'No, no,' said his lordship: 'get into the carriage, Brace, and we'll drive to the cottage. Come, Jane, let me hand you in first.' And he walked off with his wife.

"Well, it was a fine sight to see those footmen who had jeered me, standing at attention, one fellow holding the door open, and the other standing like a marine at muster, whilst I, the old sailor, was handed into the carriage by a lord. I felt I had always done my duty in this life, and therefore I was not ashamed to look any man in the face."

We must make no more extracts from this very excellent story, but pass it rapidly in review to its conclusion. The dilemma into which this most renowned of Bens had fallen, was precisely this:—Old Tapes, of whom we have before made dishonorable mention, notwithstanding his wealth, and his most decided wish to the contrary, found himself very likely to die. On his death-bed he leaves all his wealth to Mistress Benjamin Brace, his sister-in-law, on the proviso that the document containing his secret and Tackle's has not been opened; which opening is to be ascertained or disproved by the sealing-wax being, or not being, unbroken. The document, in the presence of the executors, is to be burned unread, and then the fortune to go to Brace's wife. Brace gets into an omnibus to go up to town with this momentous seal, of course, unbroken; but in the omnibus, as the driver, after the manner of the most approved of the drivers of omnibi, waits his full couple of hours until his long trough is full, Ben, to wile away the time, breaks the first envelope, which was his own, with his own seal sealed, but unfortunately sealed immediately over the seal of the Tapeserian document. So, in removing the one the other is broken adrift, and thus, to all appearance the fortune is lost, as the interdicted seal is now, to all intents and purposes, broken, and so almost is Ben's heart, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his wife and children. He meets the executor, with a small squad of lawyers, one of whom is the heir, providing the conditions of the will have not been complied with. Ben knowing of the mishap, is wary, and will not produce the document, though with all the uprightness of the British sailor, he confesses, that he believes that the seal is broken and that the letter is open. Upon this Lawyer Hawk chanteth his "O be joyful," and beginneth to administer the wealth to himself, and Ben returns disconsolate to Greenwich Hospital, and buries the papers, tied up in his silk handkerchief, at the bottom of his chest.

His new friend, the young lord, and the husband of Brace's niece Jane, is determined to bring the matter into court, and the issue is tried in the Common Pleas. All this is exquisitely written. The impudent warping of the truth, and the insulting of witnesses, so much the present practice in our courts of law, are admirably described. When will this nuisance be abated? However the document is, after much ingenious pleading to and fro, at last handed up to the judge; it is examined, and the broken seal appears, after all, only to be one affixed to a supernumerary envelope, the two seals of the real and substantive document being still untouched; consequently the fortune remains with the Brace family, and the story concludes.

From this brief outline and these cursory extracts, the reader may form a tolerable judgment of the materials, and of the excellent manner in which they have been employed, that constitute this admirable naval novel. It will be dear to every man before the mast. The messes of his Majesty's ships will, we are sure, club up to buy each one a copy of it. The foremast man will now see that heroism is not altogether confined to the quarter-deck. To him, these pages will be a cheering contemplation; and we doubt not that they will make many a bad man good, many a good one better.

As a work of literature, we pronounce, it is deserving of high praise. It is consistent throughout, and in that consistency is to be found the brightest feature of its excellence. The language is germane to the matter; and the reader will find that, though it never rises in refinement of expression beyond what might be expected from a man in wide trowsers and a straw hat, it is sufficient for the deepest pathos, the most exalted sentiment, and the broadest humor. Is not this the exact praise that is given to the pastorals of the ancient poets? Why is it not, therefore, amply due to the author of Ben Brace? When we first opened the book we began to fear that we should weary of the eternal technicalities of the noble sailor, but our alarm was soon dissipated. At the termination of the third volume we wished for three more in the identical and forcible palaver of honest-hearted Ben Brace.

Captain Chamier, making Ben his mouthpiece, has touched upon delicate points:—the flogging, general to the two services, and the impressment peculiar to the naval one only. We heartily agree with Chamier on the first point; on the second, we have a difference, a very slight difference of opinion. But rising, as we are now doing, fresh with

admiration from his work, we shall not, in this place, enter the lists against him. We will merely humbly state, that Sir James Graham's plan should be tried before it be condemned, as it certainly is from the lips of the last of the Agamemnons. But, perhaps, in this instance Ben is only giving himself more headway than his commanding officer approved; if so, we have not another word to say on the subject.

In conclusion, we are about to pay Captain Chamier a compliment: he may not like it—that we cannot help; but, as he deserves it, he shall have it; and if it galls him sorely, he must call to mind the memorable speech of Alexander the Great, in which he said, that if he were not Alexander he would wish to be Diogenes. It is true we never thought much of the good taste of this speech, for surely there was some little difference between the conquerer of armies, the destroyer of nations, and the dirty defiler of a tub, who disgraced mankind in his own person, and reviled it in all others. Ben Brace is surely a character as much superior to the cynic as an Englishman to the Chimpanzee. We do not know whether, in an honest Christian way, he may not compete with Alexander himself. Now, what we have to say is this; that were not Chamier the identical Chamier he is, perhaps the future winner of victories, and, we trust, the future admiral, we heartily wish that he had been the humble hero that he has so strikingly portrayed:—the active foretopman in his youth, the gallant admiral's coxswain in his middle age, and the venerable and garrulous Greenwich pensioner in his decline,—in fact, his own brilliant creation, an incarnation of Ben Brace. But, perhaps, this would be too much glory for any single individual, and we had better let Captain Chamier remain just the good, clever, pleasant fellow that he is, and wish that such he may live many, very many years.

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## DIARY OF A BLASÉ.*

### CHAPTER XXIV.

February, 1836.

The Burmahs are decidedly a brave nation, the government being despotic, their rulers are cruel, but the people are not. I state this, as cowardice and cruelty usually go hand in hand. The character of the people is good temper and generosity, and they are excellent materials to work upon in judicious hands. I witnessed acts of courage at the early part of the war, before the Burmahs found out how impossible it was to cope with our superior arms, which were most surprising, and which excited our admiration. They are peculiarly a warlike nation, and of war they are fond. Every man is a soldier, and when ordered out to join the ranks, obeys without receiving any pay, providing his own arms. This fact, at once establishes, that they are inclined to war. Their arms generally consist of a double-handed sword, a weapon of great force, and very large spears; but every one that can possess a musket will, and if it has not a lock, they will fire it with a match. It is in this point that the Burmahs are so deficient in arms: we used to consider it a very courageous act to venture to fire off a Burmese musket, they were in such a wretched condition: and to crown all, every man *makes his own gunpowder*. Now it may be easily imagined what stuff this must be; as, previous to an expected combat, each Burmah sits down and composes the article to the best of his knowledge and belief. The consequences are, that when these muskets do go off, which is ten to one they do not, it is again ten to one but the bullet falls short, from the inefficacy of the powder. There is another singular fact, and one which proves that they have been used to muskets but a short time: it is that they have no bullet-moulds or leaden bullets. All their bullets are of iron, hammered as round as they can hammer them at the forge; of course the windage produced by this imperfect missile, occasions it to deviate much from its intended direction.

The guns on their stockades and war-boats are equally defective, from bad powder and the hammered bullets. It is difficult to know where they could have collected such a curious assemblage. Sometimes you will fall in with a small brass piece of exquisite Spanish manufacture, at others, you will find the strangest forms that can be conceived. I rather think they were purchased, or taken as a part of the duties on vessels trading to Rangoon. I recollect one at the first taking of a stockade: we knocked off the trunnions of an old iron gun, and left it there as useless. The Burmahs re-occupied the stockade, and we had to take it a second time, when we found that they had most ingeniously supplied the want of trunnions with iron hoops and rivets, and the gun was fired at us before we entered. I doubt whether they would have hit upon the expedient at Woolwich Yard. At another time, we entered a stockade which had kept up a brisk fire for a few minutes, and, to our surprise, found that they had made *wooden* guns, very well bound and braced with iron hoops. Of course these guns would not fire more than two or three shot each, as the touch-holes were inflamed, and were soon so large as to render them unserviceable; but I mention these points, to prove the perseverance of these people, and the efforts they made in their own defence. After the first campaign it is true that they deserted, and the levies were made by force; but the reason of this, for I inquired into it, was not that they had any objection to fight, but that, fighting without pay, they wanted to go home and put the seed into the ground, as otherwise their wives and families would starve.

The Burmah war-boats are very splendid craft, pulling from eighty to one hundred

* Continued from p. 105.

oars; the Burmahs manage them very dexterously, and will pull them from seven to eight miles an hour. They have a war-boat dedicated to the duty, which brought intelligence that saved the nation at the time of the war with the empire of Pegu, in a space of time so short, as almost to appear incredible.

As I before observed, the gun mounted on the bow is of little effect, but their spears are really formidable. At a night attack upon some of our vessels, anchored off a stockade which they wanted to regain, I had an evidence of the force with which they are thrown. The sides of the vessel were covered with them, sticking out like porcupine's quills, and they had entered the plank with such force, that it required a very strong arm to pull them out again. We lost some men by them; the effect of a hundred spears hurling through the air at the same time was singularly appalling to our men, who were not accustomed to the sound, especially during the night. I heard several of the sailors observe afterwards that they "did not like that at all," and I am sure they would have infinitely preferred to have been met with fire-arms. Some of these spears were sixteen feet long, sharp at both ends, and with an iron head, weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds. I have seen bows and arrows in the possession of the Burmahs, but never have observed that they used them in their conflicts with us. They appeared to despise them. The system of warfare and defence pursued by these people, is, undoubtedly, excellent for the peculiarities of the country. Their stockades are usually built of any thick teak timber, or rather squared trees, which are much too strong to be penetrated by any other than battering cannon, and, in consequence, were invariably carried by escalade. Some of them are built of bamboos, running from a foot to two feet diameter. These are equally strong, with the peculiarity that if you fire cannon at them the bamboos yield, admit the shot, and then close again. If these stockades are not close to the river side, they usually have a deep ditch round them, and are further protected by what was more serious to us than the escalade, which were abbatis of pointed bamboos, stuck in a slanting direction in the ground. The slight wounds made by these bamboos, brought on lock-jaw, and too often terminated fatally. In the attacks upon us at Rangoon they made their approaches with some degree of military skill, throwing up trenches as they advanced. Their fire-rafts on such a rapid river were also formidable. They have wells of petroleum up the country, their rafts were very large, and here and there were old canoes on the rafts, filled with this inflammable matter. When on fire, it blazed as high as our maintop, throwing out flames, heat, and stank quite enough to drive any one away.

I have mentioned their mode of warfare and their deficiencies, to prove that if the Burmahs had been as well provided with every species of arms equal to our own, the country would not have been subjugated. Their system of defence is good, their bravery is undoubted, but they had no effective weapons. I strongly suspect that they will, now that they have been taught their inferiority, use every means to obtain them; and if so, they will really become a formidable nation. As one proof of their courage, I will mention, that at every stockade there is a look-out man, perched on a sort of pole, about ten feet or more clear of the upper part of the stockade, in a situation completely exposed. I have often observed these men, and it was not till the cannonade had fairly commenced on both sides, that they came down. And when they did, it was without hurry; indeed, I may say, in a most leisurely and indifferent manner. Of their invulnerables and their antics I have already spoken.

In countries governed despotically, life is not so much valued as it is in others. The very knowledge that it may be taken in a moment at the will of the rulers, renders even the cowardly comparatively indifferent. When we are accustomed from our earliest years to anticipate an event, when it actually arrives, we meet it with composure and indifference. The lad in England who is brought up to thieving, and who is continually reminded by his parents, that he *must be hung* before he is twenty, goes to the gallows, when his turn comes, with much *sang froid*. So it is in a despotic country, where the people witness the heads of their fellows roll on the ground, and surmise how soon their own turn will come. I had more than one evidence of this during my stay. In one instance I wished to obtain information from a prisoner, but could extract none. He had been sitting between the carronades on deck for twenty-four hours, and some of the men or officers had given him a bowl of grog and a couple of cigars, with which he was busy when I interrogated him. As he professed ignorance, I told him that if he would not give me the desired information, I should take his head off; and I sent for the serjeant of marines, who appeared with two of his party, and with his drawn sword. We called him out from between the guns, but he begged through the interpreter to be allowed to finish his grog; to which I consented: when that was done he was again ordered out, but requested leave to finish about an inch of cigar which remained in his mouth. To which I also acceded, not being in a particular hurry to do that which I never intended to do. During all this the man was perfectly composed, and did not show the least alarm at his approaching fate. As soon as the cigar was finished, he bound his long hair up afresh, and made preparation. I again asked him if he would tell, but he pleaded ignorance, and stepped forward, went down on his knees and took off the cloth from about his loins, which he spread on the deck to receive his head, and then putting his hands on the deck, held it in the position to be cut off. Not a muscle trembled, for I watched the man carefully. He was, of course, remanded, and the sailors

were so pleased with him, that he went on shore with more grog and more tobacco than he had probably ever seen in his life.

The Burmahs have, however, a means of extracting information from spies, &c. which I never saw practised by them, although it was borrowed from them. It was in our own quarter master-general's office that I witnessed this species of torture, so simple in its operation and apparently so dreadful in its effects. It consists in giving one single blow upon the region of the heart, so as to stop for some seconds the whole circulation. The way by which this is effected is as follows:—the man—the Burmahs are generally naked to the waist—is made to sit down on the floor; another man stands behind him, and leaning over him, takes a very exact aim with his sharp bent elbow at the precise spot over his heart, and then strikes a blow which, from its being propelled so very mechanically, descends with increased force.

The effect appears dreadful; the dark hue of the sufferer's face turns to a deadly white; the perspiration bursts out from his forehead, and he trembles in every limb. I never witnessed such apparent agony. These blows repeated three or four times, will unman the most resolute, and they will call for death as a favor.

There is a point which demands the most serious attention of the Indian government, which, connected with those I have already mentioned, makes the Burmese nation more formidable; it is, the great contempt they have for the sepoys. And what is equally true, the fears which the sepoys have of them. The Burmahs are only afraid of the white faces, as I shall very soon establish. They despise the sepoys, although they are so well armed. Now, that the sepoys are good troops, there can be no doubt; they have proved it often; but, at the same time, they are not, as some of the Indian officers have asserted in my presence, the best troops in the world, and preferable to Europeans. That they are much easier to control, and that they excel in discipline, I grant, because they are never intoxicated; but they have, in the first place, very little stamina, and are, generally speaking, a small and very effeminately-built race. Still they have fought well, very well; but they never fought well against the Burmahs; and for this simple reason, that superstition is more powerful than courage, and subdues it. The sepoys are very superstitious, and have the idea, which was never eradicated, that the Burmahs are *charmed men*, and they never went out against them willingly, even when they were headed by the English troops. As for the contempt of the Burmahs, it was notorious. I have myself seen one of the Burmah prisoners at Rangoon lift up a piece of timber that six of the sepoys could hardly have moved, and throw it down, so as to make it roll at the feet of the sepoy guard who watched him, making them all retreat several paces, and then laugh at them in derision. But it requires greater proof than the above. The Burmahs had stockaded themselves about seven miles from Rangoon, and it was determined to dislodge them. Colonel S—, who was very partial to the native troops, was ordered on this service, and he requested particularly that he might have no troops but the sepoys. Sir A. Campbell did not much like to consent, but, as the stockades were not higher than breastworks, and the Burmahs not in very great force, he unwillingly yielded to the Colonel's arguments. Fifteen hundred sepoys were ordered out, and the Colonel went on his expedition. The Burmahs had good intelligence that there were no European troops, and when the sepoys arrived, they did not wait to be attacked, but attacked them and put them completely to the rout. One half of the sepoys were said to be killed, the others came back to Rangoon in parties of ten or twelve, and in the utmost consternation and confusion. Sir A. Campbell was much enraged, and the next day a European force was despatched against the Burmahs. On their arrival they witnessed a dreadful and disgusting scene. A long avenue had been cut in the wood, and on each side of it were hung by the heels at equal distances, shockingly mutilated, the naked bodies of the seven hundred and fifty sepoys killed. The Burmahs did not, however, attempt to resist the European force, but after a few shots immediately retired. Now this is a very important fact: and it is a fact which cannot be denied, although it has not been made known. In India there is a nominal force of three hundred thousand men, but they are scattered over such a vast extent of territory, that, allowing they could be made disposable, which they could not, it would require many months before they could be collected; and if the Burmahs despise the sepoys, and the sepoys dread the Burmahs, the only check against the latter will be the European troops; and of them how many can be called out? Not ten thousand, at the very utmost; and the difficulty of collecting them was well known at the commencement of the Burmah war. There certainly is a great difference between attacking others in their own territories and defending ourselves, but if the Burmahs could hold out against us, as they did, for nearly three years, without arms to cope with us, what might be the consequence if they were supplied with arms and officers by the French or any other nation? I was at Pondicherry some time after the war had been carried on, and I found that the French authorities there were quite alive to this very unexpected quarter from which India might be assailed. If the French were to lead 100,000 Burmahs, they would march through India, for we could muster no force which could oppose them. We have now a footing in the country, and it must be our object to prevent the ingress of any other, and to keep the Burmahs as quiet and as peaceable as we can. But our very intercourse will enlighten them by degrees, and we have more to dread from that quarter than from all the hordes of Russia or Runjeet Sing, and the whole disaffection of India.

If ever an officer deserved to be created a

peer for his services, it was Sir Archibald Campbell. The events of a war in a distant country are little known in England; but had it not been for the perseverance and gallantry of that officer, in opposition to every species of difficulty and privation, the war with Burmah would not now have been ended. His forcing his way into the interior with such a handful of men was a most extraordinary feat; still more extraordinary was the success attending it, and the remarkable and unexpected death of the great Burmah general, Bundoolah, the very first time that he was engaged with the Europeans. It is singular that the Burmahs considered his life as charmed against all shot or cutting weapon, and that he was killed in his tent by a missile wholly unknown to them—a shell, which fell into it and burst on his table. But as I have more to say relative to the Burmahs, I will, in my next chapter, enter into a short narrative of the expedition to Bassein. It was a bloodless one, although very important in its results; and circumstances occurred in it which will throw much light upon the character of the nation.

*(To be continued.)*

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## WHERE IS SHE?

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! where is she? Each scene remains,
Where oft at blushing morn she roved,
The warbling birds in tuneful strains,
Still carol from the wood she loved;
Sunbeams their glowing radiance fling
O'er each fair flower and waving tree,
All bloom beneath the smile of spring,
All breathe of life—but where is she?

The softening shades of eve descend,
Around the hearth her kindred meet,
How oft they mourn the gentle friend
Who once enjoyed that converse sweet:
Now, at the hallowed hour of prayer,
They lift the hand, and bend the knee,
Oh! there was one who loved to share
Those orisons—but where is she?

Say, need we ask?—in yon blue sky,
Removed from pain, from care, and woe;
She tastes a bliss more true and high
Than all her dearest joys below:
She walks with spirits pure and bright,
From sin, from bondage, she is free,
And while we view those realms of light,
Say, should we murmur—where is she?

In faith and trust on earth she dwelt,
In calm seclusion's path she trod,
Deeply her Saviour's love she felt,
Who died that *she* might live with God;
The Christian's hope our sadness cheers,
The Christian's rock our stay must be,
Then let us cease our selfish tears,
Nor ask in sorrow—where is she?

## THE CHARITY SISTER.

### A TALE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
*As proofs of holy writ.*

OTHELLO.

ROSABELLE DE CLAIRVILLE was the sole and motherless child of a French nobleman of high rank in the court of Lewis the Fifteenth; her father, the Marquis de Clairville, had married late in life, and loved his little daughter as much as it was possible for an old French courtier to love any thing. She was a beautiful, lively child; excessively indulged, but, thanks to the natural goodness of her disposition, not spoiled. She was petulant, but affectionate; expecting attention, and accustomed to admiration; replete with talent, but idle, and apparently incapable of continued application; from her teachers and regular lessons she acquired very little, but, at the same time, she learnt a great deal that nobody taught her. Her dancing-master could never succeed in drilling her into the stiff courtesy and solemn step of the *minuet de la cour*, but in the cotillion and lighter dances then in vogue, he equally failed to destroy the innate grace and elastic freedom of her movements. In music it was the same: "Mademoiselle has voice and ear," said the despairing professors, "but we can teach her nothing." Her father sighed and frowned; but Rosabelle would throw her arms round his neck, and sing his favorite troubadour ballad so sweetly, so simply, so feelingly, that even the heart of the old courtier asked, "Is not *this* music?" "Leave your daughter alone, marquis," said a sagacious female friend; "put within her reach all the means of education, and wait her time."

The marquis had been rich, but was so no longer; the profession of a courtier is a very expensive one, and he had come to the decision of placing his daughter *en pension*, and retiring three or four years to his estate in the south; but the observation of his friend, and the entreaties of his child, prevailed: "O do not put me into that horrid prison, dear papa! I shall die—you will never see your poor Rose again—let me go with you! I will pay *such* attention to Monsieur l'Abbé and Mademoiselle Clery—and I shall be so happy and so *free!* not as we are at Versailles; but I shall run about in real woods, and see real waterfalls, and gather wild flowers, and help the haymakers, and hear birds sing that are as free as myself, not pent up in aviaries and gilt cages—and O papa! such a garden as I will have!" And enchanted at the picture her imagination had drawn, she jumped, in spite of her little hoop-petticoat and high-heeled shoes, about the room in all the ecstasy of a true child of nature. "Yes, indeed," inwardly exclaimed the marquis, "nature does play us strange pranks sometimes! this child she intended for a Swiss mountaineer;

but it has pleased her capricious ladyship to place her in a French court. Her mother, a dignified descendant of the De Courci's, and her father—myself——!" The marquis shrugged his shoulders, and took a large pinch of snuff.

Rosabelle was a privileged pet in the courtly circle in which her father moved; she could, without reproof, say and do things no one else could say or do; the stiff little *demoiselles* of her own age, who had now and then a peep at home from their schools, regarded her with astonishment and dread; and some of her grown-up friends dreaded her also, for Rosabelle was too acute and observant, was an excellent mimic, and delighted in petty mischief; her little railleries and bon-mots were applauded and repeated, and many more than she ever said were, from various motives, attributed to her. All this tended to nourish a dangerous habit of mind; her father was condemned for not bringing her up like other children, and educating her *selon les règles;* and even those who loved her best, were not sorry to find that he intended, from whatever motive, to withdraw her into retirement for a certain period. The step was at length decided on; the marquis, with a desperate effort, tore himself from Paris and Versailles, doubtful whether he should be able even to breathe in any other atmosphere, and regarding the sacrifice he thus made for his fortune and his daughter, as an act of more than Roman heroism. Rosabelle was between twelve and thirteen when she accompanied her father to his long-deserted château in Provence, the romantic and beautiful.

About three years after their departure, a young English nobleman was presented, and exceedingly well received, at the French court. Lord Altamont was five-and-twenty: his father had died early in his minority, and on coming of age he took possession of a very large fortune. He was now on his travels, and had visited some of the northern courts, together with Vienna and Italy. It was his intention, on leaving Paris, to proceed to the south, and take Madrid and Lisbon on his way home.

Lord Altamont was a favorable specimen of his class and country at that period. Grave, dignified, courteous; lofty and firm in principle, full of spirit and honor; but a somewhat cold and highly-polished exterior veiled in him warm and deep affections, and a sensibility, perhaps too acute and irritable, mingled with a certain degree of romance, which his close and habitual intercourse with the world had not yet worn away. His abilities were of the first order, and had been carefully and judiciously cultivated: he was ambitious, and looked forward to a brilliant career, intending, however, that his first object, on his return home, should be his marriage.

He felt that in his choice of a wife he should be fastidious, and even peculiar; money he would rather she did *not* possess; noble birth, high breeding, and beauty, were indispensable; scrupulously correct not only in principle and conduct, but in manners, dress, and conversation; like Cæsar's wife, it was to be impossible to *suspect* her of levity; gentle and calm, but dignified, and even proud;—a magic circle was to be drawn around her, that all were to feel it impracticable to pass. He could recall to his memory no woman that, as his wife, he should entirely approve of; his mother he thought might, when young, have approached nearly to his *beau idéal;* but, though an excellent wife, even she had been wanting in that excessive conjugal tenderness and devotion which *he* should expect. His sister was decorum itself; but whether she had a heart at all, was a question not yet solved. "One point I have quite decided on," and he glanced at the circle of graceful and factitious beings that surrounded him, "I will never marry a foreigner, and especially a Frenchwoman."

"Well, my lord," said the young and handsome Count de Beauvilliers, advancing towards him, "so you really have made up your mind to leave us for those barbarous countries of the south? You English have great courage—but why did you not make Paris your *bonne bouche*, and have quitted it only for England?"

Lord Altamont had no intention of feeding the vanity of the Parisian, therefore took no notice of his queries; but said, as from a sudden recollection, "By-the-by, count, you have an uncle in Provence, an old friend of my father; I should have great pleasure in being introduced to him."

"I will give you a letter—but, no," continued the count, archly, "I think I had better not, for there is *la belle cousine*, as well as the old uncle."

"True," replied Lord Altamont, "I have heard so; and, moreover, that she is to be madame la comtesse—is she not?"

"*Ma foi!*" replied the young Frenchman with a shrug. "I scarce know myself whether she will be or no. My father recommended our union on his death-bed, her father desires it; she cares nothing about it, no more do I: but this is the way we manage these matters here; our papas and mammas are so obliging as to take all the trouble off our hands."

"Is she not very beautiful?"

"I dare say she is; I recollect her a very pretty, though a wild and romping child; but were she perfection itself, I have no intention of falling in love with her."

"Why not?"

"Because I have to marry her, you know."

"Very true—I forgot. But supposing any one else were to marry her?"

"Ha! that would be quite another thing: *you* go and marry her, my lord, and bring her to Paris, and I promise to fall in love with her directly."

"Thank you," replied the Englishman, "but why not accompany me?"

"Not now, it is impossible; I have," continued the count, speaking slowly, and turning his eye-glass towards a lady, "*une petite*

*affaire de cœur*, which nothing could induce me to break off at this critical moment."

It was a beautiful spring morning when Lord Altamont caught the first glimpse of the Château de Clairville, charmingly situated on the slope of a hill; beyond it the blue waters of the Mediterranean, that loveliest and mildest of seas, danced and sparkled in the sunbeams; all around bore an air of cultivation, improvement, and cheerfulness. Lord Altamont left his carriage, ordering it to proceed to the gate of the principal avenue, and to wait there for him, while he himself strolled up a green, shaded, and flowery lane, evidently leading to the same point. He lingered along it, in the full enjoyment of all that the songs of birds, the scent of violets, the wild roses clustering along the hedges, and the ground carpeted with daisies, could give; he lingered in a sort of mental intoxication, thinking of nothing and enjoying every thing, when he was startled by a laugh near him, then a light quick footstep, and through an aperture of the hedge sprung a girl dressed *en paysanne*, her hair loose over her shoulders, and in her hand a broad straw hat with blue ribbons, with which she was hunting a superb butterfly. Lord Altamont stopped, and according to the polite usage of those times, instinctively took off his travelling-cap—when, lo! the fatigued butterfly rested on his head, and in an instant the broad straw hat, blue ribbons and all, was on the top of it.

The young girl, on perceiving whose head she had so unceremoniously decorated, remained for a few moments the picture of astonishment and confusion; then again the ludicrous appearance of the stranger, contrasted with his look of grave surprise, overcame every feeling but that of the ridiculous, and she gave way to one of those uncontrollable and irrepressible fits of laughter, so well known by, and so easily excused in, the young and light-hearted.

She made an attempt to recover her hat, but this the stranger quietly opposed, and taking her hand prisoner, asked if she imagined he would suffer her to repossess herself of her hat without paying the accustomed tribute. At this the girl's laughter ceased, she looked round in dismay, and a blush, partly from fear and partly from anger, crimsoned her face and neck: "Sir, I beg you will give me my hat—it was quite unintentional—I saw nothing but the butterfly—let go my hand!" While she thus spoke, Lord Altamont gazed with admiration, and perhaps with too great freedom, on the most perfectly beautiful face he ever beheld; at the same time his quick tact made him perceive that she was no peasant girl. "You would have good reason to laugh at me," he said, "if I made no conditions; but I will not be severe with my lovely prisoner—allow me to replace the hat on *your* head, and that is all I ask." She shook back her dark luxuriant hair, and looked up to him timidly yet confidingly; he raised the hat from his own head, (away flew the butterfly,) and placed it gently and becomingly on hers: he *would* tie it, and the bow which she could have fastened in a moment, he took (from his inexperience, no doubt) fully three minutes to arrange; but he kept his word; and she bounded back through the aperture with the fleetness of a fawn, and disappeared he could scarcely tell how or in what direction.

Lord Altamont was received in the kindest and most hospitable manner by the old marquis, who ordered an apartment to be immediately prepared for him, and pressed him to become his guest for as long a time as he could spare. Having dressed for dinner, his lordship proceeded to the saloon, where the marquis introduced to him the usual guests of a great man's table in retirement. Monsieur l'Abbé, a secretary, the parish priest, the family lawyer, and the family physician. But Lord Altamont felt more interested when on the opening of a door at the upper end of the apartment the marquis said, "Allow me to introduce you to my daughter, Mademoiselle de Clairville—Rosabelle, Lord Altamont, the son of the esteemed friend you have so often heard me mention." A young lady, followed by her governess, advanced; the camblet petticoat and laced boddice were exchanged for a silk robe and an ornamented stomacher, the wildly-flowing tresses were gathered up and carefully disposed curl above curl, but still she was the same, the heroine of his morning's adventure, the light-footed butterly hunter, the beautiful owner of the blue-ribboned hat!

What detains Lord Altamont so long at Clairville? Week after week glides by, and still he is there! Madrid and Lisbon are forgotten: his home itself ceases to be longed for; his ambitious projects sleep, and the fancy-formed image of his stately bride is altogether obliterated; all his wise and prudent resolutions are upset, and by whom?—a wild *French* girl, a regular *petite étourdie*—a graceful, a beautiful romp certainly, yet a mere romp, scarcely out of the nursery. True, she was all this; but had she been only this, she would never have won her English lover. She was open and artless as the day; her temper, though impatient, was generous and endearing; her affections warm: the poor blessed her, although her benevolence was often ill-directed, and all doated on her, even the Abbé and Mademoiselle Clery, although she was, as they said, the plague of their lives.

But there was another strong source of attraction—her child-like yet evident preference of Lord Altamont; the careless indifference or laughing raillery with which she returned the compliments and attentions of the young men of the neighboring families, formed a marked contrast to her manner towards him. She was never known to listen so patiently to the instructions of any one, and he delighted to instruct her, as her mental powers were evidently very superior to what they had hitherto appeared to the secondary minds that surrounded her. They

studied together, they walked together, they rode and danced together; poor Mademoiselle Clery had no sinecure, and in spite of all her vigilance, they often managed to escape from her. The marquis was not blind to all this, but he affected to be so; his pride had been hurt at the delays of his nephew, the Count de Beauvilliers, whom he had intended for the husband of his daughter, and he justly thought that the young, wealthy, and noble Altamont was more than an equivalent; he regretted that he was a foreigner, especially that he was an Englishman and a Protestant, nevertheless he made up his mind to the match.

Lord Altamont received a letter from his mother:—"What can detain you, my dear son, so long in the south of France? By this time we expected you would have been at Lisbon. It is desirable that you should spend the autumn among your tenantry, and in extending your personal acquaintance with the families of the county: certain communications and preparations will also be necessary previous to your first appearance in the House of Peers. We think, as the season is so far advanced, you had better give up Madrid and Lisbon, and embark from the Garonne."

Lord Altamont crushed the letter in his hand and paced his apartment with agitated steps: the crisis had arrived. "I," said reason, "disapprove of this match:—marry an Englishwoman, extend your connection among the nobility of your own country, where you will find the most beautiful, the most accomplished, and the most virtuous women in the world. The marriage you contemplate will disappoint all who wish you well, and will deeply wound your mother and sister. A Catholic!—a giddy, spoiled, *French* girl!" "I," said love, "am quite of a contrary opinion. Rosabelle de Clairville is sprung from a lineage far more ancient and noble than that of the Altamonts; the blood of the Montmorenci flows in her veins. Few Englishwomen can rival her in beauty; none can exceed her in excellence of disposition or in warmth of affection; she is very young—that is a fault that will mend daily; she is giddy—watchful care and judicious precept will give steadiness to her mind, and, consequently, dignity to her manners; her only serious faults are those of being a Catholic and a Frenchwoman, and for those she is not accountable. Your mother and sister and every one else will begin by admiring, and end by loving her. It is not as though you transplanted her from the hotbed of Paris; you gather her a fresh, unsullied, and secluded flower; place her in your bosom, your pride and ornament, and wear her there for ever!" Reason had not a word more to say, or if she had it was not listened to. The laws of the Ottoman empire were not more completely annulled by the *petit nez retroussé de Roxalane*, than were those of the empire of reason on this momentous occasion.

Lord Altamont proceeded to Rosabelle's little studio, where she was seated amid books and flowers, half-finished drawings and embroidery.

"I am so glad you are come," she said, running for her book; "now only hear me read this English passage."

"Rosabelle!" said Lord Altamont mournfully: she looked at him.

"Good heavens, how pale you are! What is the matter?—you are not well."

"I have received a letter: I am recalled to England: I must leave you."

"Leave me!" repeated Rosabelle, as if, for the first time, the possibility of such an occurence presented itself, "Leave me!" the book dropped from her hand, the blood receded from her cheek and lips, and she seemed as if about to fall:—he threw his arm round her.

"Do you love me, Rosabelle?"

"The color returned mantling over face and neck, and tears rushed to her eyes as she almost sobbed out, "Very, very much."

"Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, to be sure I will," and in another moment she was folded in his arms, and his lips were pressed to hers; in which interesting predicament Mademoiselle Clery found them to her inexpressible astonishment. Let those upbraid who have "more cunning to be strange."

The château was soon all bustle; the delighted old marquis had an immediate interview with the bishop of the diocese, and managed matters so well, that the difficulties at that time attending a marriage between persons differing in their religious creed were speedily removed. Several ladies offered their services on the occasion, and in ten days after the proposal the marriage took place, according to the rituals of the two churches; and, although the preparations were hasty, and as much privacy as possible was observed, yet the ceremonial was in all respects befitting the high station of the parties.

In the preceding interval, Lord Altamont had been pleased to observe that Rosabelle had suddenly assumed a more serious and retiring manner; he argued favorably from this, and perhaps gave too much weight to what was simply the result of her new situation.

The marquis was very eager for a return to Paris; the young couple were too much wrapped up in each other to care about it; however, as it appeared essential that Lord Altamont should not delay proceeding to England longer than could be helped, a fortnight after the marriage they all set out for Paris.

Travelling was not so rapid then as it is in our days: a journey from Provence to Paris was a serious undertaking, even with all "appliances and means to boot;" yet it was much enjoyed by the happy party. Along the whole route the houses of the marquis's friends were open to them, and the admiration excited by the young and beautiful bride gratified the pride and affection of the newmade husband.

They arrived in Paris, and at the door of the magnificent hotel temporarily secured for their reception, several of their intimate friends, French and English, were waiting to receive and welcome them. The Count de Beauvilliers was not among them; he had been obliged to attend the court at Versailles, but he had left a note of congratulation, promising himself the happiness of their society as soon as he could escape from his court duties.

It was at Versailles the count heard from a hundred tongues of the exquisite beauty and the *naïve* grace of the young Lady Altamont. She was quite the rage; she was surrounded; she was worshipped. "What a shame for us to let an Englishman run away with such a prize! Why, Beauvilliers, what have you been about? We had always heard *you* named as the future guardian of this treasure!" The count smiled and shrugged his shoulders, but when alone he bit his lips and frowned.

A member of the royal family had been dangerously ill, and no company was, for the moment, received at Versailles; but when the count's term of attendance had expired, he was commissioned to inform the Marquis de Clairville and Lord and Lady Altamont that the court would remove in a few days to the Tuileries, where their reception would take place.

One evening, about three weeks after their arrival in Paris, Lady Altamont stood alone in one of her splendidly illuminated drawing-rooms; it was her first *soirée*, and she eyed with girlish delight the tasteful and costly arrangements that had been made; her eye glanced on a pier-glass, in which her own beautiful form was brightly reflected, and a blush of pardonable vanity passed over her cheek; through the mirror she perceived a figure glide into the apartment and pause near the door as though regarding her: she turned hastily round, and advancing, perceived a very handsome young stranger, with a certain *air distingué*, approaching towards her. She felt a momentary surprise at his unannounced appearance.

"Have you so entirely forgotten me, Rosabelle?"

She sprang towards him: "My dear cousin, is it you at last? How you are altered!—how you are improved!"

Privileged by his relationship, he saluted her. "And you are altered, Rosabelle, and improved, yet I never could have mistaken *you* for an instant."

"Well, come, let us sit down; we shall be able to have a few minutes' chat before anybody arrives."

"Stay one instant," he said, detaining her, "and let me look at you!—let me look—on all that I have lost!"

Rosabelle felt somewhat confounded; an obscure recollection of a marriage having been once meditated with her cousin rose to her mind, but she was quite ignorant that any serious correspondence on the subject had taken place between her father and the count during the last twelvemonth; therefore, after the first moment of uneasiness had passed, she felt very much inclined to laugh at what she considered a sudden fit of heroics on the part of her cousin, brought on by the remembrance of their former childish love-making.

"Come, come, Albert, this will not do. I have grown older and wiser since you used to talk nonsense to me. Bless me! I can scarcely think you the same Albert that dressed up in my father's cocked hat and pig-tail, with his old embroidered waistcoat, blue and silver, the flaps reaching below your knees—"

"Rosabelle! cease, for Heaven's sake! Lady Altamont!"

"And I," she continued, not heeding him, "do not you remember?—lost myself in your mother's highest *coiffure* and her largest hoop and silk petticoat; and you were to be Henri Quatre, and I the fair Gabrielle! Ha! ha! ha! many a talk will we have over those old times:—and have you forgotten the tricks we played to the snuffy Abbé, with the squeaking voice? and the cross-looking old lady with the long nose and spectacles?"

Beauvilliers found that, in spite of himself, he was obliged to change his ground, and quit for the present his sighs and sentiment. They were a seated on a sofa, and both in the midst of a fit of laughter, such as the polished count had not enjoyed since they last met, when the marquis and Lord Altamont entered. The uncle and nephew flew into each other's arms and embraced tenderly after the fashion of their country; but in Lord Altamont's reception there was something restrained although perfectly polite, and intended to be cordial.

The rooms soon filled: the young hostess was the theme of universal admiration; for although France can always boast of the most graceful, talented, and attractive women, *beauty* is not common, and therefore the surpassing loveliness of Lady Altamont produced the most decided effect. Beauvilliers seldom left her side, and when he did his eyes were rivetted upon her; their looks often met, and that with a certain degree of intelligence, as any well-remembered tune, or peculiar step or figure recalled their old dancing lessons, and many an association thereunto belonging. Lord Altamont did not dance much that evening, and, although exceedingly attentive to his guests, was observed not to be in his usual good spirits.

The next day he received a letter from his mother, in answer, after a considerable delay, to his communication of his marriage. She evidently regretted it deeply, more than she chose to express; she earnestly requested that he would remove his young wife as speedily as possible from Paris, and bring her to the family seat in Sussex, where she and her daughter at present resided. A somewhat cold, but polite message to the bride and her father from the two ladies, concluded the epistle. Lord Altamont was perusing it in his lady's dressing-room, with a degree of pain which surprised even himself, he raised

his eyes and looked at Rosabelle; she was practising a step before her long dressing-glass; suddenly she stopped, and seemed lost in thought. "What are you thinking of, Rose?"

"I was trying to recollect the pretty *chassé* step Beauvilliers does so well: now look here, do you think this is it?" and away went her little feet in more evolutions than his lordship could follow.

"I dare say that is it," he replied; "I am sure it ought to be, it is so pretty. Do you like your cousin very much?"

"Yes—no!" said Rosabelle.

"Yes—no—which do you mean?"

"I like him, and I do not like him; I like him for what he has been; he was such a good-natured playfellow, and so full of *espièglerie!* but now, you know—now I do not care so much about him."

"But I think he cares about you."

"O, that he does! I think he likes me better than ever."

"Take care of him, Rosabelle; do not encourage him—you understand me?"

Rosabelle for a moment looked grave and puzzled. "Well, to be sure, what queer beings men are. I do not comprehend them a bit—what nonsense they talk! there now, do not open your mouth again; I will not let you speak," and she placed her hand before it, which, as in duty bound, he kissed, and gently removing, said, "I have received a letter of congratulation from my family; you are not yet perfect enough in English to read it; they press our departure; as soon, therefore, as the introduction at the Tuileries is over, you must leave this gay and brilliant scene, Rosabelle, where you are so flattered, so worshipped; and you must go with me to a serious, formal, and strictly regulated English mansion in the country, where you will hear no flattery, where you will have no admirers, and where you will be rebuked for much that here you are praised for."

Rosabelle looked down, and the tears rose to her eyes: after a moment's pause she threw her arms round her husband's neck, and whispered tenderly, "But you will be there, Altamont, and the dull English mansion will be Paris to me."

He pressed her to his heart, and felt that she had triumphed.

Beauvilliers was by no means a cold-hearted profligate; he was young, vain, rich, and dissipated; was a great favorite in society, yielding freely to its follies, and to some of its vices. But in regard to Rosabelle, whatever there was bad in his nature, was brought into action; regret and disappointment edged and embittered his feelings; towards her he felt, or imagined he felt, the most unbounded passion, and towards her husband the most implacable revenge; but he had the *tact* to veil his designs as perfectly as possible. Lord Altamont's generous nature was above suspicion; he had condemned himself freely for the emotions of jealousy he had at first experienced, and resolved to punish himself by leaving totally unnoticed the intimacy between the cousins during the remainder of his short residence in Paris. He was rewarded by the guileless simplicity of his wife's conduct, and by the evidently unwearied tenderness of her affection: he could not altogether free himself from doubts concerning Beauvilliers, but he felt that *she* was safe.

The introduction at the Tuileries took place, and was in all respects most gratifying to the pride and affection of Lord Altamont.

"What was that, Beauvilliers," said a young courtier to the count, "that the king said about transferring this fairest flower of our soil to the chilling bosom of England?"

"O, I do not know; some set speech, I suppose, the Pompadour taught him."

"Ha, ha! well, I do not wonder at your being in a pet; upon my soul I pity you."

"Pity me!" replied the nettled count, "envy me, I suppose you mean."

"What! for losing such a wife?"

"No, for gaining such a mistress."

The word went round and was believed; for Lady Altamont had been now two months married, and it was quite time, according to the moral code of Paris, that a lover should be fixed upon. Something like remorse, however, stole over the mind of Beauvilliers, but it was checked and stifled: his vanity and revenge at least were gratified.

An early day was fixed for the departure of the Altamonts. Late on the previous afternoon Rosabelle was in her dressing-room, surrounded with all her preparations: her cousin entered. "Is that you, Albert? I will speak to you in one moment; I am as busy as a bee."

"Hateful preparations! exclaimed the count; then lowering his voice, "Rosabelle! Rosabelle! did you but know how miserable I am—"

"I know how miserable you ought to be, at losing such an incomparable pair of cousins as we are. Fanchette, here is the parcel of silk shoes you were looking for."

Fanchette came from the ante-room, and took away the parcel, casting a glance of doubtful meaning at the woe-begone countenance of the young count; for reasons best known to herself, on returning to the ante-room, she closed the door.

"You do not listen to me, Rose—you care nothing about me, and yet you are all and every thing to me."

"We are your friends, and your cousins, Albert; and I am sure you will be sorry when we are gone—but do not lean your elbow on that lace cap, you will crush the bows."

"My cousin, my friend!" he repeated; "and is that all, Rosabelle? you, who were to have been—pity me, pity me, I know not what I say."

He paused, Rosabelle was silent, the light package she held slid from her fingers, she turned deadly pale, and her eyes became rivetted to the ground. The count felt encouraged; he knelt, took her unresisting hand in one of his, and passed the other round her waist. "I will follow you to England," he whispered; "I cannot live without you, Ro-

sabelle—give me but one word, one look of consolation, and of—*hope!*"

During the last few minutes the spotless mind of Rosabelle had received with infinite difficulty the impression of the real meaning of the count. She gently disengaged her hand, and rose: she said not a word, she only *looked* at him—but that look entered into his soul; he could not endure it, he hid his face in his hands; she turned from him and quietly left the room. He remained on his knees a minute or two, then snatched up his *chapeaubras*, and stole down the back stairs.

Early the following morning Lord Altamont received from the count a farewell note, pleading illness for not taking personal leave.

Rosabelle bade adieu to her kind old father with a heart full of regret and affection; and it was some time before the novelty of her journey, and the fond attentions of her husband, could soothe her. Their passage was stormy, and the day they landed at Dover was wet and dreary; it seemed an ill omen, and, like the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, Rosabelle looked back mournfully and desiringly to the sunny shores of France.

They proceeded immediately to Sussex. Moorlands was a fine and flourishing estate; the pleasure-grounds were neat, formal, and carefully attended to; there was a rookery, and an avenue of magnificent and venerable trees; no shrubberies; an extensive and well-planted orchard, a flower-garden rich in sweetness and beauty, but set and prim, with a bower at the end, a sun-dial in the centre, and a fountain on each side. The mansion was of the Elizabethan era; it had neither the dignity of the castle, nor the beauty of the villa; it was ugly, large, and substantial, with the appearance of warmth, comfort, and dullness.

The churchbells were rung, and the villagers, dressed in their best, poured out to meet their lord and his bride. At the gate of Moorlands, the out-of-door servants were arranged to welcome them; and, surrounding the lawn, and lining the steps of the mansion, stood the in-door domestics, male and female, to usher the noble pair into the hall, where stood the lady dowager and her daughter. All this was not the enthusiasm of Rosabelle's country-people; the villagers neither sang nor danced, nor strewed her path with flowers: yet she was pleased and surprised at the neatness, order, and respectful homage, of these separate groups; and, in spite of her being French, they seemed equally pleased with her; with her extreme youth, her remarkable beauty, and the courteous and feeling manner in which she acknowledged the expression. She knelt to receive the blessing of her mother-in-law, and affectionately embraced her sister.

After a few days residence at Moorlands, her impressions of the new scene, and the persons that surrounded her, became somewhat developed. Her heart opened towards the mother of her husband, who was stately, yet gentle in her manners, even in her temper, and sensible in her conversation; but in spite of all her own efforts to the contrary, she felt a repugnance to his sister. Miss Altamont was older than her brother, plain in her person, cold in her address, a rigid observer of all forms, proud, shrewd, and severe. She spoke French tolerably well; an advantage her mother did not possess.

Formal visits were made by the nobility and higher class of gentry in the neighborhood, and these visits were as formally returned; then came a round of dinner parties. Lady Altamont was very much admired, very much liked, and very much found fault with.

"My dear mother," said Miss Altamont, "I think it would be as well to give a hint or two to my brother's wife, on many little points of conduct which she does not pay that degree of attention to, which she ought; no doubt her youth, and her being French, form excuses for the present, but will not continue to do so. I am sure there is nothing essentially wrong about her, yet the opinion of the world ought to be respected. (A favorite maxim of Miss Altamont.) For example, can any thing be more contrary to our customs than a married woman dancing? that she may occasionally make one, when required, in a cotillion or a country-dance, is all very well in a small party; but really, to make such a decided pursuit of it as Lady Altamont does, to be engaged five or six deep, when unmarried ladies are sitting down, is rather too bad. Then there is altogether a certain freedom of manners and conversation; the ladies draw back from her as if a little alarmed, and the gentlemen crowd round her, looking at and listening to her, in too marked a manner. Her broken English, too they all pretend to like so much; no wonder, for she does come out with the oddest things; more than once I have been obliged to spread my fan before my face, to conceal my blushes. And her little pert French maid, I assure you, my dear mother, turns the housekeeper's room upside down. The whole thing is disreputable; there must be something decisive said or done; the opinion of the world ought to be respected."

"You had better," replied the dowager, "speak to her yourself, or to your brother; I do not like to interfere."

"What is the use of speaking to my brother? he thinks her perfection, and would attribute to any motive but the right one, my venturing to point out these little errors."

(*To be continued.*)

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## STANZAS ON THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I heard a voice—a breathing sound,
Unlike the beings round me, speaking;
It seemed as though my soul had found
*All*, that through life it had been seeking.

"Saul! Saul!" it cried—the echoes round
From mount to valley rang delighted;
Ashamed I fell unto the ground,
As one by sudden lightning blighted.

And when I woke again, my sight
Was gone, Cimmerian darkness bound me;
But in my soul there burned a light,
Which ne'er till then had shone around me.

That voice had rent the veil asunder,
That passion round my spirit drew;
For in its deep melodious thunder,
The Saviour of the world I knew:

I knew the Lamb that bled for *all*,
In sacrificial robes of white:
I felt my heart from human gall
Washed in that stream of living light.

Be joyful then, my soul, and sing
Like captive freed from all his chains;
O'er earth and sea the tidings wing,—
Messiah! the Redeemer reigns.

Bow, bow, Judea, in the dust;
Imperial Rome, thine idols fall;
There is but One, in whom to trust,—
One sinless sacrifice to all.

That Cross, on which the Saviour bled,
The anchor of our hope shall be;
They'll rise again—the pulseless dead,
And "face to face" their Maker see.

When by angelic heralds blown,
The trumpets sound, the sleepers rise,
Then God shall bid them claim their own,
To worship Him in endless skies;—

To worship Him with heart and tongue,
To hymn the Lamb's eternal praise,
With golden harps divinely strung;
And voices tuned to seraph lays.

Put on—put on, my soul, thy shield,—
A soldier of the Cross I'll be;
Though wounded to the death, to yield
To none but Christ the victory!

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## LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.*—No. II.

Γνωθι Σεαυτον.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*15th February,* 1836.

My dear John,

In my last letter I told you that every part of the body is composed, *almost entirely*, of a delicate network formed by the interlacing of minute arteries, veins, nerves, and absorbents; and I endeavored to give you a clear notion of the manner in which the arteries and veins are distributed—how they arise and how they terminate—the differences which distinguish veins from arteries—and also the differences which characterise the two kinds of blood which they contain and convey. I have now to speak of the absorbents and nerves, and explain the manner in which they are distributed throughout the entire body, so as to perform their share in making up that wonderful tissue, of which our organs consist.

There is, arising from every point of your body, a countless number of little vessels which are at this moment, and every moment of your life, actively engaged in the pleasant task of eating you up. They may be compared to a swarming host of long, delicate, and slender leeches, attached by their innumerable mouths to every point in your fabric, and having their bodies gradually and progressively united together, until they all terminate in one tail; which tail perforates the side of one of the large veins at the bottom of the neck on the left side; so that whatever is taken in at their mouths is all emptied by the other extremity into that vein, where it becomes mixed with the blood contained in that vein.

Now, my dear John, for a moment turn your eyes inward—contemplate these greedy little cormorants—complacently if you can—observe their activity—remark their unwearied assiduity—behold the rapid perseverance, the unerring certainty and beautiful precision with which they are devouring you. See! mouthful after mouthful is going—going. They never tire, nor are they ever satisfied; for every atom which each mouth sucks up, and converts into fluid, is instantly conducted along the body towards the tail, by which it is discharged into the vein mentioned above. Thus, though for ever feeding, they are for ever hungry. It is true they take but small mouthfuls at a time; but when it is considered that these mouths are millions in number, and that they are never shut, but are constantly at work, night and day, you will easily see that the entire body would speedily be melted down, as it were, and carried away into the blood, if there were not some contrivance to rebuild the body as fast as these little vessels pull it down and carry it off.

These vessels, which I have just introduced to your notice, are the *absorbents*.

I have said that the absorbents arise, by open mouths,* from every point of the body. Now, if this be true, it is clear that *some of them* must arise from the *internal surface of the bowels*. And so they do—and those which do so, have an additional office to perform. Like all the other absorbents, it is their office to decompose, liquefy, and carry away the solid body into the blood; but, besides this, they have to absorb and carry into the blood the nutritious parts of our food, called chyle, and from which chyle the damage and dilapidation committed by the absorbents is to be repaired.

Now this chyle has somewhat the appearance, and also some of the properties of milk; and the Latin word for milk is *lac*—and, therefore, those particular absorbents which

* Continued from p. 78.

* This was the doctrine of the Hunters.

arise from the internal surface of the intestines, and which have to perform the additional duty of absorbing, that is, *sucking up* this *lac*, are, on that account, called *lacteals*. As I have before observed, it is the office of the other absorbents (and indeed of the lacteals, too, when they have no *lac*, that is, chyle, to suck up) to absorb the solid body; and as fast as they absorb it, they convert it into a fluid. This fluid has something the appearance of water, and one of the Latin words for water is *lympha*—and therefore this fluid has received the name of *lymph*, and on that account, those particular absorbents, which never contain any thing but this lymph, are called lymphatics, in order to distinguish them from the *lacteals*, which do sometimes carry something else than lymph—namely, chyle. For the sake of perspicuity, I shall call those absorbents, which take up the chyle, *chylous absorbents*.

If you place a looking-glass before you, and with the finger and thumb of your right hand take hold of the lashes of your lower eyelid, and gently draw it down so as to expose its edge to your view, you will observe upon that part of its edge next the nose, a small eminence, and on that eminence a minute black spot. This black spot is a little round hole: it is, in fact, the open mouth of an absorbent—a particular absorbent, called *punctum lachrymale*. Tears are secreted for the purpose of moistening the globe of the eye, and under-surfaces of the eyelids; but when there happens to be more tears secreted than are necessary for this purpose, then it is the office of that absorbent to suck up and carry away those superfluous tears. There is one punctum lachrymale on the edge of each eyelid.

You can see the mouth of this absorbent with the naked eye—at least you can see that there is something or other there which looks like a black spot, but which a common microscope demonstrates to be the mouth of an absorbent. But the mouths of the absorbents generally are so much more minute than this, that they cannot be seen in man, even by the aid of the most powerful microscope. In some fishes, however, they can be seen with the naked eye.

Although the punctum lachrymale is much larger than the mouth of a regular absorbent, it will serve, nevertheless, to give you an idea of their minuteness and general appearance—or rather, what would be their general appearance if they could be seen.

The absorbents, therefore, arise from every point of the body. Their course is not straight, but waving and devious; and as they proceed towards their termination, they are perpetually inosculating, that is, uniting and again separating. In this manner they form a wonderful web or network, whose meshes are spread over and through the entire body. They all eventually terminate and empty their contents into the veins at the bottom of the neck. The office of the lymphatic absorbents is to take up molecule after molecule of the solid body, convert it into the fluid called lymph, and carry it into the blood. The office of the chylous absorbents is to suck up from the intestines the nutritious chyle, and convey that also into the blood. These two sets of vessels, therefore, may be compared, not inaptly, to two parties of Irish laborers—the one party being occupied in pulling down the old building and carrying away the rubbish; while the other is equally busy in bringing new materials wherewith to rebuild it as fast as it is pulled down.

You have probably often heard the word "*disperse*" applied by persons to the disappearance of tumors. Patients often ask their medical attendant whether he wishes any tumor they may happen to have (an enlarged gland, for instance) to *break* or to be *dispersed*. The proper term is *absorbed;* and when a tumor, by means of friction, or voluntarily disappears, it is because it has been sucked up by the absorbents, and carried into the blood of the veins.

As an absorbent passes onward from its origin towards its termination, it every now and then stops, recoils upon itself, and rolls itself up into an irregular-shaped ball, (varying in size from that of a millet-seed to that of a hazel-nut,) and then proceeds as before. While the absorbent is in the act of forming this ball, it is excessively minute—beyond the reach of the most powerful microscope. These balls are exceedingly numerous in the mesentery—that part which, in the lamb, is called the fry: they are to be generally found in the neighborhood of large blood-vessels, under the lower jaw, before and behind the ear, at the bendings of the knee and thigh, and in the armpit. These little balls are the *absorbent glands*, and there is scarcely an instance of an absorbent vessel reaching its termination in the veins, without having first formed one or more of these glands.

Now, as these glands are merely a congeries of astonishingly minute absorbent vessels, it is clear that the lymph and the chyle, which these vessels convey, must traverse these glands before they can enter the blood. The chyle and lymph are, in fact, *strained* through several of these curious little sieves, and this straining produces some necessary alteration in their nature: but of what particular kind is not known. I need not tell you, after what I have already said of the distribution of arteries and veins, that these latter vessels everywhere accompany, and interweave themselves with, the absorbent vessels and glands.

Now that you understand the nature of the different offices or functions performed by the lymphatic and chylous absorbents, you will easily comprehend what is called the modus vivendi, that is, the *manner how* we live, viz. in a state of perpetual decay and regeneration—perpetual pulling down and building up again. There is not a square inch in your whole body which is the same as it was ten years ago. That which was *you* ten years since, is now *not you, but something else*—it has been resolved into its original elements, has undergone new combinations, and is at

moment, perhaps, flourishing in the shape of some goodly water-dock or field-thistle; or more humbly, but still usefully, employed in stopping the bung-hole of a beer-barrel. "*Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?*"

The fact is, that we are dying every hour, nay, every instant; and the only difference between this death and the final consummation of life (as far as it regards the body) is, that in this hourly and gradual death the place of every dead molecule is instantly supplied by a living one; while, in the other case, all the parts of the body perish at once and together, and are not reproduced. You are then a new and a different being, exercising the same faculties, but doing so with different organs. You still exercise the faculties of vision, of hearing, and tasting: but the eye with which you see *now* is not the same eye with which you saw ten years ago. It is a new eye, and you hear with a different ear, and taste with another tongue. Indeed, the eye of to-day is not the same as that of yesterday: for a part of the eye of yesterday has been taken up by the absorbents and carried into the blood, and has been conveyed out of the blood in the shape of perspiration and breath; while the deficiency thus produced in the eye has been supplied by a part of yesterday's dinner: so that you are now performing the act of a vision with a part of the pudding which you ate at that meal. This is not romance nor speculation, but a literal fact. Is not this of itself sufficient to show you the vast importance of attention to diet? Does it not clearly demonstrate to you the *manner* in which improper diet operates so as to injure the health and perfection of your organs? Is it not manifest that if you use a diet which your assimilating organs cannot perfectly assimilate, that the deficiencies produced in your eye by the action of the absorbents will be either not supplied at all, or supplied with new matter of an unhealthy quality, so that the new eye will not be so good and perfect as the old one?

From considering the different functions which the chylous and lymphatic absorbents perform, you will readily understand why we grow in youth and cease to grow in manhood. It is because in youth the chylous absorbents which bring new matter into the system, and the arteries which convert this new matter into flesh and blood, are more active than the lymphatics, while in manhood the activity of all is accurately balanced. In old age the lymphatics are most active.

I forgot to mention before that the lymphatics absorb not only at their mouths, but also through the porosity of their coats.

While the manner in which the absorbent glands are formed is fresh in your memory, I may as well describe to you the manner in which the *secretory* glands are formed. This will give you an opportunity of observing the difference between the two, both as it relates to their formation and to the functions which they severally perform. We have just seen that the office of the lymphatic and chylous glands is to operate upon the lymph and chyle during their passage through them, some change, the nature of which is not understood, but which, doubtless, has the effect of assimilating them *more and more nearly* to the substances to which they are destined eventually to be assimilated *perfectly*. But the office of a secretory gland is to elaborate or manufacture (if I may so speak) out of the blood a new and distinct fluid, which new fluid is called a *secretion*, as the bile, the saliva, &c. &c. This term, secretion, it is true, is a very absurd term; for secretion signifies separation, and separation signifies the state, condition or circumstance of existing separately, but it does not signify the *thing separated*. It is, however, sometimes better to retain an old word, though a bad one, than run the risk of obscurity by introducing a new word. You are probably aware that the word "*gland*" is derived from the Latin word, *glans*, which signifies an acorn. It was given them from the supposed resemblance of some of the glands to the appearance of acorns.

There are several theories to account for the manner in which a secreting gland is formed. The most generally accepted as well as the simplest is that of Ruysch. According to Ruysch, secretory glands are formed by the convolution of minute hair-like arteries in the same manner as we have just seen lymphatic glands formed by the convolution of lymphatic vessels—at a certain point of the convolution the blood contained in the arteries is converted into the peculiar fluid which it is the office of the gland to secrete; at this point the arteries lose the structure peculiar to arteries, and assume that of excretory ducts. An excretory duct is a small vessel whose office it is to convey the new secretion from the point at which it is formed to the parts where its presence is required. But all this will be made more clear by tracing some particular artery until it terminates in the formation of some particular gland and its excretory duct.

Within the mouth and in its neighborhood are numerous glands called *salivary*. Their office is to secrete the saliva. Three of the salivary glands are of very considerable size: the rest are very minute. Let us trace an artery until it forms any one of these single minute glands, say one of those called *labial*, which are situated on the inside of the lips.

One of the external carotid arteries, say the right, gives off several branches smaller than itself. One of these branches is called the *facial artery*. The facial gives off several branches smaller than *itself*, and one of these is called the *submental:* the submental gives off several branches smaller than *itself*. One of these very small branches goes to the under lip, becoming in its course more and more minute. Dipping into the substance of the lip, and still diminishing in size as it traverses and assists in forming the ultimate tissue of the lip, and having at length acquired the

requisite degree of hair-like minuteness, it suddenly turns upon itself and rolls itself up into a little corpuscle of the size, probably, of a mustard-seed. This little body is the labial salivary gland we have been in search of. While the artery is in the act of coiling itself up, it is still becoming more and more minute; till, having reached this second requisite degree of minuteness, the blood contained in it suddenly ceases to be blood and becomes saliva. This change is produced by the influence of the minute nerve which accompanies it.

At the moment when the saliva is thus produced the artery begins to lose the characteristic structure of arteries, and gradually acquires that of an excretory duct. The saliva now travels along the duct to its termination on the inner surface of the under lip, where it is discharged from the open extremity of the duct into the mouth. The excretory duct is extremely short; for those glands are mostly situated immediately beneath the skin. The skin, you are probably aware, covers the inside of the lips and mouth as well as the outside, although on the inside it is much finer and more delicate.

This is the way in which all secretory glands, except one, are formed—that one is the liver.

The size of the secretory glands is extremely different, varying from the wonderful minuteness of the ceruminous glands of the ear, whose office is to secrete the wax, and which are, I believe, the smallest glands in the body, to the great magnitude of the liver, which is the *largest*. But a very large gland is, in fact, only a vast number of these very small ones conglomerated into one mass, and united and, as it were, glued together by cellular substance. Knowing, therefore, how one is formed, you know how they are all formed. Thus the three large salivary glands of which I have spoken, are only a conglomeration of such small ones as I have just described, having all their minute excretory ducts united, so as to form one, two, and sometimes three larger ducts. Into these larger ducts the smaller ones empty themselves; and the large ones, in their turn, empty themselves into the mouth; and so of all other secretory glands. The liver only differs from other secretory glands in this—that each of the little glandular bodies of which it is composed is formed by the coiling up of a vein instead of an artery; and the secretion of the liver, that is, the bile, is produced from black venous blood instead of vermilion arterial blood. The little veins which form the glandular structure of the liver, having converted their blood into bile, terminate in excretory ducts, like the arteries which form the salivary glands, and these minute excretory ducts unite to form larger, which eventually empty their bile into the gall-bladder and bowels.

Thus, you see, the glands, like every other structure of the body, (except the nails, hair, enamel of the teeth, and scarf-skin,) are composed of arteries, veins, nerves, and absorbents. It is true, that in the actual formation of the gland there is only an artery concerned; but this artery could not produce the required secretion without the aid of a nerve; it is therefore accompanied by a nerve: but this artery and nerve are, like the rest of the body, constantly undergoing decay and reparation; and these cannot be effected without the presence of lymphatics and arteries. There are accordingly lymphatics arising from the gland, which are constantly engaged in absorbing it; and there are arteries as constantly engaged in reproducing what the lymphatics have removed; and there are veins also, whose office it is to carry back to the heart whatever portion of blood has not been consumed in the work of reproduction.

I have now to speak of the fourth principal structure which enters into the composition of the ultimate tissue of the body—I mean the nerves. The brain accurately fills the cavity of the skull. With its general appearance you are probably acquainted, from having seen the brains of animals.

The spinal marrow is a tail-like elongation of the brain; which elongation passes out of the head through a round hole in the back part of the skull. So great is its resemblance to a tail that it has been called *cauda cerebri*, that is, the *tail* of the brain.

From the brain and spinal marrow there arise forty-three *pairs* of nerves—twelve from the brain, and thirty-one from the spinal marrow. The nerves are whitish cords, and every large nerve consists of a bundle of small ones, and these small ones consist of bundles of still smaller, as a skein of thread consists of a number of single threads, and as every single thread consists of a number of still smaller threads, viz. the fibres of the flax. As a large nerve proceeds from its origin to its termination, every now and then one or more of the threads of which it is composed parts company and takes a course of its own.

As *these* proceed, one or more of the strands of which *they also* are composed disjoins itself from the fellowship of the others, and takes a course of *its* own; and so on, until the whole have been separated into microscopic filaments of undistinguishable minuteness. You will observe here a remarkable difference in the manner in which nerves are distributed from that in which arteries are given off. The branch of an artery arises directly *from that artery*. There is a communication between them; so that the contents of the parent artery flow into the branch which proceeds from it. The larger veins also are formed by the absolute union of smaller ones; so that the contents of the smaller flow into and mingle with the contents of the larger: but between the large nerves and the branches which proceed from them there is *no union nor communication whatever*—they are merely in juxtaposition—a bundle of separate threads bound up together, and inclosed in one common sheath. When, therefore, a nerve gives off a branch, that branch merely *parts company* to travel along another road. Every nerve, therefore, however minute, is a distinct thread, having one of its extremities fixed in the brain or

spinal marrow, and the other in that point of the body on which it terminates. If it were not for this peculiar arrangement, all our different sensations would be jumbled into one. If we touched a round body with one hand and a square one with the other, before the two impressions reached the brain they would become mingled together, so that the idea we should derive from these two impressions would be a sort of hybrid idea of a something neither round nor square.

There is one pair of nerves which I have included among those arising from the brain, which possess striking marks of difference from all other nerves. It is called the great sympathetic pair. I should have observed, that all the nerves are sent off from the brain and spinal marrow *in pairs*. This pair of nerves has given origin to endless discussions —some asserting that it arises from the brain; others that it does not—some that it has one office, some another. Fyfe says, "It is either formed originally by the reflected branch from the second of the fifth pair, and by one or two, and sometimes three small filaments, sent down from the sixth pair, whilst in the cavernous sinus; or, according to the opinion of some authors, the sympathetic sends off these small nerves to join the fifth and sixth pairs."

Mr. Green says, "This nerve is so essentially distinguished from the other nerves of the body, that it may be described separately, or as a separate system of nerves."

"It consists," he says, "of a considerable number of ganglia, (hardish knobs,) of which the number and size differ not only in different individuals, but in the same individual, on the two sides of the body; and of branches which in part connect these ganglia, or form junctions with the other nerves, and are in part distributed to the internal organs. It extends from the base of the skull, on each side of the vertebral column (backbone) through the neck, chest, and abdomen, as far as the coccyx, (that is, the lower extremity of the backbone,) forming from above to below, numerous ganglia: those in the neck are few in number, but in the rest of its course it generally forms one ganglion between every two vertebræ (bones of the back;) these are severally connected, by one or more filaments, with each other, and with all the nerves of the spinal marrow; and the uppermost cervical ganglion (ganglion of the neck) is connected with most of the cerebral nerves (nerves of the brain). Lastly, it detaches filaments to the viscera, (organs of the belly and chest,) and those which are distributed to the abdomen, (belly,) form connections with a numerous set of ganglia in this cavity, which are placed about the trunks of the large vessels." Thus Green traces it no higher than the base of the skull; but an anatomist has recently, if I mistake not, traced it completely round the brain—and thence downward on either side of the spine, until that portion of the nerve which descends on one side of the spine unites with that descending on the other side at the extreme lower point of the backbone. During its whole course there are little knobs situated upon it at short intervals, so that it has something the appearance of a cord, with marbles of different sizes strung upon it—or of a chain—or of a small knotted rope with its two extremities joined so as to form a sort of necklace as it (the necklace) hangs round a person's neck, falling gradually to a point in front. The upper part of the chain encircles the base of the brain, as the upper part of the necklace encircles the neck, and then descends on either side of the spine as the necklace descends on either side of the front of the chest; and then the two descending portions are united at the extreme point of the spine below. From the little knobs or ganglia, numerous nerves are given off which unite with almost all the nerves coming off from the brain and spinal marrow; and sending numerous filaments also to the organs concerned in nutrition, as the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, liver, &c. &c. Thus, whether the sympathetic arises from the brain or not, it is manifest that it is intimately connected with those which certainly do; and, as the question is not yet settled, I have chosen to consider it as arising from the brain, in order that your notions of the functions of the nervous system may be as simple and little perplexed as possible. The little knobs with which the sympathetic is studded, have been considered by some as so many *little independent brains*, whose office it is to supply the organs of nutrition with motive power. And they say that this arrangement was made in order to remove these organs beyond the influence of the *will*, which has its seat in the brain. The absolute necessity that these organs should not *be under* the control of the will, and the fact that they *are not*, together with the additional fact that this pair of nerves does supply them with motive power, seems, I think, to favor this notion. But however this may be, it will be sufficiently accurate for our present purpose to consider all nervous influence as derived from the brain; and from the spinal marrow, which is merely an elongation of the brain.

The brain itself I believe to be a secretory gland, of which the nerves are the excretory ducts, and the nervous fluid the secretion; and it is formed, like all other secretory glands, by a most wonderful convolution of inconceivably minute arterial branches. The artery which principally supplies these branches is the *basilary*. Thus the brain, like every other structure, consists of arteries, nerves, and veins; and there is little doubt but that I might add *absorbents also*, although these last have not yet, I believe, been discovered.

I have now given you an account of the general *structure* of the body—sufficiently brief and rough, but nevertheless sufficiently accurate and minute, to enable you to understand the nature of the several functions performed by the several organs of nutrition, whenever I have occasion to speak of these functions and these organs. This general

structure is so simple, that you can never forget it. You have only to remember, that whenever you are considering and presenting to your mind's eye any part of the body—whether it be the stomach, the liver, the heart, the bowels, or the arteries and veins—whether it be the solid bones, a mass of flesh an inch thick, or a delicate filmy membrane no thicker than the gilding of your picture frames—it is still the same. It is still nothing more than a matted congeries of arteries, veins, nerves, and absorbents, held together by, and wrapped up, in the meshes of the cellular web. Cellular *web* is a better term than cellular *substance:* for when spread out it has a good deal the appearance of a *spider's web*, and has, moreover, of real *substance* extremely little indeed.

Take four threads of different colors—a scarlet one to represent the arteries, a black one to represent the veins, a white one for the nerves, and a silver one for the absorbents. Dip them in melted wax, and then roll them up into a firm ball. This will give you a rude idea of the manner in which minute thread-like vessels can be so arranged as to form a solid mass; for it is easy to fancy three of these threads to be hollow tubes, filled with fluid like arteries, veins, and absorbents. The wax, which every where surrounds them, and glues them together, will afford you some notion of the principal office of the cellular web, which is to hold the different parts of the intimate structure of the body together by entangling them in its meshes, as the wax unites the threads by virtue of its *stickiness*. If instead of dipping the threads in melted wax, you had dipped them in a solution of phosphate of lime, (which constitues the *hard* part of bones,) the ball, when dry, would have given no bad representation of the structure of the bones.

Now suppose the former ball—that formed of the threads dipped in wax—to be submitted to a pressure capable of flattening it until it becomes no thicker than a film of tissue paper. This will show you how the same structure which forms the thick, solid, and gross parts of the body, may be so arranged as to form also its most delicate membranes.

A knowledge of the nature and structure of *membranes* is of the highest possible importance in all that regards the regulation of our diet; for the stomach and bowels are lined with one of those most delicate, and *therefore* extremely irritable and highly sensible, and easily offended membranes, called the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels. It is with this membrane that all which we eat, and all that we drink, comes directly in contact. Here then is another powerful reason for caution in what we eat and drink. This membrane is no thicker than gold-leaf, and you know very well that you can scarcely touch a leaf of gold without injuring it—without deranging, and even tearing it. Remember, when you are eating your dinner, that the membrane on which every mouthful falls, is no thicker than a leaf of gold.

In contemplating any part of the body, knowing as you now do, that it consists of arteries, veins, nerves, and absorbents, you will please always to bear in mind what are the offices or functions which these structures severally fulfil. You will recollect, that it is the function of the lymphatic absorbents to eat away the body; that of the arteries, (or rather the vital blood contained *in them*,) to restore what the lymphatics have eaten away; and that of the veins to carry back to the heart the refuse of the blood—that is, what remains of it after the arteries have done with it. When the blood has parted with its living elements while in the arteries, the veins carry it away in order that it may receive a fresh supply of these living elements. But the arteries could not carry the blood from the heart, nor the veins return it to the heart, if they were not supplied with the power of moving. This motive power is afforded them by the nerves—or rather a fluid conveyed by the nerves. This fluid, however, does not, I conceive, travel along the nerves like a tangible fluid in a tube, but like the electric fluid along a wire. The nervous fluid, therefore, is to the organs of the body what steam is to a steam-engine. And as this fluid is conveyed by single filaments of nerves, it is clear that wherever there is an artery, vein, or absorbent, there must also be a nerve to enable those vessels to convey their fluids, which they do by a motion of their own, or of neighboring parts.

You may conceive the universality of the nerves and blood-vessels, by the fact, that you can scarcely insert the point of the finest needle into any part of your body, without producing pain and bleeding; which proves that the point of the needle has wounded both a nerve and a blood-vessel.

We have seen that the nerves all arise from, or are, at least, intimately connected with the brain and spinal marrow; and we have seen that the spinal marrow is but an elongation of the brain. Now we all know what a powerful effect the emotions, such as fear, anger, &c., have in depressing and exciting the brain's action. Considering, therefore, that all the organs of the body derive their power of action from a fluid brought to them by the nerves *from the brain*, by whose action that fluid is produced, it is easy to comprehend how it happens that moral causes can exert so momentous an influence on the health. *Sis memor mei.*

E. Johnson.

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## SONG OF THE WATER-DRINKER.

Oh! water for me! Bright water for me
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity.

Oh! water, bright water for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.
Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.
So water, pure water for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb!
To the days of the aged it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength.
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
So, Water, I will drink nought but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing Hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers;
Oh! cherrily then my voice is heard,
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold gray cloud.

But when Evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea—
How gently, O Sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
For I drink Water, pure, cold and bright,
And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night;
So, hurrah! for thee, Water! hurrah, hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!
Hurrah! for bright water! Hurrah, hurrah!

E. Johnson.

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## MOSSGATE FARM.

### A COUNTRY STORY.

BY UMBRA, AUTHOR OF THE "MILL CHURCH," &c. &c.

"The honor of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty."
All's Well that ends Well.

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God."
Cotter's Saturday Night.

Farmer Dutton was an agriculturist of the old school; he looked after the land and cattle himself, instead of trusting to other people, and, consequently, from a very poor man, he rose to be tenant of Mossgate, one of the richest and largest farms in the county. It was a favorite maxim of his, "never ask another person to do anything for you that you can do for yourself;" and of course to keep this adage up, he, together with those about him, were obliged to labor hard. At the time I became acquainted with him, he was blessed with a prudent wife and three children. Lucy, the elder girl, was then about eighteen, and Mary, perhaps, about thirteen; the other child was a boy of five years old. If they did not partake of the extravagant luxuries of life, yet Dutton and his household enjoyed all the substantial comforts which are necessary for a rational mind. If there was not a superfluity, still there was plenty, not only for themselves, but many a time for the kind-hearted Lucy to alleviate the cravings of the hungry mother and her starving babe. Now I am no political economist; but I cannot help thinking, that if our farmers of the present day would but be content (as decidedly their fathers were) with the good things which a bountiful Providence makes to spring up within their very reach, with the produce of their native soil, and the dress and manners handed down to them by those whose gray hairs, as they laid them down to rest never to wake again in this world, were brightened by the sunshine of happiness and peace; if they would but be content without aping those who are in stations of life above them; or the enervating customs of foreign lands; I really think that they themselves would be doing away with at least one half of the evils of which they now so loudly complain. But as I am not going to give a *lecture* upon the state of the farming interest; or remedies for removing the great distress borne by the daughters of the poor agriculturists, who strut about in their silk dresses, and sing French love-ditties to the harp; or their delectable brothers, who drive their tandems, and boast of their wines;—I shall introduce my readers to "Mossgate," which, doubtless, will be more generally interesting than the opinions of a young gentleman who is more accustomed to twist a goose quill than a goose's neck, and to talk soft nonsense to a pretty girl, whilst looking into her eyes for love, than betting upon the greatest quantity of eyes ever found in a "kidney potatoe."

The antique building, bearing the name of Mossgate, had originally been the manor house; but, as the increasing refinements of the age spread their influence over its occupants, equally with the surrounding gentry, it had been deserted by the family for the more handsome and *élite* edifice, which now might be seen from the high road, equipped in all the "airiness" of modern architecture. But notwithstanding the Manor Hall, as it was ycleped, could boast of its splendid suits of apartments, its fashionable appearance, and its extensive park—the old red brick farmhouse of Mossgate was always my favorite, with its large gable ends, towering chimneys, and ceilings intersected with stupendous beams, whose giant strength called to mind the "olden time." I loved, too, the lattice windows, shrouded with jasmine and roses, that sighed their sweetest breaths into the chambers; and the capacious hearths, with their snug seats on either side:—in fact, to me, there was a charm hung over the place, which could never be compensated by the most cost-

ly magnificence, or elaborate displays of art.

It was evening—hour of fondness and of rest—when the weary cotter quits his labor to seek happiness in the bosom of his wife and children—when a drowsy spell folds the lids of the infant, and the silken leaves of the flower—when the sun slowly sinks upon his crimson couch, and the curtains of shade fall upon the world. It was evening when Lucy Dutton sat beneath the spreading boughs of an oak tree, that had been covered by the snows of many winters—that had braved the blasts of tempests and the blights of ages, and yet reared its head—proud type of England's glory. It is her trysting place—and there she sits, in the spring-time of her days, wrapped in the beauty of the bursting bud. Her little hand is hid within that of one she loved; —happy—happy girl! Her head is turned away, her eyes downcast, and there is a blush —the blush of innocence and love—gently stealing over her cheek. Beautiful creature! the perfumed wind is playing with the curls of her dark hair, which fall down upon her neck and shoulders, making them a covering, finer than the choicest mantle ever weaved. Lucy Dutton certainly is a pretty—a very pretty girl—she is the belle of the village—all the maidens look up to her as their model in dress —she never puts on a new gown, but the next Sunday there are to be seen half a dozen like it: she is not only the pattern for outward appearance, but she is so good, so kind, that no one can help admiring, and many envying her—for who has more beaux than Lucy? "Isn't there John Keats the blacksmith's son, William Watts the miller, and a score of others, always following her about, and making so much of her? and don't some even say that the young 'squire himself is passionately fond of her?" Thus would those doomed to mope in single blessedness at "No 50" vent themselves upon the village beauty. But as for Lucy, it has never once entered her simple thoughts that she is handsome enough to attract any other person, or to engage the affections of any one but Charles Wheatly, and to him she has given her first and only love; and although the young farmer cannot repay it by riches or lands, he does devotedly, by that which is better than all these, the affection of an honest and a faithful heart. This is he who now presses the hand of our heroine to his lips —that has caused by the fervor of his words that gentle dye which tinges her cheeks. They are indeed a picture as they sit, heedless of the passing time, sipping the sweets of purity and joy. His broad manly form reclined upon the grass "where daisies grow," contrasts well with her slender figure, which perhaps is more delicate than from her station in life might be expected. Far o'er the distant hills the god of day is withdrawing his light from the earth; here tinging the woods with a softened hue, there bathing them in blood. And above, the sky stretches in one cold blue expanse, which can be seen between the green leaves of their trembling tent. The tall spire of the village church peeps out from among the foliage, now enshrouded in a greyish mist, and the voice of the bells comes startling with its soothing melodies upon the scene. Who does not love to hear the bells? and at evening too, how doubly sweet! they seem to harmonize the spirit, and, as we gaze upon the spotless firmament, to send it soaring away through the blue vistas into heaven, to mingle with the hosts of spirits in another and a better world. Again, how intensely delicious is it when the silence of nature is alone broken by those holy chimes, to wander forth with one we love—by whom we are beloved! To be alone with *her* when the cares of the world are hushed, and we are living but to impart and receive happiness. What were the thoughts of the young couple—what their words I will not dare to say; let them be pencilled by those who have been, *or sigh to be*, thus situated. But long they sat beneath that old oak tree, and watched the fading light. The sun had disappeared, leaving nought but a deep stain upon the horizon as they sauntered to the farm; seeming, by their lingering steps, willing to prolong the happy meeting.

"I am sure your father will consent," said the young man, as they reached the stile into the field leading to the house.

"Lucy Dutton, is that you?" exclaimed a voice from the other side of the hedge. The lover bit his lip until the blood almost started, for he guessed the speaker to be the young 'squire, Herbert Fitzhurst; and he was not mistaken, for they were immediately joined by a gentleman in a shooting dress, whose easy manners, and the familiar way in which he accosted them, bespoke him to be of rank and education far above those into whose company he had intruded himself. He would hear of no denial, but insisted upon accompanying them to the farm, if it were only to see old Dutton, and inquire after some dogs that he had entrusted to him to train.

Mossgate lay right before them, the smoke from the lofty ivy-clad chimneys curling among the green boughs of the overhanging trees, made it look like the home of Peace—and so it was! The apple trees bent o'er the garden walk with their load of fruit, and the little tidy beds were covered with the choicest of autumn's dark-lipped flowers. They reached the threshold: the door opened into a large room in which the family were assembled, ready to partake of their frugal meal. In the nook by the side of the hearth, on which blazed some immense logs of timber, shedding sufficient light around to preclude the necessity of candles, sat old Dutton, with one leg passed over the other, and embraced tight to it with his clasped hands, and his eyes fixed upon the glowing fire as if lost in thought. The mother busied herself in her household duties; and in the corner the younger children whispered their guileless fables, or played with the spaniels.

"Ah! how are ye to-night?" cried the young 'squire, stepping into the apartment towards the hearth.

The old man started as though he had been touched by a serpent; but immediately re-

covering himself, returned the salutation in a respectful but cold manner.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit, Mr. Herbert? It is late, and I do not like to have my evenings intruded upon, even by my landlord's son!"

"Now, now, Farmer, do not be angry, I have but caught your pretty daughter, and her *wealthy* beau, billing and cooing like a pair of turtle doves, and have brought them home to their nest. I think you ought to thank me, rather than frown," retorted he of the shooting dress.

"Well, well," replied the farmer, "but I think them old enough to be their own keepers."

"Can Lucy draw your honor a glass of the eighteen-month cider?" said the good wife, looking up from her work.

"Ay, ay, dame, from her I can refuse nothing. Although her father is but cross at times, his daughter is always kind, and as lovely as good-natured."

Lucy with a blushing face hastened to procure the beverage, and if possible, by any little manœuvre, to get the 'squire out of the house, as she plainly perceived his visit was anything but welcome to her father. Suffice it to say, she was successful, and Mossgate again sank down into the abode of peace and quietness, as the old man, with his children around him, bent the knee before a throne of grace, to seek for those blessings, and that sustaining hand, which can only be given from on high. The father knelt in the midst, his hair gently silvered o'er by time, imparting to him the look of a patriarch, with his flock gathered around him. The voice of the suppliant rose unto the heavens. What a holy calm was then on Mossgate! How serenely happy were its inhabitants! The last fond "Good night" was spoken, and sleep soon closed the eyes of the farmer's family.

Days sped by, until one sunny morning, while the dews still hung on the grass, and the lark had scarcely reached its region of spring song, Lucy, as she was going to visit a poor sick woman, again encountered the young 'squire.

"Hey day, Miss Dutton! I am indeed favored by meeting my little nymph at so early an hour," he ejaculated, as he came up to her.

Lucy returned his salutation with a formal courtesy.

"Nay now, no pouting, no angry looks, for really they spoil your pretty face."

"Mr. Herbert, I do not like such language," said Lucy, hastily, as she turned away from him.

"Lucy, dear Lucy, do not be angry," exclaimed the 'squire, as he endeavored to hold her back. "I have loved you long, and truly: for the sake of heaven, do not drive me to distraction!"

"Sir!" ejaculated the frightened girl, "you astonish me as much by the manner in which you have forgotten your own station in society as well as mine. I entreat you to let me go."

"I will not, Lucy, unless you will promise to try to love me. Yonder park, the Manor Hall, Mossgate, all shall be yours, in return for your wayward heart; but if you deny me, remember who is your father's landlord. There is a year's rent due—you must, you shall be mine."

"Oh cruel, cruel man! Mr. Herbert, unhand me, sir—I say, unhand me."

"By G—, but he shall!" exclaimed Wheatly, as he sprang from behind a fence they had just reached, and aimed a blow at the young 'squire, which took a sufficient effect to make him release his hold from his fair victim.

"Coward!" vociferated the incensed farmer, "is it thus that you would betray innocence? Oh, dastard! if you had but justice, I should fell you on the spot."

The face of the 'squire was white with rage: he attempted not to return the blow; but muttering some discordant words between his clenched teeth, slunk away. Lucy had fallen into her lover's arms, where she still lay, like a linnet seeking shelter from the talons of the hawk.

It was not long after the pair had reached the farm-house, ere they were aroused by a violent knocking at the door, which they had closed as though fearing some impending danger. "Who can it be?" exclaimed Lucy to Wheatly, who yet loitered in the house, loath to leave his charge until her father should return and enable him to impart the direful adventures of the morning. "Who can it be?" and she ran with a light step and unfastened the door at which the knocking continued. "Why, Master Joblin," said she, as the door flew open, and discovered the form of the worthy parish constable, "what brings you here?" for, poor innocent girl, she little guessed his errand.

"It is rather unpleasant business, miss, but, you know, one must do one's duty."

"Duty, Joblin! what do you mean? is there anything wrong in the parish?"

"No, miss, not that I knows on: but I mus'n't stand talking here; duty must be done. Isn't Master Charles Wheatly in the farm?"

"Yes he is; but what do you want with him? he's in the next room—won't you step in?"

Poor Lucy, when she found that Master Joblin's visit was to arrest her lover for assaulting 'Squire Herbert, could hold her calmness no longer. She hung round the neck of him she dearly loved: she clung to him in agony, and fain would have hindered the officer of justice from executing his cruel mandate. But her tears and passionate entreaties were all in vain; for Joblin said that "duty was duty," and that if he did not do it, however much it was against his heart, he should not only lose his place, but be punished himself.

Alas for Lucy, she was not even allowed to accompany Wheatly to jail. She laid her head on her mother's lap and wept bitterly. This was the first poisoned pain that Lucy had ever felt, and it was made doubly hard to

bear by the thought that she was the cause of Wheatly's suffering. That night the scene at the farm-house was one of sorrow rather than of peace. So chequered is human life.

Fitzhurst's was no vain threat: his malicious temper had not half wreaked its vengeance on the offending family, for there was yet a more direful calamity about to burst on Mossgate, perhaps to blast it forever. Early the next morning the whole of the furniture belonging to the Duttons was seized by their obdurate landlord for the year's rent owing for the farm, which the farmer was totally unable to pay in consequence of his having lent a very considerable sum to a friend in distress, who proved himself to be a rascal by absconding to America, immediately after he had obtained possession of the money. Thus was their all swallowed up; but however much it had embarassed them, they little contemplated such an evil as that which now hovered over them. How unfeeling, how demon-like must the heart of that man be, who, under the garb of suffering, can create such pity in the heart of his nearest and dearest friend, as to induce him to intrust his whole wealth into the hands of the poverty stricken, and then to betray such trust, to rob him of his riches, and leave the lender without a penny, to lament his ill-placed confidence.

As the hardened man employed by the 'squire carefully noted down each minute article in the house, things that had been there for years and years, the old farmer looked on with a calm and resigned countenance, but when he rudely seized the "family Bible," the record of the household, his spirit gave way before the storm, and clasping Lucy in his arms, he sobbed aloud.

"Father, do not weep," said the affectionate girl as she gently withdrew herself from his embrace, "I will go to the Hall—I will tell him that I will be his slave—anything if he will not hurt my father."

"Nay, nay, child," said the old man, "it may not, shall not be; though we are in poverty, we will not be branded with dishonor. God will send help in his own good time; he will not, Lucy, forsake those that trust in him."

"How drear and desolate was the assembled group!—they must leave their home—their all, to wander houseless, in the pitiless world. The dogs came whining round the children's feet, as if to share in their sorrow and tell them that they would not desert them, and old Neptune licked his master's hand, and, gazing in his face with a supplicating look, seemed to implore him not to weep, but to caress his old favorite as he had been wont.

The young squire drove down to the farm to see his cruel orders executed, and to feast his eyes with the sight of those miseries that he had caused. His, alas! is no uncommon character in the world; there are many who are not only sure to punish those who have offended them however innocently, but who delight and glory in the sufferings they inflict. He was dressed with more than ordinary care, as if to contrast his exquisite appearance with the wretchedness of his hapless victims, and by his hilarity of manner to plunge them still deeper into gloom.

"Farmer Dutton," he said, addressing the heart-broken parent, "you have no one to blame for this step but your foolish daughter: it is still in her power to replace things on their original footing. If she will but do as I wish her, Mossgate shall again teem with plenty; I will forgive the rent, nay, even make the farm over to you; if not—you may depart pennyless, and starve."

"Herbert Fitzhurst," replied the old man, "you will bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave—you will, perhaps, hunt my orphan children like foxes from the country: but remember, foolish youth, there is a God who will protect the fatherless, and punish the guilty. Who knows but that Herbert Fitzhurst may die more wretched than the houseless wanderer?"

"Tut, tut, old man, none of your threats and cant to me. The question is, will Lucy be mistress of the hall, and save her father? If not, you leave this house within an hour—mark my words, but one hour."

"No!" exclaimed the agitated father, "Lucy despises your offer—which too, you are well aware, if accepted, you could never perform—as much as she loathes your villany. Wife—children, we will leave Mossgate. Come, come, my dears, we are in the presence of the tempter; so much wickedness cannot go unpunished. We will leave Mossgate!" and the tears started from his eyes. "Come, Nep, we must not let you remain behind."

"The dog is not to go," said Fitzhurst pettishly. "Have you not placed him in the list?" turning to the tool of the law.

"Surely all the dogs are down, even your ain, your honor, an' they were on the premises," was the precise reply.

"What! tear away my dog!" exclaimed the old man as they endeavored to disengage Neptune from his master; "the poor fellow that has been my companion ever since a pup—that saved my boy from drowning! No, no, monsters, ye shall not have him;—but—but I had forgot myself. Take him, sirs, take him, and had ye not better take my children too?"

At this moment, perhaps attracted by the noise of the scuffle, a stranger gentleman entered the apartment; he was elegantly attired in a suit of black, and his manners were those, if not of a foreigner, at any rate of one who had resided much among the gay scenes of the continent. "Is not this Mossgate?" said he to little Mary Dutton, as he stood upon the door-step.

"Yes, sir," replied the child, awed by the superior appearance of the stranger,

"And does worthy old Dutton reside here still?"

"He did, till very lately," returned the farmer, stepping forward; "but who may he be, who takes an interest in the fate of the unfortunate?"

"Unfortunate! say you; has aught then happened to him? I have a friend who knew him well; can you tell me where he now resides?"

"I, sir, am that poor old man. Yesterday I lived in this house in peace and quiet—today those that I love are torn from me—my furniture seized—and myself turned out with my helpless children to seek our graves far from our once happy home."

"Old man," returned the stranger, "your tale is indeed bitter, and he who is dear to me as a brother, will grieve to hear it. But may I not tell him how this misfortune came?"

"Those near to us can tell better than I, sir. Were good Master George at home, instead of seeking his pleasures in distant lands, this would not have happened. But I cannot blame him either, for what comforts had he here? The Hall was no home for him."

"Hold, fool!" exclaimed the young squire, "you have already said too much. What right have you to impugn either the actions of my brother, or myself?"

"Herbert Fitzhurst," replied the old man calmly, "your deeds are indeed too wicked for me to meddle with. I have already been too long in your society; I will depart, lest so near an intercourse breed infection."

The farmer and his family slowly took their way down the highly-cultivated garden, many of the flowers of which had been planted by the hands of Lucy. What is there that we rear ourselves, that is not dear to us! The unknown cast a contemptuous glance at the young squire, and followed the outcasts from the dwelling.

"Mr. Dutton," he said, as he overtook them, "he for whom I inquire is indeed interested in your fate, and he will be displeased with me if I do not learn the full particulars of your situation. Will you oblige me by relating the sad history? and if I can be of any service, you may rely upon my endeavors; at any rate, you must remain at the inn in the village, where I have left my luggage." The whole family thankfully received the stranger's kindness, and after some hesitation, yielded to his request. The old man then related to him the eventful narrative of the preceding days. "Herbert Fitzhurst is a villain!" said the unknown; "such wretches are scarcely fit to live, and yet God knows they are not fit to die. Rest assured, Farmer Dutton, all will yet end well. Come, cheer up; do not give way, my good fellow, for better times are in store. I will go to the Hall myself on your behalf; perhaps young Herbert's doings are not known to his reverend father. He, I am sure, will give you redress."

"Alack, sir, he has so much influence over him, that I really believe he would make him believe black was white. Did he not, sir, urge the old man to say such things to his brother, that at last he was forced to leave England?"

"Never mind, Dutton, I will try. Can any one conduct me to the Hall?" said the stranger to the landlord of the inn, who obeyed his summons.

"Yes, sir, my son can go. But have you heard the news, sir?"

"News! no, landlord, what news! Has any thing happened at the Hall?"

"The old squire is dead, sir!"

"Dead!"

"Yes, sir, that young scapegrace, Herbert, put himself into one of those towering passions in the presence of his father, in which he so often indulged; but never, before, in the old gentleman's presence: the consequence was, that laboring under a severe fit of the gout at the time, it flew to his stomach, and put an end to his existence. I know not what we shall do now, for good Mr. George is in foreign parts; and if Squire Herbert takes possession of the Hall, which most assuredly he will, we shall all lead a devil of a life."

"Dead!" again repeated the unknown, as a tear trickled down his handsome face. "Is the old man dead? Did you not say, landlord, that you would show me the way to the Hall!"

"No, I did not, sir; but I said my son would. However, I will go with you myself, if you wish it. Mayhap you know the family."

"Well, my worthy fellow, well. But, no matter, you need not trouble yourself, I will find the way alone. In the meantime do you attend to the wants of Farmer Dutton and his children."

Who has not seen a small village when any direful thing has happened? At the shop doors stand the worthy occupants, each with lengthened face, retailing some new light that his prolific mind has shed upon the event; and the bells drawl forth their mournful tones, telling of the departure of a soul from its earthly habitation to the land of spirits. Thus it was as the stranger passed through the little town; even his appearance was food for fresh surmises. Some guessing that he was the doctor from London, arrived too late even for his fee; others the lawyer, the parson, or the undertaker. However, with little difficulty he gained the Hall; the windows were all closed, and silence reigned around the house of death. The stranger rang at the servants' bell, and inquired if he could speak with Mr. Herbert Fitzhurst.

"He has desired," replied the footman, "that no person be admitted within the gates but those of whom we have a list. Your name is ——?"

"It's of no moment, my good man; but perhaps you can tell me what are your master's intentions regarding the funeral. When is it to take place?"

O! the undertaker," said the footman aside. "I have not heard yet, sir; but the will is to be read to-morrow morning."

"Thank 'e," returned the unknown, as he turned away from the house. "Well, he has some conscience left, but perhaps he knows well his father has left him all he could."

The morning came, and the stranger again repaired to the Hall. He was joined at the

gate by the clergyman of the parish, who, as one of the executors, had come for the purpose of attending the reading of the will. Stating to this worthy man that he was a friend of the heir-at-law, he was permitted to accompany him into the mansion.

The reading of the will of a man who has much to leave, is always a momentous affair; many are the hearts that palpitate with hope or fear; but in this case, as the bulk of the property was in entailed estates, it was well known who would be the rightful possessor, and of course the degree of feverish interest usually excited, was materially damped. However, Herbert was aware that his brother was abroad, and consequently until his return to claim his patrimony, he should exercise sovereign sway over the manor; which temporary reign it would not be his fault, if he did not prolong to as great a period as possible, by directing the lawyer to write to his brother to any place but that in which he really expected a letter would reach him. I shall pass over the dull forms used by the lawyers in drawing out wills, and always made so as to confuse rather than elucidate facts; it is enough to say that the Hall and all the lands and encumbrances pertaining thereto, were in hereditary line made over to George Fitzhurst, the elder son; and that all personal and available property was left to the favorite, Herbert.

"My brother," said the young 'squire, "is at present travelling on the continent, and it will be difficult to find him. The estate must be worth at least a hundred thousand pounds, and till his return I do not know that any one could better look after his interest than myself. Do you not think so, as I am the nearest of kin?" continued he, addressing the lawyer.

"Decidedly, it will be but a short period," returned the man of parchment, "and we can write your brother——"

"To Rouen," said Herbert.

"Excuse me," interrupted the stranger; "I materially object to any such arrangement."

"You object!" retorted Herbert, fixing his eyes upon the speaker; "and pray, sir, who are you? I should even like to know upon what authority you have dared to intrude yourself upon this meeting?"

"Herbert Fitzhurst, be calm; I have an authority, an indubitable authority, not to let the seducer, the oppressor of the innocent, and the hater of his own blood squander the rightful moneys, and usurp the place, of the heir-at-law. Know you not your own brother?"

"What, George! it is impossible," ejaculated the astonished rake. "He was at Lisbon when I last heard of him."

"It is no impossibility, young man, and he who witnessed the seizure of the goods and chattels at Mossgate Farm, was no other than your elder brother, whom by your unkindness, and double dealing with that poor old man who is now dead—peace be to his memory—you scouted from his home to seek for more kindred feelings among the inhabitants of foreign lands, than he experienced from those of his own household. You know this handwriting?" and he took up a piece of paper that lay upon the table, and wrote upon it, "'Herbert Fitzhurst, you are a blackened villain.' Ah! you know me now; I see you do!"

"It is too true," stammered the awe-struck wretch, as he ground his teeth in agony.

George Fitzhurst having established his right as heir to the manor, in such a way as to satisfy even the lawyer, who above all other men is the hardest to convince, (insomuch that I think that the tribe must be descended from the unbelieving apostle,) he immediately sent for old Dutton and his family to the Hall. Not knowing who it was that had thus summoned them, they obeyed with reluctance, but deeming perhaps that the death of his father had softened the heart of the young squire, they considered it would be best not throw a chance away by neglecting to appear. Farmer Dutton therefore resolved to go by himself, and ascertain the bidding of the new lord of the manor. What thoughts must have thrilled through the old man's mind as he passed by the now-deserted Mossgate! even the absence of inmates for a few days had imparted to the mouldering building a kind of melancholy appearance. There was no friendly voice to welcome—all looked drear and desolate. The farmer paused at the garden gate to take perhaps a last look of his once comfortable home. A low noise fell upon his ear—a rustling among the shrubs—a bark of joy, and his old faithful dog fondled at his feet. Neptune, in the confusion that reigned at the Hall, had managed to escape from his keepers, and unable, I suppose, to find his master, had betaken himself as a last resource to his favorite haunts at the farm, there to await the coming of him to whom he was so much attached. There was no small joy expressed on either side at this unlooked-for meeting; and if that of the human being partook more of a rational character, that of the dumb animal was far more expressive. Being thus cheered, Dutton repaired, with a lightened heart, to where he expected to meet with nothing but scoffs. Immediately that the farmer's arrival was made known at the Hall, he was ushered into an apartment to await the coming of the new occupant. It was a large modern room, furnished in the most sumptuous manner, and as the shutters were lightly closed, an untrimmed lamp hanging from the ceiling, shed its dull glow upon the surrounding objects. The family pictures decorated the elegantly papered walls; that of the old man, who lay dead in the house, and his two sons were there. It is a gloomy occupation to trace the features of those who breathe no more—to recall to the memory the face—the smile—every lineament that once beamed with life. Thus was the farmer employed when the door of the room opened, but he was so much engrossed with his subject that he heard not the approaching step. He turned round, and behind him, instead of the young squire, stood

the stranger who had so kindly been his protector since the hour of the distress being levied at the farm.

"Dutton," said the unknown, "I welcome you to the Manor Hall. You shall feel that George Fitzhurst knows how to value a good tenant and an honest man."

"George Fitzhurst, sir, the heir of the Manor! surely he cannot yet have arrived in England?"

"Yes, my good fellow," replied the stranger, "he has been here for some days; and has, too, watched the actions that have passed. Do you not remember me, Dutton?"

"You, sir! what do you mean? You can never be the little fellow I used to dandle upon my knee. Oh! no, no, it cannot be."

"Why, farmer, you are harder to convince than those who lose by my presence. Look at that picture—cannot you see any resemblance in the features? Am I then so changed? Have I grown so very old? Come, come, this is but a bad compliment to pay me on my return to claim my rights."

"Ay, surely—yes, there, there are the eyes, and the same turn of the neck. O sir! sir! pardon a poor old man!" supplicated the farmer, as he threw himself at George's feet.

"Rise from that position, Dutton; I have nothing to pardon, rather I had need to ask forgiveness for allowing myself to be affronted at a trifle, and thereby quitting my native country to squander my money among foreigners, and permitting my own lands and tenants to be oppressed by the hand of my wicked brother."

"Nay, nay, sir, blame not yourself, it was our faults. Now we have you once more amongst us, how happy shall we be! But—" said the old man, as a recollection of his situation shot across his mind, "but—what am I saying, a houseless wanderer like me."

"A houseless wanderer! No, no, that shall never be; what, the man who nursed me when a child, that taught me to ride, and all sorts of manly sports. O no! you shall return instantly to Mossgate; I will forgive the rent, nay, make good to you the sum which you lost by your unfortunate confidence. And now, remember, I shall call upon you the day after my poor father's funeral, and I shall expect to find my little Lucy, who, by-the-by, has grown quite a pretty woman, ready to receive me with her home-made bread and new cheese, as in olden times. Farewell."

The farmer tried to speak his thanks, but utterance was denied. A tear, which fell down upon the hand of his young benefactor as he grasped it affectionately, was all that told his gratitude. And how much did that little drop express? More than volumes of words could ever have done!

Herbert Fitzhurst, immediately upon recognising his brother, had taken his departure from the Hall, in opposition to all the rules prescribed to mourners, and to common feeling. Charles Wheatly, therefore, when brought before the magistrate was instantly released, as no one appeared nor was there any charge against him. Time flew on; the remains of the 'squire were consigned to the family vault, with all the pomp and solemnity attending the interment of the great. It was a beautiful autumn morning; the ripe pears in their ruddy skins hung temptingly upon the trees, ready to drop into the outstretched hand; the crack of the sportsman, the barking of the dogs, and the merry song of the gleaners ever and anon broke upon the ear, as George Fitzhurst once more entered the farmhouse of Mossgate. When he last stood there how different were his feelings, how different the scene!—instead of the face of sorrow and the tears of woe, he was now greeted by the look of gratitude and the smile of joy: all around was the picture of neatness and contentment. Lucy was as much changed since the day of the distress as from the time when he left England to his opportune return. In the one era she had grown from the playful child into the lovely woman, developing all her mature charms like a bursting blossom: in the other, from the downcast face and expression of agony, that which tears the soul and distorts every feature, she had changed into the prettiest face and figure imaginable, wreathed all over with laughter and gladness:—her joy knew no bounds. Sweet innocent creature! she hung around her preserver's neck, and perhaps lavished upon him one of those nectared kisses which should only have been bestowed on the lips of her own true love. Charles Wheatly, however, was not jealous; he entered too much into her feelings to harbor such an evil thought. What must have been the sensations that entered into the soul of George Fitzhurst at this hour? O surely, virtue and charity have their own rewards. A clear conscience, and the thrilling sight of those who by their means have been lifted from the engulphing ocean on to the dry land.

"Happy beings!" exclaimed the young 'squire, as from the window he saw Lucy and her lover walking down the garden, revelling in the sweet words and thoughts of reciprocal affection, "Happy beings! see how she hangs upon his arm, with all that engaging confidence which a woman can only show. Farmer Dutton, you are a lucky dog to have such children."

"Yes, sir, I am indeed lucky. Lucy is the best girl in all the parish. I have only now one wish before I lay my head down in the grave; it is to see her united to the man of her choice, who, I am sure, is deserving of her."

Some months passed by; it was the spring of the year when I again visited Mossgate and its worthy inmates. Every thing was clothed in the freshness of the season, even the village looked gayer than I had ever seen it, and the merry ringing of the bells evidently foretold that some joyous event had taken place. I met a little girl coming from the romantic churchyard decorated in her holiday apparel; a pretty smile which played about her mouth gave verdict that something par-

ticular had happened to impart additional lightness even to her cheerful heart. Accosting her, I inquired what was the occasion of the uncommon stir of the village—whether Squire Fitzhurst had taken unto himself a wife? "Oh, no, sir," was the untutored reply, "something better than that; for if he was to marry, perhaps he would not be so kind to us as he has ever been. This is my sister's wedding-day, sir."

"And pray, my little maiden, who may your sister be?"

"La! now, don't you know?" she replied. "Lucy is just married to Charles Wheatly, and there are to be such goings on at the Hall! Such a load of beautiful things!"

Lucy Dutton was indeed married: the Hall had put off its mourning garments, and George Fitzhurst, as he contributed to the happiness of his humble friends, seemed to be more pleased than if he were entertaining the highest in the county. The bells were ringing all day long; garlands of flowers were strewn about in every direction; spring had entered into all hearts. The young lord of the manor had acted in his true character; every mouth was full of his praise—the blessings of all classes were showered upon his head. He had fully retrieved the mischief he had done by neglecting his patrimony and residing in a foreign land, and the stigma which his brother's bad actions had brought upon the name.

Some years have now hid themselves in the lap of time since that joyous day; but the memory of it is still dearly cherished in the hearts of the inhabitants of Mossgate. Old Dutton has sunk to sleep in the silent grave; there were no storms about his dying hour, but like the light of a silent summer eve, when not a cloud dims the sky, or breath of wind moves the warm atmosphere or shakes the aspen's leaf, he waned and waned away; his voice grew fainter; the welcome smile gradually ceased to glow, until the place where he was wont to be seen knew him no more. The children stood around the bed—all, all were there; the old man blessed them; he grasped Lucy's hand, his eyes grew dim, the fingers became stiff; she kissed his cheek, it was cold as marble, his soul had flown away to yon bright realms of rest. There were no mists, no troubles to gloom his last moments, but all was peace; that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Charles Wheatly and the happy Lucy now occupy the old farm-house; they have two fair-faced cherub children, who serve to unite their affection even closer than ever. Lucy has lost much of her archness and playful vivacity, but there is a calmness, a solid joy in its place, which diffuses itself over her pretty features, fringed with a plain white cap, from beneath which the glossy hair will still peep out, which renders her, perhaps, more fascinating than even when she first sat beneath the old oak tree, and Charles whispered in her ear his tale of love. As she tends her youngest child lying in her lap, and sings it to slumber with a soothing lullaby, and her other little one kneeling by her side murmurs its infant prayer, she is indeed the picture of a mother.

"Oh, who can tell a mother's tender joy,
When watching o'er her sleeping baby boy?"

Old Mrs. Dutton is still alive, and resides at the farm, and although she is beginning to get very childish. I can safely say, she is cheered by the young couple with all those kindnesses and little attentions so comforting to advanced age. George Fitzhurst has kept his promise of never again living out of England. He has also married; and if his wife be not the handsomest of women, she is, indeed, in manners, a very angel upon earth. She calls at every poor man's cottage, and visits the sick and dying; not as some do, for mere cant and curiosity, but to alleviate distress, and by that ability which God has granted to her, to teach the expiring sinner to seek for mercy from that Saviour who for his sake bled upon the cross. You may trace where she has been, not by her words or professions, but by her good deeds. The lord of the manor has truly found a treasure which, if nought else could, must bind him to his home. Lucy's sister has now no need to fear that if her benefactor were to marry he would be less kind.

I must now blot this picture of universal happiness by one character of guilt. When last poor Herbert (for even the wicked should share in our pity) was heard of, he was living in a miserable court at the west end of London. When he left the paternal mansion in the unfeeling manner in which we have seen he did, it was with a woman of the lowest and most abandoned cast as his companion. He repaired directly to the metropolis, where, what with gaming and drunkenness, he quickly sank from one degree of wretchedness to another. Strange to say, the female that accompanied him still clung to him; but her presence, instead of being that to his spirit which woman's ought to be, added fresh fuel to the fire of hell which burned within him. He had then, which is some months ago, entirely got through all his property; poverty, disease, death stared him in the face, and without a glimmering of light to guide his way, he was about to plunge into an unknown world. How true were Farmer Dutton's words, "that perhaps Herbert Fitzhurst might die more wretched than the man whom he had driven away a houseless wanderer." But I must not spread a mist over my story further than to contrast the awful miseries of guilt, even in this world, with that serenity and happiness which ever will be the reward of honesty and virtue, by reviewing the different fates of the once wealthy Herbert Fitzhurst, and the comparatively poor inhabitants of Mossgate Farm.

## THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY L. MACARTNEY MONTAGU.

Like music stealing o'er the water,
At even-tide when winds are still,
Sweet thoughts of him around me gather,
And all my heart with music fill:
And as I watch the moon above me,
With all her bright and starry train,
I pray for him who vow'd to love me,
Now sailing on the distant main.

At midnight when the storm is raging,
It sounds to me my sailor's knell:
I see him with the wild waves striving,
I hear him sigh his last farewell.
Oh! would I were like those above me!
A spirit freed from mortal chain,
To watch o'er him who vow'd to love me,
When sailing on the distant main.

Oh! mother dear, forbear to reason!
Oh! sister dear, forbear to chide!
As landsmen's wives, ye cannot measure
The sorrows of a sailor's bride.
Your partings are too short to move ye,
But years may pass, if e'er again
I look on him, who vow'd to love me
Returning from the distant main.

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## DE L'ALLEMAGNE.[1]

PAR MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR C. M. FRIEDLAENDER,

MEMBRE CORRESPONDANT DE L'INSTITUT HISTORIQUE DE FRANCE, ETC. ETC.

### KÖRNER.

Charles Théodore Körner, fils de Christian Godefroi Körner et d'Anne Marie Stock, naquit le 23 Septembre, 1791, il fut le second enfant d'une union embellie par les bienfaits d'une amitié constante. Les premières années de son enfance donnèrent des inquiétudes continuelles à ses parens; sa faiblesse physique était grande, aussi la délicatesse de sa constitution s'opposait-elle d'abord à son développement intellectuel: tous les soins devaient se porter sur sa santé, qui paraissait très chancelante. Le jeune Théodore ne s'annonça pas, comme tant d'autres enfans, par une vivacité de conception, qui promet un grand avenir, et son instruction ne devait suivre que d'une manière très secondaire la marche assez lente des améliorations de sa nature maladive. Il passait donc une grande partie de sa première enfance en plein air, dans les jardins, ou les vignes (propriété de ses parens, dans les environs *de Loschwitz* sur les bords de l'Elbe). Mais on remarquait néanmoins dans le choix de ses jeux, dans sa conversation avec ses compagnons de plaisir, etc., une imagination vive et brillante. Les soins extrêmes qu'on avait pour sa santé, lui firent gagner des forces, et ses dispositions intellectuelles se développèrent à mesure que son corps devenait plus robuste. Sans être très docile il se montrait accessible aux grandes impressions; on avait de la peine à fixer son attention, mais une fois qu'on s'était emparé de lui, il suivait consciencieusement la marche indiquée par ses maîtres. Il avait de la répugnance pour l'étude des langues et surtout pour la langue française; on aurait dit qu'il était destiné à faire la guerre à la France. L'histoire avait des charmes particuliers pour lui, les grands hommes et les grandes actions produisirent sur son esprit des impressions ineffaçables, il s'y attachait et poursuivait avec ardeur le développement des faits qui l'avaient frappé. Comme les beaux arts font en Allemagne partie de l'éducation, Körner apprit le dessin et la musique. La musique, cette douce compagne de la poésie, avait cependant pour lui un attrait bien plus grand, que le dessin, et jeune encore il jouait le violon avec assez de facilité; mais quand son imagination commença à se développer, à prendre cette direction poétique, que nous admirons tant en lui, il abandonna cet instrument et la guitare charma ses moments de solitude, où, se promenant le long de la rivière, il accompagnait, avec beaucoup de grace et d'entraînement, les poésies qui lui rappelèrent les temps des Troubadours, l'âge d'or de la poésie. Il composa pour cet instrument divers morceaux, qu'il chantait à ses amis, dans le cercle de sa famille, où, de prédilection, l'on trouvait réuni tout ce que l'époque possédait de grand dans la littérature et les arts. Son goût pour la poésie l'entraînait irrésistiblement; les *Ballades de Schiller* charmèrent le jeune esprit, qui paraissait déjà avoir pris son élan et une certaine direction. Ses premières productions portèrent cependant le cachet d'une légèreté qui quoique gaie et piquante, n'avait rien de grandios; mais elles annonçaient un tact peu ordinaire à la jeunesse, qui ne sait dompter son premier feu, elles étaient mordantes sans personalité.

Körner ne quitta la maison paternelle, pour se rendre à l'institut à Dresde, appelé Kreuzschule, que vers l'age de 17 ans; sa principale éducation se fit à la maison, par des maîtres particuliers, tous étaient hommes du plus haut mérite. Le fameux historien, Dippold, enlevé par une mort prématurée, le Révérend Roller excellent théologue, qui sût inspirer à Körner les sentimens religieux les plus élevés, et le mathématicien, Professeur Fischer. Le colonel Ernest de Pfuel, et le poète Oehlenschläger influèrent beaucoup sur l'éducation du jeune Körner; Schiller, quoique intimement lié avec son père, mourût trop tôt pour l'Allemagne et pour Körner, qui n'avait que dix ans, quand le poète rendit sa dernière visite à ses parens, pour qu'il put lui donner tous les soins que l'on attendait du grand homme.

Tout en encourageant les belles dispositions de Körner, le père dirigeait son éducation vers un avenir indépendant. Sa fortune

[1] Continued from p. 101.

à lui n'étant pas très grande, il le destinait à l'étude de la minéralogie. Le jeune étudiant fit des progrès rapides, se distingua dans la minéralogie et dans d'autres sciences, et sut gagner les cœurs de tous ceux qui le connurent. Ses manières franches et cordiales, son aimabilité et sa grande modestie, unie à un caractère ferme et décidé, sans entêtement, et son génie poétique, qui paraissait ne plus pouvoir rester dans l'inactivité, fixèrent l'attention sur lui. Roller le digne et pieux ecclésiastique avait donné à Körner une direction qui lui servait de première inspiration: aussi ses premières idées se tournèrent vers Dieu et la religion et lui firent concevoir le projet de publier un Almanach sur la Chrétienneté, dans lequel il donnerait des articles sur l'histoire sainte et où il devait développer les questions les plus importantes pour l'esprit social. Il écrivit alors dans une de ses lettres: "Et la religion pour laquelle nos pères surent combattre et mourir ne saurait nous inspirer autant, et trouver de retentissement dans les âmes, qui vivent encore dans toute leur pureté? Il y a de si beaux traits d'une haute inspiration religieuse dans les temps de la guerre de trente ans, et encore avant ceci, qui demandent aussi d'être chantés." Une certaine corruption s'étant emparé des esprits, ce projet rencontra de grands obstacles et ne put être réalisé, malgré les efforts du jeune poète, de ceux de son père, et de ses nombreux amis.

Ses études universitaires terminées à *Freiberg*, il désira se rendre la même année encore (en 1810) à Berlin pour ajouter encore à ce qu'il avait acquis, dans une université toute neuve, fondée des schismes de l'ancienne université de *Francfort sur l'Oder*, dont une partie fut dirigée sur *Breslau*, où se fondait l'université pour la Silésie et la Pologne-Prussienne, et l'autre sur Berlin. Il s'y rendit au commencement de l'année 1811, sans cependant y faire un long séjour; c'est dans cette année encore qu'il partit pour *Vienne* où il se détermina à suivre la carrière poétique et dramatique. Ses premiers essais, sur un des théâtres de Vienne: *La Fiancée* et le *Domino Vert* y furent représentés au mois de Janvier, 1812, et reçues par le public le plus favorablement possible.

Körner se montra d'une fécondité surprenante, les productions succédaient aux productions, on aurait dit qu'une destinée fatale le pressait, pour nous laisser des souvenirs si beaux et des regrets éternels d'une vie si chère à ses parens, à ses amis et à sa patrie. Il composa dans cette Olympiade de quatre années pleines de succès brillant, six tragédies, cinq comédies, et cinq poèmes d'opéra; trois nouvelles et un grand nombre de poésies détachées, dont les dernières réunies sous le titre de *Leyer und Schwert*, restent comme le monument de son génie, et pour l'époque qui les a fait naître un titre de gloire. M. Saint-Marc Girardin nous en parle dans un article publié dans le Journal des Débats au mois de Janvier, 1830, et incorporé sans indication, dans son livre d'une manière très poétique.

"Ses vers, ses chansons circulaient de bouche en bouche. Le soir dans les tavernes les portes closes, quand il n'y avait plus, selon le mot du tems, que les frères Allemands, on chantait en chœur les hymnes de Körner.

"Ce qui fait le génie de Körner, c'est son patriotisme et son enthousiasme; ce n'est point un Tyrtée de Cabinet qui, au coin de son feu, fait des chansons guerriers, c'est un soldat, c'est un volontaire *des chasseurs noirs*, l'épée au flanc, le mousquet sur le dos: il s'est enrôlé pour sauver sa patrie, pour punir ses tyrans. Poète et soldat son génie comme son courage s'échauffe au feu de la guerre. Tout est poésie pour lui, la flamme du mousquet, c'est l'étincelle de la liberté, le sang qui rougit les campagnes, c'est la pourpre de l'Aurore, de l'Aurore de la liberté."

Son génie comme son courage, sa vie et sa mort, inspirèrent à l'Angleterre aussi de la verve, et la muse Anglaise fit tomber quelques larmes sur le tombeau de Körner.

## FOR THE DEATH-DAY OF THEODORE KORNER.

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the sword—his bride.

He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure and high;
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
Only to die!

He went, with the lyre whose lofty tone,
Beneath his hand,
Had thrill'd to the name of his God alone
And his fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their dayspring's glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow!

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave
With the sword—his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet-lays,
To turn the flight,
And a spirit to shine thro' the after days,
As a watch-fire's light:

And a grief in his father's soul to rest
Midst all high thought,
And a memory unto his mother's breast,
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright
In life and death!

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride!
For him who went to a hero's grave
With the sword—his bride!

FELICIA HEMANS.

Körner prit service dans l'armée Prussienne au mois de Mars, 1813, lors de l'appel du Major Lützow, qui forma sous sa direction, ce

corps terrible de *chasseur noirs*, appelé *Lützow's Wilde Jagd;* corps composé de jeunes gens de bonnes familles, qui jurèrent tous, de secouer le joug de l'oppression de Napoléon et de venger la patrie outragée. Körner combattait l'ennemi avec cet enthousiasme, que l'on ne décrit pas, enthousiasme qui animait tout le corps, et composa ses vers de feu sous l'inspiration fanatique, qui paraissait s'être emparée de tout son être. Atteint d'une balle de tirailleur, il mourut une heure après avoir fait et transcrit dans son portefeuille la chanson: das *Schwertlied*, le 26 Août, 1813, entre *Godebusch* et *Schwerin*. Il fut enterré, avec les honneurs militaires, sous un chêne, emblême de la liberté Germanique, auprès du village *Wöbbelin*, sur la route de *Lübelow* à *Dreikrug* à une lieue de *Ludwigslust*.

Le Grand Duc de Mecklembourg-Schwerin (Frédéric François) après avoir proposé au père de faire placer le corps de son fils dans la tombe des princes de sa famille, lui a offert une étendue de terre, qui environne le tombeau de Körner, et on y a élevé un monument en fer fondu d'après les indications du père. La sœur aînée du héros, la fille unique et le seul enfant qui restait encore aux parens affligés, le suivit au mois de Mars, 1815, au tombeau, et fut enterré à côté de lui; de même que son père, un des hommes les plus éclairés et les plus dignes de l'Allemagne, mort le 13 Mai, 1830.

Les œuvres dramatiques de Körner qui méritent une mention particulière sont, outre les comédies déjà citées, les tragédies, *Hedwig*, *Toni*, *Zriny*. Ses poésies publiées par le père en 1814 à Berlin, sous le titre de *Leyer und Schwert*, ont eues en 1834, la septième édition; la même appréciation trouvent en Allemagne ses poésies posthumes, deux vol. publiées à Leipzick en 1814 et 1815. *M. Charles Streckfuss*, chargé par la mère de Körner, a publié en 1835 à Berlin, une édition complette de ses œuvres, augmentée des lettres de Göthe au père et d'une collection de vers, recueillie dans les papiers du défunt; cette édition est précédée d'une biographie très détaillée de l'auteur et de sa famille. Avant de terminer la notice sur Körner, il nous reste encore quelques unes de ses poésies à citer.

*Chanson de l'Epée.*

Dis moi ma bonne Epée
Que signifie ton regard brillant?
Tu me contemples si joyeusement
Epée toi, qui fais ma joie.
Hourrah!

"Porteé par un vaillant cavalier
Voilà ce qui donne du feu à mon regard,
Etre la défense d'un homme libre
Voilà ce qui fait ma joie."
Hourrah!

Oui, ma bonne Epée, je suis libre
Et je t'aime cordialement
Comme si tu m'étais attachée
Comme ma fiancée chérie.
Hourrah!

"Je te l'ai vouée à toi
Ma brillante vie d'acier
Ah que serions nous unis!
Quand viendras-tu chercher ta fiancée."
Hourrah!

A l'aurore des noces
Nous appelle la trompette;
Quand les canons grondent
C'est alors, que je chercherai ma fiancée.
Hourrah!

"O embrassements délicieux
Que je vous attends
Fiancé cherche moi
Ma couronne est à toi."
Hourrah!

Pourquoi tressaillir dans le fourreau
Ma joie brillante d'acier
Es tu si sauvage, et ardente pour le combat?
Mon épée pourquoi si remuante?
Hourrah!

*Schwertlied.*

Du Schwert an meiner Linken,
Was soll dein heitres Blinken?
Schaust mich so freundlich an
Hab' meine Freude dran.
Hurrah!

"Mich trägt ein wackrer Reiter,
Drum blink'ich auch so heiter
Bin freien Mannes Wehr
Das freut dem Schwerte sehr."
Hurrah!

Ja, gutes Schwert, frei bin ich
Und liebe dich herzinnig,
Als wärst du mir getraut
Als eine liebe Braut.
Hurrah!

"Dir hab' ich's ja ergeben
Mein lichtes Eisenleben
Als wären wir getraut;
Wann holst du deine Braut."
Hurrah!

Zur Brautnachts Morgenröthe
Ruft festlich die Trompete;
Wenn die Kanonen schrei'n
Hol' ich das Liebchen ein.
Hurrah!

"O seliges Umfangen!
Ich harre mit Verlangen,
Du Bräut'gam hole mich
Mein Kränzchen bleibt für dich!"
Hurrah!

Was klirrst du in der Scheide,
Du helle Eisenfreude,
So wild, so schlachtenfroh!
Mein Schwert was klirrst du so!
Hurrah!

" Je tressaille oui, dans le fourreau
J'ai besoin de bataille
J'ai la gaîté sauvage des combats ;
Voilà cavalier pourquoi je tressaille."
Hourrah !

Reste donc dans ta chambrette
Que veux tu ici, cher amour ?
Reste tranquille dans ta retraite
Reste je te chercherai tantôt.
Hourrah !

" Ne me fait pas long temps attendre,
Oh beau jardin des amours,
Plein de roses rouges de sang
Et de la mort épanouie."
Hourrah !

Eh bien, sors donc du fourreau
Délice du cavalier
Sors mon épée, sors
Je te conduis dans la demeure de mes pères.
Hourrah !

" Ah, que c'est beau d'être libre
Dans les danses ardentes des noces,
Que l'acier avec le feu de la fiancée
Brille dans les rayons du soleil."
Hourrah !

En avant vous ardents combattans !
En avant vous cavaliers Allemands !
Votre cœur ne s'échauffe-t-il pas,
Serrez la fiancée dans vos bras.
Hourrah !

C'est d'abord au flanc gauche
Que la belle pour nous brillait,
Mais c'est à la droite
Que Dieu unit la fiancée.
Hourrah !

Pressez donc la bouche d'acier
De la fiancée, brulante d'amour
Contre vos lèvres.
Damnation ! à quiconque abandonne la fiancée.
Hourrah !

Et toi mon amour, chante
Laisse petiller des étincelles brillantes,
Voici le matin des noces
Hourrah, fiancée d'acier,
Hourrah !

" Wohl klirr' ich in der Scheide
Ich sehne mich zum Streite,
Recht wild und schlachtenfroh ;
Drum Reiter klirr' ich so."
Hurrah !

Bleib doch im engen Stübchen
Was willst du hier mein Liebchen ?
Bleib' still im Kämmerlein,
Bleib', bald hol' ich dich ein.
Hurrah !

" Lass mich nicht lange warten !
O schöner Liebesgarten,
Voll Röslein blutigroth
Und aufgeblühtem Tod."
Hurrah !

So komm' denn aus der Scheide
Du Reiter's Augenweide,
Heraus, mein Schwert, heraus !
Führ' dich in's Vaterhaus.
Hurrah !

" Ach ! herrlich ist 's im Freien,
Im rüst'gen Hochzeitreihen,
Wie glänzt im Sonnenstrahl
So bräutlich hell der Stahl."
Hurrah !

Wohlauf, ihr kecken Streiter !
Wohlauf, ihr deutschen Reiter !
Wird euch das Herz nicht warm
Nehmt's Liebchen in den Arm.
Hurrah !

Erst that es ander Linken,
Nur ganz verstohlen blinken,
Doch an die Rechte traut
Gott sichtbarlich die Braut.
Hurrah !

Drum drückt den liebeheissen
Bräutlichen Mund von Eisen,
An eure Lippen fest.
Fluch ! wer die Braut verlässt.
Hurrah !

Nun lasst das Liebchen singen
Dass helle Funken springen.
Der Hochzeitmorgen graut—
Hurrah, du Eisenbraut.
Hurrah !

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*Prière pendant la Bataille.*

Père, j'appelle à toi,
Le Canon gronde à travers des nuages épais,
La foudre meurtrière trace des sillons autour de moi,
Gouverneur des combats j'appelle à toi,
Père, conduis moi !

*Gebet während der Schlacht.*

Vater, ich rufe dich !
Brüllend umwölkt mich der Dampf der Geschütze,
Sprühend umzucken mich rasselnde Blitze.
Lenker der Schlachten, ich rufe dich !
Vater du, führe mich !

Père, conduis moi !
Conduis moi, à la victoire, conduis moi à la mort :
Seigneur je me soumets à tes commandements ;
Seigneur, comme tu veux, conduis moi
Dieu je te reconnais !

Dieu je te reconnais !
Dans le murmure des feuilles tombantes,
Aussi bien que dans le tonnère des combats,
Source de grâce, je te reconnais
Père, O bénis moi !

Père, O bénis moi !
C'est dans ta main que je dépose ma vie,
Tu peux me l'ôter, tu me l'as donnée ;
Je te bénis, vivant et mourant
Père, je prononce ta louange !

Dieu, je prononce ta louange !
Ce n'est point un combat pour les biens de la terre ;
Nous défendons de notre épée, ce qui nous est le plus sacré :
En succombant comme pour la victoire je prononce ta louange,
Dieu c'est à toi, que je me suis voué !

Dieu c'est à toi, que je me suis voué.
Quand les tonnères de la mort me saluent,
Quand mes veines percées s'épuisent :
Ah mon Dieu, c'est à toi que je suis voué
Père, je t'appelle.

Vater du, führe mich !
Führ' mich zum Siege, führ' mich zum Tode :
Herr, ich erkenne deine Gebote ;
Herr, wie du willst, so führe mich.
Gott, ich erkenne dich !

Gott, ich erkenne dich !
So im herbstlichen Rauschen der Blätter,
Als im Schlachtendonnerwetter,
Urquell der Gnade, erkenn' ich dich.
Vater du, segne mich !

Vater du, segne mich !
In deine Hand befehl' ich mein Leben,
Du kannst es nehmen, du hast es gegeben ;
Zum Leben, zum Sterben segne mich.
Vater, ich preise dich !

Vater, ich preise dich !
'S ist ja kein Kampf für die Güter der Erde ;
Das Heiligste schützen wir mit dem Schwerte :
Drum, fallend, und siegend, preis' ich dich,
Gott dir ergeb' ich mich !

Gott dir ergeb' ich mich !
Wenn mich die Donner des Todes begrüssen,
Wenn meine Adern geöffnet fliessen :
Dir, mein Gott, dir ergeb'ich mich !
Vater, ich rufe dich !

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## MONOLOGUE DE LUTHER,*

*Avant de se rendre au Congrès des Puissances.*

(*On entend le son des cloches.*)

Les cloches retentissent, les princes souverains sont réunis.
Combattant de Dieu, c'est à présent, qu'il s'agit de fermeté.
Car tes dogmes que tu as répandus
Venant d'un cœur pur pour éclairer le monde
Et pour resserrer les liens de tous les esprits,
Ils les ont brisés, ils ont divisé la surface :
Rompu les fers d'une hémisphère ;
Et ce qui m'a été confié par l'esprit puissant
Pour leur bien et leur salut éternel,
C'est précisément ce qui vient d'allumer le feu de la discorde
Ce qui fait qui les masses s'entregorgent
Espérant chacun de gagner le ciel.
On me convoque devant le tribunal des princes
Afin de défendre le fond de ma doctrine.
Le monde tout entier, plein d'attente, a les regards fixés sur moi,
Incertain si je réussirai à achever mon œuvre
Si la vérité de ma parole sortira victorieuse du grand combat.

Courage, courage, les anges me sourient
L'âme s'élance de ses limites rétrécies
Et les chérubins élèvent hautement la bannière de la victoire,
Si tout succombe, ma croyance ne succombera pas.

L'esprit saint m'entoure et m'entraîne puissamment
Et la parole nouvelle reste prononcée irrévocablement.

(*On entend de nouveau les cloches.*)

Voilà pour la seconde fois que les cloches m'appellent
Le moment est là qui doit décider
Si ce sont les lois des hommes qui doivent vaincre
Ou bien, si les dogmes de Dieu doivent triompher.
C'est avec fermeté qui je dois me présenter devant ces fiers princes :
Dieu, écoute encore une fois ma fervente prière,
Laisse moi encore une fois t'adorer courageusement
Car alors j'aborderai même la mort joyeusement.
(Il se met à genoux, les mains jointes et élevées vers le ciel.)

Tout-puissant, me voilà dans la poussière devant toi ;
Tout-puissant, écoute ton humble serviteur :
Rien de saurait ébranler ma croyance
Quoique menacé par la violence, je la reconnaîtrai toujours vraie et juste !
Mais comme nul autre que toi qui as tout créé
Ne saurait approfondir le sort
O Père celeste ! aide moi à vaincre
Assiste moi et écoute mon appel
Tu m'as choisi pour tes combats
Afin d'enseigner ta parole au monde entier.
Seigneur Zeboath, punis moi de ta colère

* Composé pour *l'Almanach de Chrétienneté*, et publié pour la première fois en 1834.

Si le courage me manque dans ce combat,
Et si je ne puis remporter la victoire de la verité,
Si la puissance de la venger me manque,
Laisse-moi Père, mourir pour toi,
Car la vie, le monde et la mort, tout est à toi,
A toi la croyance et toute sa magnificence
Et toutes ses louanges, mon père, tout est à toi.

(Il se lève.—*Une pause.*)

Me voilà fortifié, et quelque soin que Dieu me destine,
La victoire ou la mort, j'attends avec calme l'une ou l'autre.
J'entends cependant une voix dans mon cœur:
" Heureux combattant, tu sera vainqueur."
J'avance plein de joie et de courage,
Et ce qui arrivera ne saurait m'effrayer
Car Dieu protège mes pas.
Et plein de confiance en lui, je me présente devant mes juges.
Ne suis-je pas envoyé pour éclairer le monde
Pour jetter de la lumière sur l'obscurité?
Elle est irrévocable, la nouvelle doctrine,
Car la vérité ne change pas ses formes.
Est-ce pour moi que je combats? C'est au nom de Dieu
Et mes ennemis deviendront la risée du monde.
Au combat donc, au combat, Amen! Amen!
*Car notre Dieu est un fort solide.*
J'avance courageusement dans ma carrière
La vérité triomphera, les anges font flotter leur étendard!

## LUTHERS MONOLOG.

*Eh' er in die Reichsversammlung geht.*

(*Man hört die Glocken tönen.*)

Die Glocke tönt, die Fürsten sind versammelt,
Nun, Streiter Gottes gilt's, nun stehe fest!
Denn deine Lehre, die du ausgesandt
Aus reiner Brust, dass sie die Welt erleuchte,
Und die Gemüther inniger verwebe,
Sie hat der Völker Bündniss wild gespaltet;
Die Fessln brach sie einer halben Welt,
Und was der Geist, der grosse, mir vertraute.
Zur Wohlthat ihnen und zum ew'gen Heil,
Das schürt der Zwietracht grausend Feuer an,
Und feindich will die Menge sich verderben.
Man fordert mich vor das Gericht der Fürsten,
Vertheid'gen soll ich meiner Lehre Sinn.
Ob ich das schwere Werk noch kühn vollende,
Und ob die Wahrheit meiner Rede siegt.
Doch nur getrost, die Engel lächeln mir
Die Seele schwingt sich aus des Lebens Schranken,
Hoch hebt der Cherub dort das Siegspannier,
Wenn alles fällt, mein Glaube soll nicht wanken;
Mich hält der Geist, er reisst mich mächtig fort,
Unwiederruflich steht das neue Wort!
(Man hört auf's neue Glockentöne.)

Zum sweitenmale tönt der Glocken Ruf.
Der Augenblick ist da, der es entscheidet,
Ob Menschensatzung triumphiren soll,
Ob Gotteslehre gross und herrlich siegt.
Vor stolze Fürsten soll ich kühnlich treten;
Getreuer Gott, hör einmal noch mein Fleh'n,
Lass mich noch einmal muthig zu dir beten.
Dann will ich frühlich selbst zum Tode gehn.
(Er wirft sich auf die Knie, und faltet die Hände.)

Allmächtiger, ich liege hier im Staube,
Allmächtiger, erhöre deinen Knecht:
Von nichts erschüttert steht des Herzens Glaube;
Droh' auch Gewalt, ich fühl ihn wahr und echt!
Doch wer vermag's, das Schicksal zu ergründen,
Als du, Allweiser, der das All erschuf?
O grosser Vater! hilf mir überwinden,
Und steh' mir bei. und höre meinen Ruf.
Zu deinen Kämpfen hast du mich erkoren,
Dein Wort zu lehren in der ganzen Welt.
Herr Zebaoth, straf mich in deinem Zorn
Wenn mir der Muth in diesem Streit entfällt.
Und kann ich nicht der Wahrheit Sieg erwerben,
Und widersteh'n die Höllenmächte mir,
Lass mich, Allvater, freudig für dich sterben,
Denn Leben, Welt und Tod gehöret dir.
Dein ist das Reich und alle Herrlichkeit,
Und Lob und Preis in Ewigkeit.
(Er steht auf.—Pause.)

Ich bin gestärkt, und was mir Gott bestimmt,
Sieg oder Tod, auf Beides gleich gefasst.
Doch hör' ich eine Stimm, in meinem Herzen:
" Glück auf, du Streiter Gottes, denn, du siegst!"
Dem Schicksal geh' ich froh und kühn entgegen,
Und was geschieht erschrecken kann's mich nicht.
Mich schützet Gott auf allen meinen Wegen,
Und ihm vertrauend tret' ich vors Gericht.
Ich bin gesandt dass ich die Welt verkläre,
Das Dunkel helle mit des Glaubens Licht;
Unwiderruflich ist die neue Lehre,
Denn Wahrheit wandelt ihre Bildung nicht.
Streit' ich für mich! ich streit' in Gottes Namen,
Und meine Feinde werden einst zum Spott.
Zum Kampfe hin, zum Kampfe, Amen, Amen!
Denn eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.
Ich gehe muthig fort auf meiner Bahne,
Die Wahrheit siegt, der Engel schwingt die Fahne.

(*Ab.*)

Nous aurions beaucoup à dire encore, s'il fallait détailler avec quelle légèreté M. Saint-Marc Girardin, Professeur à la faculté des lettres de Paris, a passé *sur Göthe et Hoffmann;* nous devons cependant nous borner à ce dernier combat.

Il est curieux en effet de voir l'acharnement de l'auteur des Notices, contre le moyen-âge, d'examiner comme il le poursuit de ses railleries jusqu'à son entrée dans la capitale de Bavière, à Munich. Nous trouvons d'abord dans son livre: " Ce n'est point au moyen-âge qu'il appartient de régler les destinées à venir des peuples. Le moyen-âge a eu sa grandeur, son héroisme, sa poésie et son génie même de liberté, mais tout cela a vécu. Vouloir faire aujourd'hui de la poésie ou de la liberté avec les idées du moyen-âge, c'est vouloir, comme au temps de la Ligue, faire le pain des vivans avec la cendre des morts. La manie du moyen-âge était un sentiment crédule et avide; de pareils sentimens ne servent jamais qu'à être dupe." Plus loin ce ne sont plus les femmes seules qui empêchent les révolutions en Allemagne, c'est le moyen-âge. " C'est ce parti du moyen-âge, qui s'est infiltré en Allemagne dans le libéralisme méridional et qui lui donne je ne sais quelle allure gauche et empruntée" . . . . qui selon M. S. M. G. a fait manquer la révolution de Francfort en 1833. Bref il n'aime pas le moyen-âge, mais il aime la réforme, la grande et puissante réforme de Luther et de Calvin, tout comme un homme de progrès doit l'aimer, et il s'en réjouit particulièrement, parceque c'est l'église qui a du payer les frais de la paix de Westphalie en 1645.

Mais arrivé à Munich, le voyageur s'arrête d'abord, regarde, admire, et change de face; " à Munich on ne pense pas," dit M. S. M. G. " on regarde," et il s'est tellement identifié avec cet esprit de Munich, qu'il a fait, tout comme les autres. " A Munich, il y a des artistes qui peignent, qui sculptent, qui bâtissent; il y a des curieux qui viennent voir peindre, sculpter, bâtir! voilà Munich! J'ai trouvé à Munich des savans, des érudits, des mystiques, un grand philosophe M. de Schelling. " Je n'ai jamais vu un homme plus heureux dans ses précieuses découvertes, que M. S. M. G.: à peine arrive-t-il à Munich qu'il y trouve nonseulement des savans, des érudits, des mystiques, mais, chose bien plus étonnante, il y trouve un philosophe, et ce philosophe, que dira-t-on, ce philosophe c est *M. de Schelling!!!* Il se contente du reste de l'avoir trouvé, car il nous montre un si profond respect pour ce philosophe, qu'il ose à peine le nommer. M. Saint-Marc Girardin n'est pas grand amateur de la philosophie et des philosophes Allemands, car si nous jetons un coup d'œil sur le chapitre qu'il a consacré à la philosophie, qu'il se plaît à appeler: *Marche de la philosophie en Allemagne, de Luther jusqu'à nos jours*, on s'aperçoit qu'il le fait marcher, tambour battant, pour s'en débarasser le plus promptement possible.

C'est dans un exposé de 188 lignes, (édition de Bruxelles,) qu'il fait faire une marche forcée, à *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Descartes*, *Leibnitz*, *Wolff*, *Kant*, *Fichte*, *Schelling*, et *Hegel*; c'est dans cette marche de 188 lignes qu'il traverse le triomphe remporté sur la religion par la philosophie, qui se place sur la même hauteur que sa divine sœur, triomphe éclatant constaté par la raison saine et sacrée du protestantisme; qu'il nous *indique* la séparation de ce ménage du cœur et de l'esprit par *Descartes*; qu'il nous dit que la théodicée de *Leibnitz* a fait sortir l'idée de Dieu des réflexions de l'homme; idée que *Wolff* son disciple a cherché à consolider, afin de faire un système de philosophie religieuse. Nous y voyons ensuite *Kant* renverser ce système par sa force négative; puis arrive le *moi* de *Fichte*, et ce *moi* est si puissant qu'il fait déclarer, à Fichte bien entendu: " *Dans la leçon prochaine nous ferons Dieu!* " M. S. M. G. nous avoue cependant que c'est une grande difficulté, de dire comment Fichte faisait Dieu. Quant à *Hegel* il lui donne raison, parceque Hegel donne tout à la raison; les lois de la mécanique, les lois de la morale, de la politique, de la religion, enfin tout, je dirais même, jusqu'à la plus belle partie de sa philosophie (sa conscience?), pour devenir un philosophe courtisan. Nous devons donc convenir que M. S. M. G. a été on ne peut plus expéditif. Ceci par parenthèse! A Munich donc a lieu la réconciliation complette de M. S. M. G. avec le moyen-âge. " Il y a un trait de l'Ecole de Munich," dit-il, " que je me reprocherais de négliger. Je lisais tout récemment dans une excellente *lettre sur le Vatican* de M. Delecluze, que toutes les grandes écoles de peinture et de sculpture, ont toujours pour contemporaine quelque école de philosophie.* L'école de Munich a aussi à coté d'elle son école de philosophie. Je veux parler de l'école mystique de MM. Goerres et Bader. MM. Goerres et Bader sont des hommes d'une grande science et d'une vive imagination qui ont entrepris de renouveller et de rajeunir le Catholicisme . . . . Il se renferme (M. Goerres), quant à la pratique, dans l'observation des règles de l'Eglise; mais quant à la pensée, il fait entrer dans le Catholicisme, à l'aide des symboles, des allégories, et surtout des interprétations philosophiques, je ne sais combien de choses, que Grégoire VII. et Bossuet n'y ont jamais vues."

On ne saurait dire en effet, si c'est le mysticisme de MM. Goerres et Bader qui a jeté dans le cœur et l'esprit de M. Saint-Marc Girardin cet enthousiasme pour les images, ou, si ce sont les images de Munich qui en ont fait un grand partisan du mysticisme: qui sait! peut-être n'a-t-il cherché qu'à mys-

* Il est bon de savoir que le Roi *Louis de Bavière* réunit à Munich tout ce que les arts produisent de grand et de pompeux, et que lui-même, afin de donner du majestueux à la poésie, se charge de faire des vers, pour la patrie et pour l'ordre public. On se raconte que lors d'une grande émeute dans la capitale, et après que la police, les gens d'armes, et les troupes de ligne avaient employés tout ce qui était physiquement possible, pour calmer l'effervescence du peuple qui se traînait en hurlant devant le palais de S. M. pour y faire, je ne sais quoi, le Roi s'est présenté en personne sur le balcon, employant de son côté tous les moyens persuasifs pour détourner ces masses de leurs projets sinistres; mais en vain. Tout à coup le Roi tire de sa poche le premier volume de ses poésies, et il avait à peine commencé à lire à haute et intelligible voix, que le peuple se retira sur le champ!

tifier son auditoire où ses lecteurs. L'homme qui fait un éclatant éloge du système égoïste du *moi* de *Fichte* et de la raison toute puissante de *Hegel;* ce même homme se laisse entraîner par la belle peinture des églises de Munich; par les allégories et les symboles du mysticisme de MM. Goerres et Bader, au point qu'il abandonne le *moi* de Fichte et la raison de Hegel, pour se jeter dans la galerie de tableaux du catholicisme mystifié de deux visionnaires, qui nous reconduisent tout droit au moyen-âge. Mais peu nous importe la croyance et les illusions du Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris; nous ne voulons pas nous étendre plus long-temps sur son compte; c'est le mysticisme de MM. Goerres et Bader que nous exposerons à nos lecteurs, car il ressemble sous bien des rapports à certaines doctrines religieuses en Angleterre, doctrines qui sont en contravention ouverte avec le principe du protestantisme. Le chapitre suivant sera consacré à cet examen.

(*To be continued.*)

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## ADIEUX DE MARIE STUART.

Adieu, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois tant chérir,
Berceau de mon heureux enfance,
Adieu! te quitter c'est mourir.
&c. &c. &c.

## IMITATION.

Farewell, my loved France, I must leave thee for ever,
An exile from all that is cherished I rove,
Though forced to desert thee, your Mary can never
Forget the fair land of her youth and her love.

This, France, is the source of your daughter's emotion,
The home of her youth she can visit no more;
She leaves thee, nor sees 'mid the billows of ocean,
One wave that will waft her again to your shore.

If love, wit, or glory, the senses could ravish
The hand of the gallant, the noble, the free,
Each scene of enchantment thy beauty could lavish
On one that thou loved'st, was afforded to me.

And when for the combat the lists were divided,
With what noble ardor each bosom would glow,
For then o'er your chivalry Mary presided,
The prize of their prowess 'twas hers to bestow.

In Scotland a crown and a sceptre attend me,
I claim the high honors attached to my line,
But where are the hearts there that love or befriend me,
Whose chords can respond to the feelings of mine?

Ah! Scotland, I dread thee, a tempest is lowering,
The bolt that must 'whelm me I calmly await,
For omens and dreams, too, portentous, o'erpowering,
Have shown me the future, and told me my fate.

'Twas lately I dreamt that a block was before me,
The axe was uplifted, and ready the stroke—
It fell—then the shadows of death gathered o'er me;
The vision departed, I shrieked, and awoke.

But, land of my love, thy blue cliffs are receding,
They're gone! not a spot, not a vestige appears,
I've left thee at length, and a heart that is bleeding
Must seek for the solace of silence and tears.

And if on a scaffold I'm destined to perish,
The last dying efforts of Mary will be,
A sigh for the land she has long learned to cherish,
A prayer offered up in remembrance of thee.

John Warren.

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## A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.*

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENFEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

### CHAPTER III.

Now will he shape his course upon his brain,
And traverse mountains, and the deepest vales:—
Yea, travel sweet realities in thought,
But o'er such soft and boggy soil, methinks
He needs must soon sink middle-deep, and strive,
And pant, and flounder on so bad a road;
And so, stick in the mud.——
Aldiberontiposchiphorniosticus.

"Let me soliloquize.—

"They tell me (*on me dit*) that my better plan, or, superlatively, that my *best* plan will be, certainly, not to think of beginning my tour by *kind-leg-ism*—not to walk until I arrive on the borders of Wales, but to get into some honest vehicle, and with great thriftiness of muscle and tendon, travel across Devon and Somerset; to disburse none of my strength until I may be constrained to do so by the circumstance of the said coach being overturned in the middle of Offa's Dyke.

"It will be time enough to walk then.—('Twould be high time to walk then.)

"But I have great pride in this matter.

"I have made one great resolve:—I have built extensively; (I *delight* in building castles;) and if I encourage the approach of

* Continued from page 115.

one single idea, touching the adoption of this well-meant advice, I undermine every thing.

"I have had the conceit to resolve that in this adventure of vagrancy I will be indebted to no carriage whatever. I have come to the determination of making myself so far independent as to perform the whole of it on foot—and I believe I can do it. According to the route I have sketched out in my mind's eye, it may extend to eight hundred or even a thousand miles. This seems a great deal: but to see all I wish to see, I scarcely know how to make it less. It is an opportunity that perchance may not again fall in my way; let me, therefore, reap a plentiful harvest, whilst the season smiles, and an abundant crop spreads itself out before me. Let me walk into the fields and cull antiquarian blossoms—let me roam the country over, and gather the ripe fruits of knowledge from the trees of tradition, the walls of old castles, and the legends existing among the descendants of Brute.

"I will not attempt, therefore, to curtail my purpose in the smallest degree—I will traverse the soil of every hyde of land that the Britons have still remaining among them.

"The most eligible scheme, in the first place, will be, to make for Bristol, and then get into a steamer and smoke over the channel to the Wye. (I *must* ride then.) When at Chepstow, I have beauties at hand (at *leg*) without number—the castle, Pearcefield, the Wind Cliff, Tintern Abbey, and I know not what else.

"Ay, delightful! I wish I were there! What would I give—but stay—I have a friend at Bridgend—I must go there—and then, by some devious and unforeseen course (for I intend to go just where fancy and circumstances lead me,) I will shape my way to the devil—to the Devil's Bridge, I mean—thence, I know not how, to Cader Idris—and thence, somehow or other, to Snowdon. Oh, Snowdon, I long to see thee! for I never saw a mountain in my life.

"From Snowdon—let me see—there is Carnarvon and the castle, the Menai Bridge, Beaumaris, and Anglesea, Bangor, and all the north of Wales between it and Liverpool; for I shall make my exit there, that I may have an opportunity of seeing the railroad.

"This, then, I may call the termination of my tour, as my purpose is, principally, to enjoy Wales: but at Liverpool or Manchester I shall be between two and three hundred miles from home. Will my condescension stoop so low as to allow me then to step into a coach and return?—No, no.

"Devon and Somerset lie between me and Wales at the outset; and in spite of everything, I am fully determined not to ride to Bristol, but walk across these two counties. Instead of expending strength by doing so, I am of opinion, I shall be fortifying myself for greater exploits: I shall be taking the Alpha, which will lead to Omega, and eating the egg, which will lead to the apple. And, therefore, why should I not walk home again, down through the centre of England? There are many and many alluring sweets that I should entirely miss were I to come back in any other way.

"No—I'll walk every step of it, if I wear my legs up to the knees—by Jingo I will!

"But where—at what place shall I begin my narrative? My remarks, as well as my tour, chiefly bear Wales for their ascendant; but as I have determined, ere I see Sidmouth again, to walk through many counties in England, I think it were both hard and ungrateful were I to say nothing about them. Of this there is no question; and these, to the praise of the land of roast beef, shall not be passed without due regard to their merits, due admiration of their beauties, a strong recollection of their bounty, and a recorded detail of their deserts. It would be gross and forgetful indeed were I to walk through them for some hundred miles, wearing out their roads, living on their produce, sleeping in their houses, feasting mine eyes on their scenery, and stealing their hills, their valleys, and their buildings with a pencil—it would be flagrant sin, indeed, were I to enjoy all this, and say not afterwards one word in gratitude.

"Exeter is the first place of any consideration:—it is distant but sixteen miles. It is a city, and a large city; it was famous in olden times, and has not lost its importance in modern: it is interesting to the antiquarian, the painter, and the merchant. I think this will be a fair commencement for my narrative, for I shall, perhaps, meet with few places boasting of such pretensions.—Oh!—oh!—

"Oh! thou hellish fiend, ingratitude! Thou hast got hold upon me! Where wilt thou take me? Dost thou dare thus to entice my thoughts away? Where wilt thou lead my affections, oh thou blackest imp of Tartarus?

"Exeter, indeed! Oh, sinful purpose!—oh, agonizing remorse!

"Let me fall down upon the soil of thy bosom, most gentle Sidmouth:—thou, who hast nourished me for the last nine years—thou who hast seen me grow from boyhood even unto bearded maturity, and let me crave a merciful pardon of thee. Oh, ingratitude! to what sinful lengths wilt thou decoy a fallen man!—Exeter, indeed!—but what says Shakspeare?

'Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend!
More hideous when thou showest thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!'

"'When thou showest thee in a child,'—truly I rejoice I have just stepped out of the age in which great sin is greatest. Oh, Brutus! and thou wert ungrateful!—thou didst stab thy friend;—and I have wounded Sidmouth.

'This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

**Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,**
**Quite vanquish'd him."**

"Young, too, has made a shaft for me, which shame forbids me to attempt to parry.

**'He that's ungrateful, has no fault but one,**
**All other faults pass for virtues in him.'**

"And Rochefoucault will not spare me either:—

**'L'ingratitude est le vice des têtes mal-faites et imprudentes.'**

"What a host of maledictions crowd upon me at once! What a hail-storm of bitter darts take me for a target! I, who detest and abhor ingratitude from the bottom of my very soul, have here practised it myself. But it is the state of degraded man often to commit that very sin himself which, in all others, he the most decries and the most laments.

"Sweet, noble, and gentle Sidmouth! pr'ythee, forgive me!—pr'ythee, turn over this black page of my backslidings, and I, in my remorse, will turn to another, and forthwith write a chapter unto thee.

## CHAPTER IV.

**"Each receives his share."**
**POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.**

There are many things that the traveller has to be wary of. When he sits down to write a description of any town he may visit in his wanderings, he has readers of divers classes, orders, genera, and species to address himself to.

In the first place, he must consider the foundation, date, rise, and progress of a town during the morning of its infant state in the days of antiquity. He must take very particular notice of its name:—he must repeat it over and over to himself, and rack his brains in all the languages he is master of, to discover its derivation. He had better repeat it aloud, rather than inly, because the sound will often tell him more of the secret of its birth and parents than the letters of which it is composed. If the town be in England whose name he is analyzing, he may tumble over such languages as are most likely to suit his purpose; such, for instance, as the ancient British, the Scandinavian, or, indeed, the Latin; for the names of most of the places founded by the hardy followers of the Eagle, bear a Roman essence for their nucleus; notwithstanding time may have done much to conceal that reality from the eyes of the casual observer: but if these will not do, let him try the Teutonic, or ancient German—the Gallic, Norman, or old French,—the Danish, or the Saxon, (where he may, perhaps, have occasion most frequently to turn,) and he had better not entirely omit thinking of the ancient Irish and the Gaelic. In short, whenever he enters any town as a stranger, *unde derivatur nomen*? must always stand o' tiptoe on the end of his tongue.

So much for the antiquary.

Then he must mete out a portion to the historian, and tell him of the vicissitudes of fortune that have alternately frowned and smiled on the growing colony since its foundation. He must tell the merchant what has been the state and feature of commerce at home and abroad, in times past, passing, and the probabilities of what may be expected in times *to* pass. He must tell him whether it is likely or not that the Phœnicians ever traded there for *lollipops*.

The meteorologist must know all about the climate and the state of the air:—is it wet or dry—what says the hygrometer, the hydrometer, or hygroscope?—no matter whose, either De Luc's or De Saussure's:—is it hot or cold—what says the thermometer or thermoscope?—and what the barometer—how many inches in the pluviometer or rainguage?—and pneumatically, what is the point in which the wind is the most prevalent?—and what its face?—look at the animometer.

Then the medical man must know whether the climate is bracing or relaxing:—does it give colds, or does it cure them? and does it invigorate, or does it give the sciatica?

The geologist must never be forgotten. The observant traveller must tell him what the soil is here, there, and in the other place:—are the rocks primitive, or secondary, or floetz, or any thing else, and what else?—are there any organic remains? If in his rambles over the hills, he may pick up a megalosaurus or an ichthyosaurus, and put it into his knapsack or his waistcoat pocket, let him minutely record and describe it in his book.

And, lastly, if he deems it irrelevant or unnecessary to address himself to any others, there still remains the painter, who will declare the work wants *glazing*, if the traveller does not describe the scenery as he goes: he must know the outline, the coloring, the light and shade, and the true effect, on every horizontal of fifty degrees, in every direction and at every turn of the road.

"What was the character of the county," he will inquire, "at such a place? was it flat, or mountainous? was it picturesque and wild, and particularly bold? What was the precise effect on such a scene when you looked at it? and how was your horizon? high or low? had you a bird's-eye peep at it? What hour was it—morning or evening? Which way did your light fall—from the right or left? was the light scattered—or strikingly thrown upon one bold object in the centre? Or was it a quiet, glowing, evening effect—the gray distance softened down by a profusion of '*sun-dust*'—the last rays of the warm horizon shooting up and gilding the lower edges of some long-streaked, silvery clouds? Did any rivulet, or mirror-like lake enliven, but not disturb, the view? Did any

cattle stand in the water, musing and wisking their tails against their sides, and at times throwing back their heads to drive away the flies—and swarms of flickering gnats, that danced in the haze of the lingering sunbeam?

"Was it *à la* Claude? and didst thou experience a painfully-pleasing and indescribable sensation within thy breast at the sight of it? Didst thou fall down on some verdant bank, and weep for 'piteous joy?'"

I' faith, there is that in nature, when she is viewed in her native wilds, that will at times stir up the passions of the most unimpassioned. The heart of stone is not so hard, but it may be melted: and what so unartificial—so unsophisticated—so congenial—so natural—and what so sweetly, and so tenderly opens the gushing fountain of sensibility, as the chasteness and purity of nature?

Stand by the gurgling brook in the cool of a summer's evening, and hear the water warble over the polished pebbles—look with the eye of contemplation and love at the softened hues on the distant mountain—the varied tones checkering the tops of the stately trees of the forest—listen to the notes of the lark, the blackbird, or the nightingale—consider the heavens at night—the pale moon—and reflect on the rainbow.

This is nature; reflect on this, and thou wilt be led to reflect on that which is higher: it is the ladder that will conduct thee to the source of all. What heart is there on earth that something will not touch? And what heart is there that beats, that will not be touched by nature, and beat the faster for it?

O Sterne! come thou and speak for me.

"Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows!

"—— Eternal fountain of our feelings! It is here I trace thee; and this is thy divinity which stirs within me: not that in some sad and sickening moments, 'my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction'—mere pomp of words! but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself; all comes from thee, great, great, great Sensorium of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our head but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation."

—— But, gentle Sidmouth, come—let us consider what is to done for thee.

In speaking of thee, and speaking after the precepts and suggestions that were broached somewhere in the beginning of this chapter, we must go back, and talk "of the days of other years."

*Sid-mouth:* let me consider—*unde derivatur* I think I said should be the first thing. This appears a comparatively easy word to resolve. What language is it the child of? Teutonic? Gallic? Norman? Danish? Irish? Gaelic? Sclavonian? Scandinavian? or Saxon?

I would make it classic if I could: but this I fear I shall never be able to do. 'Tis too plain, there is no Greek in it: no, nor any Latin either. Is it Chinese, by-the-by? for it would be a remarkable name if it were. Or if it came from the Chaldee or Syriac, the Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, or Persic, it would be delightful. Perhaps it is Kufic, or Coptic, or Ethiopic, or Amharic, or Samaritan, or Phœnician, or Doric, or Cadmean, or Etruscan, or Pelasgian, or Arcadian, or Georgian, or Hindoo, or Sanscrit, or the Devanagari, or Sumatran, or Malayan, or Malabaric, or Talenga, or Siamic, or Manchou, or Tartaric, or Manchou-Tartaric, or Thibetan, or Kamtchatkan, or Russian, or Bengalee, or Burman, or Armenian, or Stranghelo, or Saracenic—let me take breath—or Runic, or Mœso-Gothic, or Palmyrian, or Mendean, or Illyrian, or Croatian, or Bulgarian, or Icelandic, or Hunish, or Arabic—(I think I said Arabic before)—or Lombardian, or German, or Franco-gallic, or Frankonian, or —— ——.

Man has sometimes travelled nearly all the world over to seek for that which, on his return, he has found close to the threshold of his own door. And, not to wander from truth, I believe I have wandered far through the limits of the ancient world, to seek for that, which there is a better chance of finding at home—in England.

The word *Sid* sounds very Saxonic: we have plenty of Saxon in England. *Sid* is the name of the small river that disembogues itself "into the main waters" at *Sidmouth*.

## CHAPTER V.

"'Tis a sweet priory, this!"
"*Sweet*, say you? There's a —— somewhere."
THE SUMMER'S RAMBLE.

So much for the head: and where the head goes, the tail will follow. As for the latter half of the word—why surely every *mouth can speak for itself*. We need go no further, then, for *Sidmouth*.

Thus much for the name: I have not been able to make it classic. I am not aware that Herodotus mentions it any where, or Xenophon, or Diodorus, or Cicero, or Pliny, or Lucian, or Virgil—stay, no more *ors*. Neither am I aware that it is the offspring of any of the languages, dialects, or Lingua Francasian parlifications that I have just run through. No, it does not belong to the Arabic, the Syriac, the Chaldee, the Coptic, the Ethiopic, the Illyrian, the Hindostanee, the Persian, ——, —— For heaven's sake forbear. I swear by the jargon of Babel, and by all the tongues that ever spoke all the languages that were ever spoken, I had rather be deaf, and never again drink another word of thy tongue's utterance, than be obliged, in repetition, to speak the speech as you pronounced it to me; or hear the mouthing of it as you have mouthed it to me.

I cannot tell what you and other men think of this name; but, for my single self, I had

as lief it be Sidmouth as Athens, Carthage, Tyre, Syracuse, Corinth, or Mistress Rome.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So *Sidmouth* would, were she not *Sidmouth* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which she owes
Without that title."

Have I saturated to satiety the laudable thirst of the Etymologist, *Nomenologist*, or *Appellatiologist*? (if such words be palatable.)

If so, we will, in the next place, spread a plaister for some son of Esculapius. His curiosity (should he possess any) may be healed by the simple fact, that Sidmouth lies on the south coast of Devon, receiving every sou'-west puff from the Atlantic, pure and unsophisticated. Let him imbibe the idea then, of an existing atmosphere, damp, perhaps, rather than dry, and wherewithal relaxing. Let me tell the geologist, that the face of the country, in the neighborhood of which we speak, has undergone vast and varied changes —gradually, but unremittingly—during the course of ages. The cliffs on each side of of the town rise almost in a direct line for about a mile each way, to the tops of the two great hills, that serve to bury Sidmouth in the profundity of a deep valley. These hills are the same height, almost to a nicety: the western called Peak Hill—the eastern Salcombe *ditto*, (I hate tautology.) Their heights are variously given. I have heard some say six hundred feet, some nine hundred: but I am not conscious of their ever having been measured. I will not give my opinion on the subject, for one of the best of reasons: all I can say is, that I have seen many a hill not half so high.

The river Sid meanders through the valley at the foot of Salcombe Hill: a small stream, called Woolbrook, creeps towards the sea, at the base of the other hill on the western side of the town.

These streams, we are told, (and perhaps geology will not deny it,) by their incessant action over a yielding soil, have made the valley what it is—that, in days gone by, when nature flourished alone in Britain—when the seed was wafted by the passing zephyr, from the calyx of the withering plant in the autumn, and, self-sown, sprung up in the succeeding spring, to shed its beauties in the desert air, unseen by human eyes—when the now thickly-peopled land of our hearts had never received the print of the sole of man's foot—and in the days which it is difficult to discern through the obscure vista of so many centuries, the deep valley where now the town stands, did not exist at all;—that the water of these streams threaded its way to the brink of the cliffs, and then dashed over the precipice.

There are several circumstances that come forward to add another sinew to the strength of this hypothesis: it is shown by the whole face of the country "spreading as it were a map on all sides," and the fragments and debris of the upper strata by the lower being continually washed away, having subsided into the valley.

The main portion of the hills is composed of red marl—the new red sandstone—which dips eastward, and loses itself about five miles along the coast, near the wild and romantic village of Branscombe. On it rests the green sand formation, fertile in fine masses of the Cornua Amonis: and on that the chalk, but which is not the beginning of the great range of chalk running through Dorset, Hampshire, and some of the more northern counties, but merely a small, detached outlay of it. The chalk itself has entirely disappeared at its edges on the nearest hills, but the *sediment*, the flint, still remains to tell the tale.

The beach is not sandy, except at low water, but composed of rounded pebbles, chiefly flint, and the lower strata of the cliffs, by their friability, continually falling away, bring the flints to the brink, so that their brains turn, and they topple down headlong.

After a great deal of wet weather, or indeed, after an excessive drought in summer, I have seen many tons of earth and stones come from the cliffs into the sea with a noise like thunder: and then the natives will run with open mouths and open eyes, and say, "There's been a *roozement*."

When this remarkable place was founded, or by whom, it is somewhat difficult to determine. It was not a Roman station. I think king Arthur never took refuge in it in the days of his troubles. The Danes, I fancy, condescended not towards it, although they came very near when they first landed on the island at Teignmouth, in 787.

One of the oldest buildings in the neighborhood is *Manstone Farm:* a venerable piece of architecture, that wears considerable respectability in idea, from the pure circumstance of its date. On the front of the house there is a square tablet, bearing, in old-fashioned characters, the year 1369. This, therefore, was in the reign of Edward the Third. And this is indeed a long time since. In the reign of Edward the Third: nearly five *hun*dred—years—ago! (separate the words to give them emphasis)—nearly—five—*hun*dred—years—ago!

Oh! the changes and chances that this ancient relic has seen! The vicissitudes of passing ages—the alternate sweet and unsweet glances of fickle Mistress Fortune! So many powerful monarchs hast thou beheld severally sway the golden, the silver, and the iron sceptre, over this land. So many kings hast thou seen live in prosperity—so many die in misery. So many begin to live —so many cease. How many hast thou beheld with unaltered features, treacherously and villanously slaughtered—and how many pay Nature's great account! The many battles that have been fought—the many lost and won.

All this, ay, and much more, hast thou seen: and yet here thou still standest—thou who hast braved the blustering storms of near five hundred winters—thou who hast brightened in the sunshine of as many summers—whose

walls within have echoed and re-echoed to the cry of sorrow, and the voice of mirth—to the hoarse and boisterous tongue of anger, and the more soft accents of love—Oh! how many succeeding generations hast thou sheltered both from the cutting blast of December, and the scorching ray of June! How many innocent babes have drawn a first breath in a troubled world, within thy massive walls! How many grey heads, borne down to the grave by age and sorrow, have heard a farewell and parting sigh beneath the shadow of thy roof!

Eyes that centuries ago had closed themselves for ever to the light that we see, have looked on thee—and many successive, that have since returned to the dust from whence they came, have also looked on thee. And now come I, to feast on the hues of thy ancient walls—to enjoy that which others before me have enjoyed—to think on that which others have thought—and to feel as others have felt, when pondering over the building, that, like a stately tree in the middle of a meadow of waving grass in the month of June, has stood, when the scythe of Time has spared nothing, save only thee alone.

And after me the course will run just the same: others will come to thee to look—to reflect—to feel—and perhaps to give vent to their feelings: for there is that in the idea of a ruin, which will justify it.

Farewell, Manstone!—Peace through succeeding centuries rest on thee!

On the further side of Salcombe Hill, about two *delightful* miles east from Sidmouth, there is a farm-house standing on the site of part of the old buildings of what is called "Dunscombe Priory."

I know nothing of its history.

The situation, however, is sweet and picturesque in the extreme; and the mouldering ruins that still remain, detached from the modern house, are finely and profusely hung with drooping masses of ivy. It stands on the brink of a high and precipitous hill, the sides and lower part of which are thickly overgrown with coppice and other trees. A narrow road—it is more than a path—by a serpentine course, passes under them; and emerges on the tops of the wild and romantic cliffs of Dunscombe, which tower over the sea-beach. A good view of the surrounding hills, looking over the valley, which is in some parts varied by the numerous tints scattered over the tops of the trees, and in others, beautified by an oasis of green pasture land, is enjoyed from under the walls of the Priory itself. Here may one sit of a summer's evening, and listen to the twittering of the sparrows in the ivy overhead; and, if so disposed, quote the old Scotch poet Dunbar—

> "Full angellike thir birdis sang thair houris
> Within thair courtyns greene."

Here may one exist with an inward feel of satisfaction, and survey that which lies around, with the sensation of a continual flow of philantropy and gratitude. If man could enjoy in aught, it is to lie on the grass, and reflect over the face of nature stretched out on every side.

> "If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
> Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains;
> Rocks, dens, and caves!"

I have done so more than once; I have dozed under the old walls, after a sultry walk in August: I have lain me down when somewhat fatigued by a two or three miles' ramble over the hills from Sidmouth: and here have I been enticed into the embrace of the dull god Morpheus, by the humming of the bees—the note of the jackdaw—and the twitter of the sparrow.

But Milton—say what I saw when I slept not.

> ". . . . . About me round I saw
> Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
> And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
> Creatures that lived, and moved, and walked, or flew,
> Birds on their branches warbling: all things smiled
> With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'erflowed."

Come, Virgil—what say'st thou of the scene?

> "At quæ pinguis humus, dulcique uligine læta,
> Quique frequens herbis et fertilis ubere campus,
> Qualem sæpe cava montis convalle solemus
> Dispicere: huc summis liquuntur rupibus amnes."

But, Dryden—so please you, let us have it in English.

> "But where the soil, with fatt'ning moisture filled,
> Is clothed with grass, and fruitful to be tilled;
> Such as in cheerful vales we view from high;
> Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply."

The bottom of the valley that opens beneath the Priory, is furrowed by the wavering course of some crystal streamlets: they dash along in their diminutiveness, like a more classic Simois, or a Xanthus—*Scamander* I *should* say, for I am no god.

Come, father Homer—what say'st thou?

> ". . . The peasant to his garden brings
> Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
> And calls the floods from high, to bless his bowers,
> And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flowers.
> Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
> And marks the future current with his spade,
> Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills
> Louder and louder purl the falling rills."

Byron—and what you?

> "But these, between, a silver streamlet glides;
> And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook."

And what adorns and beautifies the margins—the sedgy banks? for they teem with the essence of Ceres and Pomona.

Virgil, I pray you, speak for me yet once again.

> "With osiers do the sedgy banks abound,
> Sprung from the watery genius of the ground:
> From the same principles grey willows come,
> Herculean poplar, and the slender broom.

But some from seeds enclosed in earth arise;
For thus the mastful chesnut mates the skies.
Hence rise the branching beech, and vocal oak,
Where *never Jove* oraculously spoke.
Some from the root a rising wood disclose;
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows.
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is sheltered by the mother's boughs."

Very good.

The valley extends a mile, or perchance more, towards the sea; and the cliffs, which are mostly white, from some traces of chalk which they contain; or, of a fine, warm tint shed over the yellowish sandstone—tower majestically from the beach. Their color is sobered and mellowed down to the most grateful tone imaginable: exposure, moss, and lichen, have each taken a brush, and severally contributed a separate tint; and time has taken a *sweetener* and blended the whole into the most pleasurable harmony.

Never were hues so delightful to feast on: so chaste—so mellow—so pleasing—so harmonious!

O Claude! O Cuyp! O ——! but 'tis useless to apostrophize—I will not do it.

Who can look on the venerable, moss-clad walls of the Priory, without feeling a gushing fountain break forth within him? A classic stream—the spring and source of all that savors of Hesiod—of Homer—of Ovid—and of I know not whom else!

O ye, whose light wings of fancy will bear ye with Pegasus to the hallowed top of Helicon!—or with Icarus, to the spangled vault of the heavens!—O ye souls of poetry, who, in the true spirit of yourselves, would climb the steep sides of Hyampea and Tithorea on the heights of Parnassus, and there satiate your classic cravings, in converse with Apollo and his sacred Nine!—or ye, who would wander through the shaded and refreshing groves of Ida; and delight ye under the luxuriant foliage of the pine, the cypress, and the cedar,—O, all ye, enter the Priory! throw off your shoes, and enter;—ye who would recline on the verdant banks of Ilissus, and with closed eyes meditate through visions too—far too rapturous for speech; ye who would roam life away, with Calypso and her nymphs in the ambrosial groves of Ogygia—O, enter the Priory!—call forth all your poeticism—tune your heart-strings—open your classic veins!

"Would you behold its wonders, enter in!"

But, now, mark me—before you enter, *hold your noses; for it is the dirtiest piggery I ever encountered!*

Clavileno, I am becoming impatient: the sun bursts from behind yon "lazy-pacing cloud." See that gleam on the hill—methinks summer were at hand—we must think of the land of leeks.

"At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun;
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin;
Fleecy and white, o'er all surrounding heaven."

Somewhere, in the first chapter, I said I was going away to *idle in private:* for every man who has no particular profession (the reason is not considered) is set down as a *wilful* and *premeditated idler.* As if a man cannot find employment through the channel of his own inclination—by the *animus in quo*—as well as by the ideal compulsion of a profession.

I can say, without the smallest intentions towards vanity—without the least wish towards self-praise (*which always defeats itself*)—and without the most distant feelings of self-satisfaction, that I never in my life recollect having found a day too long, either in sickness or in health.

There is always enough to be done at home.

"How various his employment whom the *world*
*Call idle:* and, who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen;
Delightful industry engaged at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad—
*Can he want occupation, who has these?*"

This is Cowper—and this is truth.
Some there are who say, he's going away

"To play the fool, but at a cheaper rate:"

And others, forsooth, declare he has gone to spend:

"Wealth, my lads, was made to wander,
Let it wander where it will."

When either business, ill health, or the *vis inertiæ* of the flesh, occupy the ascendant, and tether a man to his own house—or within an eye's ken of it—then let such laud the practice of roaming the world over by the fireside; or, as Shakspeare very wittily has it—of "*travelling a-bed.*" But to learn geography, languages, and manners, through the medium of the poet and the painter, is to acquire knowledge but slowly and incorrectly. Let *me* see with my own eyes—let *me* converse with my own tongue—(though I am of the first gender)—let *me* converse with my own tongue—and let *me* sketch from originals. Let me read the face of nature herself; she is a large volume, (a quarto, at least,) and will bear reading again and again; and a knowledge of her, (O unhappy simile!) like gold, will increase in value, even with the possession thereof.

"L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page, quand on n'a vu que son pays."

Ashamed I ought to be (I *am*, I mean) to say, that I am only at the A B C of nature: I have not read the first page—not half of it. I have seen little more, within my recollection, than the illumined letter of Devonshire, standing at the commencement of the chapter. I now intend to read *two* pages before I see Sidmouth again—for I shall call England one page, and Wales another.

Come, Clavileno, we must be off; it's time to go to school.

(*To be continued.*)

## ANTICIPATION.

### (WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.)

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

When with the silent spheres,
I sit in sweet communion,
While mem'ry pictures years
Of love's unbroken union;
I think when earth has shed
Its last bright sunshine o'er me,
How sweet with thee to tread
That starry path before me!

Though earth has been as heaven,
With such to live as thee,
It well may be forgiven,
To dream of what must be:
And in that dream of sorrow,
Of parting hard to brave,
Faith's golden lamp to borrow,
To light the sunless grave!

Oh! yes, there is above us,
A brighter home than this,
Where those who purely love us
Shall join our souls in bliss!
I have an inward feeling,
A holy whisp'ring sweet,
O'er heart and spirit stealing,
That tells me we shall *meet!*

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## THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.*

### WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

"Oh! then you admit 'tis possible, but only improbable! You want more money? You shall have it. Stay," she said, placing her right hand upon the spot where the heart is supposed to beat, (which, by the way, I could distinctly hear, like the beating of the sea against the bow of a vessel, when the ear, as we lie in the berth, is on a level with the water's edge,) "but it cannot be yet—you will take my word—yes, you will, I see it in your looks—O thank you—thank you! On my knees I thank you!" and down this divine creature sank to the earth, while I retreated, feeling as if should she, by chance or design, touch me, that I should dissolve or melt into air. I was again entranced, looking upon her as ethereal matter, which I can only account for now, from the suddenness of the sensations of respect with which she inspired me, and the influence her manner and look had over me. It may well be said, that knowledge is the acquisition of new ideas, but all ideas are not alike, hence the different degrees of knowledge found among men, and their diversity of opinions. After the visitation of this lady, I was a different man, and never from that period performed my business with any satisfaction—she revolutionized all my ideas; I acquired a more elevated notion of the effects of innocence upon human nature, and the deteriorating, demoralizing influence of low and grovelling sentiments, brought on by vice.

It was in reality the first time I had ever been in the company of a truly chaste, and virtuous, and beautiful being, and I bitterly cursed that fate, which had cast me among the most degraded of mortals, and placed me in the hateful situation to perform the work of tyranny and hypocrisy. While these reflections were passing in the mind, my wife had placed the lady upon a chair, where I heard her in the sweetest voice of anxious inquiry, asking, "What does he say? Will it be done? Oh! do go and use your influence; tell him he shall have my fortune when I am of age, and evermore my prayers. Oh! speak for me—speak for me!"

Even my wife, who, upon every similar occasion, where a female was interested for the life of a man, like all her sex, put the worst construction upon the affair, and suspected every one's character, now seemed overcome, and at a loss how to act. The lady, I saw, was not yet undeceived as to my inability to serve her; I was unwilling to keep her in suspense, yet wanted resolution to destroy the only hope to which she clung; for it seems she had abandoned all hopes of mercy from the crown, as it is the fashion to call pardons, even when innocence is made as apparent as the crown itself upon the king's head.

"Madam," said I, "if you will please to return home, you may be assured all which I can perform upon this melancholy occasion shall be done."

"Bless you—bless you!" she exclaimed. "Oh! it is then true that the Almighty grants to the lowest of mortals, more genuine and correct feelings of right and wrong, than to those who rule, and affect airs of superiority."

I interrupted her, and continued, "Madam, do not deceive yourself; all ranks are liable to error; mankind is a blundering species, to make the best of us, but the greatest mischiefs result from the arrogance and conceit of a few, who, while grasping after false honors, forget that they are built of the same materials and passions as are the multitude. All pursue some shadow, which their deceptive vision conceives to be a substance. We are all constantly worshipping some idol, and almost invariably enslaved by some prepossession; we are animated, dejected, desponding, pursuing, avoiding, admiring, and despising in turns, alternately blissful and wretched. The whole of man's life is a scene of contra-

* Continued from p. 121.

rieties, in which we are every hour wandering, under the infatuation of acquiring wisdom. Too many of those who rise to power, and have control over the actions of others, pervert the little judgment they possess, by a false estimate of their own value. The probability however is, that we are in most matters all wrong—God only knows who is in the right, if any one. Upon the present occasion it is enough for me to say, that I am penetrated with a conviction that this young man is innocent of the crime for which he is condemned to suffer. I will entirely devote this night to a consideration of what can, under all the circumstances, be done: in the interim, allow me to return this purse, (which I at the same time put into her bag;) please to leave a direction where my wife may see you, and depend on it she will so manage to communicate, as not to betray your secrets."

Thus saying, I hastily retreated from the scene, leaving the lady to be disposed of by my wife, who, I understood, after some arrangement for a meeting, sent her home in a coach, like Niobe, shedding tears as it were rain.

In proceeding along the street I called to mind the lines of the poet—

> "Each wanton judge new penal statutes draws,
> Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the laws."

Yes! rich men rule the law; those between whom there is no reciprocity of feeling, presume to judge of that which regards the happiness of each. Had this young man not been poor, thought I, his plain tale of truth would have been believed; but, as it was shown he was needy, and had been in great distress, guilt was forthwith implied. If we were to seek for the cause why this spirit is so strongly infused, not only into the laws, but is always apparent in their administration, we should find it to be, because the majority of the wealthy members of the community (especially those become so since the year ninety) know that, when they were poor, they knew no bonds of principle. In other words, they obtained their own money by crooked courses, and feel that if they were turned back into society to begin anew, they should again tread the same path, as far as opportunity would allow. Thus, drawing upon their own experience, the first article in their creed is, that all *poor men* are *dishonest men*. This feeling, I say, conjoined with a preternatural selfishness, and a tenaciousness of that which they call the rights of property, has hunted my lady Justice out of the land, or occasioned her to take covert in some hiding-place. It was well written upon a statue of justice before a court-house—

> "Time out of mind has this poor lady been
> Waiting outside in hopes to be let in."

And equally apposite was the reply—

> "I have still greater reason to complain,
> I entered long ago, but can't get out again."

How much of all that the human heart endures may not be traced to the false morals—false principles of every kind, engendered by the influence of money. The current of opinion ever runs parallel to the current of wealth, or if they occasionally diverge, and form a reaction, they very soon are seen again jogging side by side. The effects of estimation, or a name, are in themselves very extraordinary, seldom or never in any case being regulated by the truth; still more extraordinary are the effects of money in this country; it procures an estimation for virtue and wisdom. A rich man in England is a Solon, an Alexander, and a Socrates by prescription. Religion, laws and morals, all bow down and worship, or follow in the wake of wealth; the oracles of truth are all put to silence, by its influence, and the united natural understandings of twenty millions of persons are rendered subservient and brought to say ay or no at the dictation of this all-ruling power.

With these thoughts engaging the mind, I found myself at the door of Newgate, when I asked myself the question, what I came there for? Was I, single handed, to take the prison by storm, and bring out the prisoner from the cell, whom, by the way, I did not personally know? Was I to offer bribes to the turnkeys, or work by means more subtle? The futility of all, or any of these courses, now became apparent, convincing me that I had but followed the example of my betters, viz., made an ambiguous promise, to avoid the importunity of an applicant for favors, which our feelings or our interests will not permit us boldly to refuse!

"Ah! said I sighing, "he is in the lion's den, and all but devoured; it is as much as we shall be able to accomplish to fetch his bones out. Poor young lady! how strangely has thy presence taken off that coat of mail which covered up my heart, made me look into myself, and almost transmogrified me into a being of sentiment! I wish I could serve thee, if it were only to express my gratitude, though I know not whether I shall be more happy henceforth for it."

How long I might have gone on internally soliloquizing, I cannot tell, but here I was interrupted by one of the turnkeys of the prison, who addressed me, and asked if I had heard that the report was come down, and that there was to be a very heavy day next week; adding, that there was such a scene inside, as the oldest man in the gaol never before witnessed: "a mother," continued he, "two sisters, and a lovely betrothed girl for a wife, is too much for a man that is going to die to look upon. The governor is very angry at our letting in the last lady—she that passed you just now. I don't know what he will do with them all. Hammond is gone for the doctor, for I hear they are all in fits down at the cells."

I now learnt that the meeting of the council had been anticipated, and preceded by an interview with the Secretary of State, the four ladies having been introduced to him at the request of a member of the House, who took an interest in the affair, accompanied by the faithful servant, who never deserted them;

and who, like Fauntleroy's dog, possessed such feelings of attachment that he could pine to death in their cause.

From this servant I had the particulars of the interview, which I will give verbatim. I must premise, that the then secretary had been frequently in the habit of publicly censuring the humanity and good feeling of his predecessor—condemning what he called his weakness, and that this was the first trial of what he was also pleased to denominate his firmness.

> "When satire and censure encircled his throne,
> I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own."

He held that legislation was never sufficiently active in repressing the wickedness of mankind; and was stoically apathetic in his office, when the vicious laws of our ancestors were proposed to be assimilated to the times and the new relations of society. He received the four female suppliants seated at his office-table, as if engaged on indifferent affairs of the state; on their introduction by the gentleman who had, with much entreaty obtained permission to do so, the secretary slightly inclined his head, without apparently suspending the business about which he affected to be employed. Keeping them for a few minutes standing, he said, "Mrs.———, I know the object of your visit—it is a painful and distressing affair, but you must be aware I have a duty to perform, which must be exercised without respect to persons. Have you any new facts, are you prepared with any fresh evidence? If not, you will waste your own time, and only distress the feelings of all present, by prolonging this interview: where are your documents?"

"Documents, sir!" iterated the afflicted mother, "I have vouchers of his character from infancy!"

"Character, that will not do: I must have affidavits to disprove the evidence, or I cannot interfere with the course of the law. So, madam, our conference breaks up." Making, at the same time an essay to withdraw.

"He is innocent! he is innocent! by heavens he is innocent!" simultaneously exclaimed all four of the ladies.

The secretary coolly drew himself up, and assuming an air of great importance, answered, "I will not be rude enough to suppose either of you think otherwise; but I must tell you, that you want experience, and cannot be supposed to know these matters so well as I do. I will not keep you in suspense: I positively *cannot*, nor *will* not interfere with the due course of the law as matters now stand; if you have any new evidence, any new facts, I will hear them. Let this be at once understood to prevent mistakes."

"But, sir," asked the mother with astonishing self-possession, "let us, for the sake of meeting your peculiar views on this subject, suppose my son a guilty being;—is previous character nothing? first crime nothing? not to mentiou the doubt that must be admitted by the most rigid stickler of the law of evidence to circumvent this case? is a doubtful case nothing in your consideration? Are the feelings and the disgrace of a mother, with other relatives near and dear, nothing? those who are innocent and susceptible in a high degree of the frowns of a wicked and illiberal world, nothing? Oh, sir, pause ere you shed innocent blood; remember that the day is not far distant when you will be called to meet him face to face; when you may hear his innocence proclaimed by angels and affirmed by your God."

"Madam," rejoined the secretary, "I did not grant this interview to be threatened or intimidated; it is useless to bandy words. I thought you might have some new facts to lay before the Council which meets this day; as it now appears you have none, we had better part;" making an essay to move towards the door. Here, however, he, in a manner, found his retreat intercepted by the movement of the two daughters and the other young lady. Beauty in distress is thought to be (and I believe it) the most soul-stirring power in nature. The three females before the secretary were all young, remarkably handsome, and we must suppose that the feelings of agony they possessed and there exhibited were seen with all the full force of reality, were inartificial, and true in the fullest sense of the word to nature, being of a genuine and unfeigned type.

There is an Irish character in some play which I have seen, who never could, however enormous or preposterous, refuse any request made by a female; it was, therefore, his uniform practice to interrupt every lady that addressed him with these words: "I hope, madam, you won't ask anything of me that's impossible; by Jasus, if you do, I can't refuse; so plase to be careful." The secretary of state looked at the three graces in tribulation as if he would say, "Ladies, don't ask me anything that is reasonable or consistent; if you do, I shall be sure to refuse you." The timid creatures in grief gave him one look, but seeing in legible characters upon his countenance obduracy and hardness of heart, they turned away, now wringing their hands, then wiping their eyes, and occasionally sighing in a manner so audible yet so touchingly pathetic, that stoics and sages must have been induced to turn aside the current of the law. For any effect, however, they had upon the secretary, their sighs might have been given to the winds and their tears shed upon some sequestered spot upon the sea-side: but the wounded pride of a mother, strong in the consciousness of her son's innocence, was not so easily subdued by the *hauteur* of the man or the hollow consequence with which office invested him.

"Sir," said she, assuming the dignity of Mrs. Siddons as Queen Katharine upon her trial, "are you a real and tangible being, and is it given to you to save or to kill? Have you a heart, a mind, and a judgment like other human creatures—God's behests for our guidance here upon earth? And if you are possessed of these attributes, how is it that you cannot see that there is no ignominy resting

upon my son? The world acquits him, and the odium falls upon your accursed laws—upon your blundering magistracy:—it is yourself who will be ignominous in the eyes of posterity. Ye may condemn and slay, but ye cannot make the innocent guilty, although you do thereby add to your own manifold crimes. I was forewarned and apprised of your contumacious nature, and the pluming with which your vanity decorates your character, viz. *firmness*—yes, firmness in travelling the direct path of error. See how thickly your temples are loaded with the honor of having committed more blunders than any of your predecessors, and that, too, upon questions of life and death. Who would not envy so great, such a happy man? why, the demon of dullness and stolidity himself would scarcely make a boast of such firmness. Yours is the pride of *Momus:* you are vain of the cap and bells, which distinguish you from men to whom sense is granted. I tell ye, sir, (and ye shall not deceive either me or the world with the usual canting pretext, that it is the act of the king or the council, for I am but too well informed that the responsibility is your own, and that you pride yourself in taking it upon your own shoulders,)—I tell ye, sir, that if you hang my son, you are, under the sanction of a vile law, a foul murderer; and as such, I will proclaim you in the streets until I am called from this wicked world: when there, at the judgment-seat of all, I will impeach you and sue for vengeance. Girls, dry up your tears; reserve them to moisten those prayers you must offer to God for retribution, and to invoke the aid of those who, having the impress of men, will conduct themselves as such. Disgrace not yourselves by treading them to a deliberate and confirmed of nicide: the beasts of the forest possess as diny touches of humanity as the official ma-uine we now address. Gracious Heavens!" ae then exclaimed, throwing her arms and ryes upwards, "but thy purposes are all-wise; it is our duty to pray for the vilest, the hardest of hearts: enlighten, O God! and pardon him: teach him to deal with thy creatures more mercifully and justly for the time to come."*

The secretary all this time was, or affected to be, collecting his papers, as if preparing to attend the council; when the lady made a pause, fearing he should be compelled to hear other matters of reproach, he hastily rang the bell, when as the attendant entered he said, "Show these ladies the way from the office," and himself escaped through a side-door without waiting for a reply. When the party reached the street, they procured a coach, and proceeded to Newgate, there to await the decision of the council and the arrival of the recorder with the report.

As probably there is no man now alive who saw and noticed so much of this secretary's movements as myself, I must interrupt the thread of my story to explain his character. The unfortunate mother who last parted with him had been tolerably well-informed of his peculiar, dogged obstinacy, but unhappily upon this occasion took the very course to turn the weakness against herself, or otherwise it is thought her son would have been saved. It is remarkable, that throughout the period of this secretary holding office no condemned culprit was respited after sentence of death was passed, excepting those convicts who had no friends to solicit the favor. If any influential persons, or any number of persons, or the public at large, (as in such a case as Doctor Dodd's,) applied for a commutation, it was never granted: it was of no consequence, whatever might be the merits of the case, if, by interference, the condemned party was brought into notice, this secretary lost sight of every principle of justice, and uniformly opposed himself against the respite of the unhappy supplicant for mercy. Having entered office with a promise to himself to be *firm*, he was ever looking out for cases in which he might exhibit and indulge his vanity in this his favorite and pettier virtue; he did not reflect that, whenever these cases occurred, he was opposing his judgment against many others who were better informed upon the nature of the questions and the merits of particular cases than himself. Upon these occasions, whenever there is a diversity of opinions, we must suppose the case to be involved in some doubt, either as regards guilt, or the policy, or the expediency, under the circumstances, of taking life. In all such cases, however, our secretary rejected and totally disregarded the judgment of his contemporaries, arrogantly assuming to himself a right, for the exercise of which he was in no way fitter, either by experience or education, if I may not affirm, that by the latter he was disqualified even to give any opinion upon the subject: hence it is that such a vast number of old offenders, who were condemned for the heaviest crimes, under his administration so frequently escaped, as there were no persons to interfere on their behalf and provoke the secretary to oppose them; and as some must be spared the worst escaped, whilst a first offender, coming out of the walks of respectable life, whom the public thought deserving of mercy, was sure to be selected by the headstrong secretary to suffer, and establish what he considered his strongest point, while, in truth, he was making a display of his weakness. It is, however, a most horrible consideration to reflect that any one man should possess such a power: many have left others to exercise it, while many secretaries have blundered on in ignorance of what they were about; some few have, if error it may be called, erred on the side of mercy. Cavillers will say, the secretary is merely the organ of the office, and that the decisions do not solely rest with him: in theory this is true, but in practice false. I have had too much to do with the system not to know how it works, although my office is one, perhaps, justly execrated. I hope, how-

* We will not curtail this improbable speech, as it must have cost the talented author much lamp-light. —Ed.

ever, for any share I have had in the mistakes, to make some amends by writing freely my real and genuine sentiments regarding that which I have seen and known to be true; it may, I pray, all tend ultimately to teach our posterity to steer clear through the rocks and shoals which have hitherto wrecked the names of so many of our *penal code* statute legislators.

My recollections are written long after the events themselves have passed away, and my opinions upon many occasions are not precisely such as they were when the events occurred. I once thought as a young man. I now write as an old one: I aim at principles, not at men; it is for this reason I should be sorry to throw any odium upon an individual, whether secretary or judge. The same motive has induced me to deal more generally with facts than I at first intended. Such a secretary, however, as above described did hold office for a long period, much to the hindrance of that which I and many others thought was justice. At the period to which I allude, I have known the city authorities assemble four, five, or six together at Newgate, when the life of an individual was thought to be in danger, which they thought ought to be spared. A consultation would be held "Shall we all wait upon the secretary, or shall the sheriffs themselves take up the man's case, or ——?"

"Gentlemen," the ordinary would say, perfectly alive to the temper of his man, "if you wish to save the man's life, your only course is to affect perfect indifference regarding him, —know nothing about him; but if any of you are imprudent enough to address the secretary upon the subject, depend on it the man's fate will be sealed. No matter, gentlemen, how strong are the reasons you can show why the sentence should be mitigated, whatever you do will be deemed an interference, and then, out of sheer opposition, he will be left for execution. I admit that this is a bad state of things for us to witness here—we who know when there are palliating circumstances or proofs of innocence, yet know, if urged, will inevitably hasten the man's ascent to the scaffold. Unless I am sent for, I never mean to go to the secretary's office again: it is useless,—it is worse, it does mischief. There he sits wrapped up in his own thick cloak of opinion; the more you endeavor to make him throw it off, the closer he draws it round him, and therefore it is that I will never again hasten the death of a fellow-creature by waiting upon him. I can liken him to nothing but a hedgehog, the moment you touch him he rolls himself up and points his *armor* in every direction."

I remember these were the very words of Doctor F—when I was called upon to see a prisoner and give my opinion as to his previous life, and ascertain whether I knew him. Genius and will combined is power, or the symbol of it, but when will and power unite without genius, "it is a sorry sight" and works most monstrous mischief. Upon one occasion, I remember when the report came down we were all surprised at the respite of several desperate housebreakers and highway robbers; out of thirty-six condemned, five were ordered for execution; three for forgery, all first offenders—this we understood—their crime was, passing bad notes, never then pardoned, lest the bank should founder; to use a sailor's term, she was at that period laboring hard in her course. A fourth was for a nameless offence: of him we said nothing; but when the recorder's clerk informed us, that the fifth was a man who had cut a nobleman's trunk from behind his carriage, although he did not succeed in obtaining it, we looked with surprise at each other.

"Pray," said I to a Dissenting minister who stood by, "can you possibly divine why this man should be ordered for execution?"

"Yes," said the man of God in a confident tone of voice; "don't you know that the gentleman's carriage he attempted to rob contained some despatches? it was on the road to Dover."

"Well, but," said I, "the man did not want the despatches, nor did he, I dare say, know they were there, therefore that cannot aggravate his offence."

"True," rejoined the parson; "but then it was a carriage he attempted to rob, and a carriage with a nobleman in it. Think of that! The circumstance too of the despatches being so nearly lost, made a paragraph in the newspapers, and placed the affair more before the public, calling for the exhibition of a certain person's firmness. Besides," continued he, "don't you know that to rob a member belonging to an English aristocratical family, is an aggravation of the simple offence in a tenfold degree, the selection of the person on whom it committed? If thieves will break in a steal, they must be taught that, to work b neath the shoulders, they must confine the depredations to any of the classes exclusive of those who are included among the privileged order—those who have most to lose, and whose persons are sacred in proportion as they are rich. Did you never notice what a run through the newspapers an account of a robbery committed at a great man's house has? Always headed—'*A most daring robbery*,—'*Audacious outrage*.'—'Every hope is entertained that the villains will be shortly apprehended and receive condign punishment.'—'Lady Elizabeth, who was so much alarmed when she heard of the robbery, while staying at her brother's seat in Devonshire, is, we are happy to hear, pronounced by her physicians to be out of danger.' You may take my word for it, although I am termed an heterodox preacher, that, whenever a new law is to be made, and also whenever the powers that be decide upon questions of life and death, that the personal pronouns *we* and *our* are the logical pegs upon which the arguments rest. These are the levers that move the affairs of the world;

and if you ask who the *we* and *our* are, I answer, the aristocracy and their possessions."

Cogitating upon the preacher's remarks, I was induced to turn back to my books, and by a reference to the offences for which each man had been executed, I proved the truth of his observation. As regards the selection for life and death, the crime of forgery at first appeared to be an exception; when, however, I reflected that forgery, in a variety of instances, struck at the root of the revenue, I saw the same principle in operation; for the aristocracy and the revenue must be considered as embarked in one boat.

To return to my story, over which I fear I have been rather prolix, but to me it was absorbingly interesting; I could never, when once the subject was started, leave off until all was told. I must, however, now run rapidly over subsequent details, to make space for future matter.

While the mother and daughters were waiting at Newgate, it was that the young lady, betrothed to the condemned, left the party, and borrowing what money she could, waited upon me as before stated; and she had, it seemed, now returned just before I came to the gate, and, at the moment the recorder's clerk arrived with the report, including her lover among some others, who were left for execution in five days from that period. The scene in Newgate, when this was announced, I did not witness; but from all accounts it far exceeded, in distressing interest, every tale which has been penned in romance or novel, or has been seen or heard of in real life. The young ladies were frantic, and rent the condensed damp air inclosed within the gloomy walls of the place with their cries of woe. The mother—she spake not a word did not breathe a sigh; but—"she looked unutterable things." Have any of my readers ever seen those who have suddenly been struck with the hand of death, from which they never afterwards recovered, yet for a time remain and walk among the living? One half the soul appears to have fled, and with it all the exhalations of impurity which carnality imbibes while sojourning upon earth, leaving the body with the other half —soul, so full of spirituality, that those who are as yet unpurified, or wholly gross in worldly thoughts, draw back, and with awe contemplate the gleaming of a divinity in their own brother or sister. One who seems to be absent, or to have forgotten the affairs of this nether world; yet, through a peculiarity of the eye, glares upon us, as it were, from the world to come. The daughters caught sight of their mother in this state—looking so unearthly, and yet a being upon it, that all their thoughts were irresistibly drawn to her, which probably saved their mind from giving way under the intensity of their feelings. The other young lady repeatedly swooned, and was at length carried home in a coach, contracted afterwards a severe fever, and ultimately became an inmate in a lunatic asylum at Clapham.

" . . . Innocence is a defence
For nothing else but patience;
'Twill not bear out the blows of fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of state;
Nor from the oppression of the laws
Protect the plain'st and justest cause;
Nor keep unspotted a good name
Against the obloquies of fame."

BUTLER'S MSS.

From the language and demeanor of the mother, before the secretary, it would be thought that she possessed a masculine resolution. Alas! it was but an effort of nature, an instinctive resolution of the child of despair, as the timid bird turns to face the enemy that comes with an intent to steal her young. Worn down by accumulated misfortunes, when her son was apprehended she was in a state of general debility; her energies and exertions, however, during his confinement, were surprising; but when her efforts were unavailing, and the last hope with the secretary had failed, she became as passive as a lamb. Immediately on her reaching home she desired to be put to bed; she never afterwards rose, nor could be induced to take any refreshment; she lay in all respects quite insensible, had she not counted every hour as the clock struck, reckoning off as the time progressed, and stating aloud how many hours her son had to live. It would seem as though her death blow came with the order for her son's execution, but that it was permitted her to check the flight of her soul until they could take their journey together. As the hour approached, she showed no degree of anxiety or uneasiness, counting the last hour but one (seven) as calmly as the rest, saying, "*One more.*" She was serene and undisturbed even while counting the clock as it struck eight; but the instant the numbers were completed she gave a loud scream, and closed her eyes for ever.

The mother's extraordinary conduct, and the interest it excited, without doubt, operated as a diversion to draw off and divide the attention of her daughters from the dreadful catastrophe of their brother's execution, which, together with the other four, took place in due course.

The charity of English people is of a peculiar cast; a small but timely subscription might have broken the fall of this worthy family, and have saved the son from the risk of entering a gaming-house: but as soon as the circumstances of a family are wrought up to the climax of distress, and the notice of the public can be brought thoroughly to bear upon the acts of those who affect deeds of charity, money flows in from every quarter. A very liberal subscription was raised for the daughters, who subsequently retired to the continent, and were forgotten, as if they and their family had never had existence.

About six months after these events had transpired, Caleb, the man who had palmed the notes on the young man, was committed to Newgate for passing forged notes. As soon as he was apprehended, he gave notice to the

Bank solicitor, that if he were allowed to plead to the minor offence, he would communicate who was the real forger and supplier of the notes. This proposition being at once acceded to, he pleaded guilty and was transported, affording us another illustration of the fact, that real and thorough-paced rogues always get off with the least punishment. The evening before Caleb was drafted to accompany a gang of other offenders to Van Dieman's Land, I went into the prison and called him to the grating. "Caleb," said I, "if you will answer one question I have to ask, I shall be obliged, and will stand a gallon of porter."

"Agreed," said he, "so help me God."

"Well," continued I, "was the young man who was executed for passing six one pound notes, innocent or guilty? Did he purchase them of you, or did he take them at Smith's table, thinking they were genuine and good notes?"

The answer was given unequivocally. "He was innocent. You don't think I was such a flat as to give him real *flimsies*, especially as he was a yokel, and not *at all down;* and you know, was baited for his five-pounder, but the *tats* would'nt come off right, worse luck as it turned out for him. No fault of mine, you know, old boy. I was sorry for him, 'pon my word I was, but what could I do when he was fairly grabbed? Well, that's gone by. Now for the beer, the man's calling out, 'Beer O! beer O!' at the gate—down with the dibs, and don't be shabby."

I paid my money, and withdrew to the office to tell the governor, who subsequently satisfied himself of the truth of the story; and, as I was afterwards told, made a communication to the surviving sisters on the subject, that they might have the consolation of hearing from others that their brother, although meshed about with suspicious circumstances, died innocent of the crime for which he suffered.

(*To be continued.*)

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## STANZAS ON HEARING THE HARP PLAYED AT MIDNIGHT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! the magical delight
Of the harp's wild tone
In the stillness of the night,
As we muse alone!
How it conjures up the days
Of our youth's sweet prime,
When we trod the festive maze,
To its golden chime!

Oh! how fleetly thought takes wing,
When we hear the song
We were wont of old to sing
To *home's* list'ning throng!
And the eyes that sought our love,
And the lips that spoke our praise,
Seem again in life to move
To our fancy's gaze!

Oh! 'tis sweet to lift our eyes
From earth's grosser things,
And to cleave the starry skies
With the spirit's wings;
While lightly on the ear
Comes the harp's wild tone,
In the song to mem'ry dear,
As we muse alone!

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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## SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.*

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER IX.

A long chapter, in which there is lamentation, singing, bibbling, and dancing.

It may readily be supposed, that the first question asked by Mr. Vanslyperken, on his gaining the quarter-deck, was, if Snarleyyow were on board. He was received with the military salute of Corporal Van Spitter, for Obadiah Coble, having been left commanding officer, had given himself leave, and, with a few men, had joined Bob Short and the first party at the Lust Haus, leaving the corporal as the next senior officer in charge. The answer in the negative was a great mortification to Mr. Vanslyperken, and he descended to his cabin in no very good humor, and summoned Smallbones. But before Smallbones was summoned, he had time to whisper to one or two of the conspirators—"*He's gone.*" It was enough; in less than a minute the whisper was passed throughout the cutter. "He's gone," was siffilated above and below, until it met the ears of even Corporal Van Spitter, who had it from a marine, who had it from another marine, who had it from a seaman, who—but it was, however, soon traced up to Smallbones by the indefatigable corporal—who considered it his duty to report the report to Mr. Vanslyperken. Accordingly he descended to the cabin and knocked for admission.

In the mean time Vanslyperken had been venting his ill humor upon Smallbones, having, as he took off from his person, and replaced on his drawers his unusual finery, administered an unusual quantity of kicks, as well as a severe blow on the head with his sheathed cutlass, upon the unfortunate lad, who repeated to himself, by way of consolation the magic words—"*He's gone.*"

"If you please, sir," said Corporal Van Spitter, "I've discovered from the ship's company that the dog *is gone.*"

"I know that, corporal," replied Vanslyperken.

"And, sir, the report has been traced to Smallbones."

"Indeed—then it was you that said that the dog is gone—now, you villain, where is he?"

"If you please, I did say that the dog was gone, and so he is; but I didn't say that I knew where he was—no more I don't. He's runned away, and he be back to-morrow—I'm sure he will."

"Corporal Van Spitter, if the dog is not on board again by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, you will get all ready for keelhauling this scoundrel."

"Yes, Mynheer," replied the corporal, delighted at having something to do in the way of punishment."

Smallbones made up a lachrymal face.

"It's very hard," said he; "suppose the dog has fallen into the canals, is that my fault? If he's agone to the bottom of the canal, that's no reason why I'm to be dragged under the bottom of the cutter."

"Yes, yes," replied Vanslyperken, "I'll teach you to throw paving-stones off the wharf. Leave the cabin, sir."

Smallbones whose guilty conscience flew into his palid face at the mention of the paving-stones, immediately made a hasty retreat; and Vanslyperken turned into his bed, and dreamt of vengeance.

We must now return to the Lust Haus, and the party on shore, and our first task must be, to give the reader an idea of what a Lust Haus may be. It is, as its name imports, a

* Continued from p. 128

resort for pleasure and amusement; and in this respect the Dutch are certainly very much in advance of the English, who have, in the pot-houses and low inns resorted to by seaman, no accommodation of the kind. There is barely room for Jack to foot it in a reel, the tap-room is so small; and as Jack is soon reeling after he is once on shore, it is a very great defect. Now, the Lust Haus is a room as large as an assembly-room in a country-town, well lighted up with lamps and chandeliers, well warmed with stoves, where you have room to dance fifty reels at once, and still have plenty of accommodation at the chairs and tables ranged round on each side. At the end of the room is a raised chair, with a protecting railing, on which the musicians, to the number of seven or eight, are posted, and they continue during the evening to play when requested. The people of the Lust Haus furnish wine and spirits of every description, while cakes, nuts, walnuts, oranges, &c. are supplied from the baskets of numerous young women, who hand them round, and press their customers to purchase. Police officers superintend these resorts to remove those who are violent, and interfere with the amusements of others. On the whole, it is a very gay scene, and is resorted to by seamen of all nations, with a sprinkling of those who are not sailors, but who like amusement, and there are plenty of females who are ready to dance with them, and to share their beer or grog. Be it further known, that there is a great deal of decorum in a Lust Haus, particularly among the latter sex; and altogether it is infinitely more rational, and less debasing, than the low pot-houses of Portsmouth or Plymouth.

Such was the place of amusement kept by the Frau Vandersloosh, and in this large room had been seated, for some hours, Dick Short, Coble, Jansen, Jemmy Ducks, and some others of the crew of his Majesty's cutter Yungfrau.

The room was now full, but not crowded, it was too spacious well to be so. Some sixteen couples were dancing a quadrille to a lively tune played by the band, and among the dancers were to be seen old women, and children of ten or twelve; for it was not considered improper to be seen dancing at this humble assembly, and the neighbors frequently came in. The small tables and numerous chairs round the room were nearly all filled, beer foaming from the mouths of the opened bottles; there was the ringing of the glass as they pledged each other. At several tables were assemblages of Dutch seaman, who smoked with all the phlegm of their nation, as they gravely looked upon the dancers. At another were to be seen some American seaman, scrupulously neat in their attire, and with an air *distinguée*, from the superiority of their education, and all of them quiet and sober. The basket women flitted about displaying their stores, and invited every one to purchase fruit, and particularly hard-boiled eggs, which they had brought in at this hour, when those who dined at one might be expected to be hungry. Sailor's wives were also there, and perhaps some who could not produce the marriage certificates; but as these were not asked for at the door, it was of no consequence. About the centre of the room, at two small tables joined together, were to be seen the party from the Yungfrau; some were drinking beer, some grog, and Jemmy Ducks was perched on the table, with his fiddle as usual held like a bass viol. He was known by those who frequented the house by the name of the Maniken, and was a universal object of admiration and good will. The quadrille was ended, and the music stopped playing.

"Come now," said Coble, tossing off his glass, "spell oh!—let's have a song while they take their breath. Jemmy, strike up."

"Hurrah for a song!" cries Jemmy. "Here goes."

Jemmy then tuned one string of his fiddle, which was a little out, and accompanying his voice, sung as follows. All those who were present immediately keeping silence, for they were used to Jemmy's melody.

'Twas on the twenty-fourth of June, I sailed away to sea,
I turned my pockets in the lap of Susan on my knee;
Says I, my dear, 'tis all I have, I wish that it was more,
It can't be helped, says Susan, then you know we've spent galore.

You know we've spent galore, my Bill,
And merry have been we,
Again you must your pockets fill,
For Susan on your knee.

"Chorus, my boys,—

For Susan on my knee, my boys,
With Susan on my knee.

The gale came on in thunder, lads, in lightning, and in foam,
Before that we had sail'd away three hundred miles from home,
And on the Sunday morning, lads, the coast was on our lee,
Oh, then I thought of Portsmouth, and of Susan on my knee.

For howling winds and waves to boot,
With black rocks on our lee,
Did not so well my fancy suit,
As Susan on my knee.

*Chorus.*—With Susan on my knee, my boys,
With Susan on my knee.

Next morning we were cast away upon the Frenchman's shore,
We saved our lives, but not our all, for we could save no more;
They marched us to a prison, so we lost our liberty,
I peeped between the bars, and sighed for Susan on my knee.

For bread so black, and wine so sour,
And a sous a day, to me
Made me long ten times an hour,
For Susan on my knee.

*Chorus.*—For Susan on my knee, my boys,
For Susan on my knee.

One night we smashed our jailer's scull, and off our boat did steer,
And in the offing were picked up by a jolly privateer;
We sailed in her the cruise, my boys, and prizes did take we,
I'll be at Portsmouth soon, thinks I, with Susan on my knee.
We shared three hundred pounds a man,
I made all sail with glee,
Again I danced and tossed my can,
With Susan on my knee.

*Chorus.*—With Susan on my knee, my boys,
With Susan on my knee.

"That's prime, Jemmy. Now, my boys, all together," cried Obadiah Coble.

*Chorus.*—Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We are all here for mirth and glee,
We are all here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
Put your hats on to keep your heads warm,
A little more grog will do us no harm.

"Hurrah! now Bill Spurey, suppose you tip us a stave. But I say, Babette, you Dutch-built galliot, tell old Frank Slush to send us another dose of the stuff; and, d'ye hear, a short pipe for me, and a paper o' baccy."

The short fat Babette, whose proportions all the exercise of waiting upon the customers could not reduce, knew quite enough English to require no further explanation.

"Come, Jemmy, my hearty, take your fingers off your fiddle, and hand in your pot," continued Coble; "and then if they are not going to dance, we'll have another song. Bill Spurey, whet your whistle, and just clear the cobwebs out of your throat. Here's more 'baccy, Short."

Short made no reply, but he shook out the ashes and filled his pipe. The music did not strike up again, so Bill Spurey sang as follows.

Says the parson one day, as I cursed and swore,
Do you know, my lad, that we call it a sin?
I fear of you sailors there are but few,
St. Peter, to heaven, will ever let in.
Says I, Mr. Parson, to tell you my mind,
No sailors to knock were ever yet seen,
Those who travel by land may steer 'gainst wind,
But we shape a course for Fidler's Green.

For Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew
And pledge to love and beauty.

Says the parson, I hear you've married three wives,
Now do you not know that this is a sin?
You sailors, you lead such very bad lives,
St. Peter, to heaven, will ne'er let you in.
Parson, says I, in each port I've but *one*,
And never had more, wherever I've been;
Below I am obliged to be chaste as a nun,
But I'm promised a dozen at Fidler's Green.

At Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew,
And pledge to love and beauty.

Says the parson, says he, you're drunk, my man,
And do you not know that that is a sin?
If you sailors will ever be swigging your can,
To heaven you surely will never get in.
(*Hiccup.*) Parson, you may as well be mum,
'Tis only on shore I'm this way seen;
But oceans of punch, and rivers of rum,
Await the sailor at Fidler's Green.

At Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew,
And pledge to love and beauty.

"Well reeled off, Billy," cried Jemmy Ducks, finishing with a flourish on his fiddle, and a refrain of the air. "I don't think we shall meet *him* and his dog at Fidler's Green—heh!"

"No," replied Short, taking his pipe from his lip.

"No, no, Jemmy, a seamen true means one true in heart as well as in knowledge; but, like a blind fiddler, he'll be led by his dog somewhere else."

"From vere de dog did come from," observed Jansen.

The band now struck up again, and played a waltz—a dance new to our country, but older than the heptarchy. Jansen, with his pipe in his mouth, took one of the women by the waist, and steered round the room about as leisurely as a capstern heaving up. Dick Short also took another, made four turns, reeled up against a Dutchman who was doing it with *sang froid*, and then suddenly left his partner and dropped into his chair.

"I say, Jemmy," said Obadiah Coble, "why don't you give a girl a twist round?"

"Because I can't, Oby; my compasses ar'n't long enough to describe a circle. You and I are better here, old boy. I, because I've very little legs, and you because you havn't a leg to stand upon."

"Very true—not quite so young as I was forty years ago. Howsomever, I mean this to be my last vessel. I shall bear up for one of the London dock-yards as a rigger."

"Yes, that'll do; only keep clear of the girt-lines, you're too stiff for that."

"No, that would not exactly tell; I shall pick my own work, and that's where I can bring my tarry trowsers to an anchor—mousing the mainstay, or puddening the anchor, with the best of any. Dick, lend us a bit of 'baccy."

Short pulled out his box without saying a word. Coble took a quid, and Short thrust the box again into his pocket.

In the mean time the waltz continued, and being a favorite dance, there were about fifty couple going round and round the room. Such was the variety in the dress, country, language, and appearance of the parties collected, that you might have imagined it a masquerade. It was, however, getting late, and Frau Vandersloosh had received the in-

timation of the people of the police who superintend these resorts, that it was the time for shutting up; so, that although the widow was sorry on her own account to disperse so merry and so thirsty a party as they were now becoming, so soon as the waltz was ended the musicians packed up their instruments and departed.

This was a signal for many, but by no means for all, to depart, for music being over, and the house doors closed, a few who remained, provided they made no disturbance, were not interfered with by the police. Among those who staid were the party from the Yungfrau, one or two American, and some Prussian sailors. Having closed up together,

"Come," cried Jemmy, "now that we are quiet again, let's have another song; and who is it to be—Dick Short?"

"Short, my boy, come, you must sing."

"No," replied Short.

"Yes, yes—one verse," said Spurey.

"He never sings more," replied Jemmy Ducks, "so he must give us that. Come, Short."

"Yes," replied Short, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and wetting his lips with the grog.

*Short* stay apeak was the anchor,
We had but a *short* minute more,
In *short* I no longer could hanker,
For *short* was the cash in my store.
I gave one *short* look,
As Poll heaved a *short* sigh
One *short* hug I took,
*Short* the matter cut I,
And off I went to sea.

"Go on, Bob."

"No," replied Short, resuming his pipe.

"Well, then, chorus, my boys."

Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We are all here for mirth and glee,
We are all here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
Put your hats on, and keep your heads warm,
A little more liquor will do us no harm.

"Now, then, Jemmy Ducks, it's round to you again. Strike up, fiddle and all."

"Well, here goes," said Jemmy Ducks.

The captain stood on the carronade—first lieutenant, says he,
Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me:
I havn't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea,
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
Odds blood, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea.
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory.

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;
I havn't the gift of the gab, my boys, so each man to his gun,
If she's not mine in half an hour I'll flog each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory.

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough.
I little thought said he, that your men were of such stuff;
The captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to he,
I havn't the gift of the gab, Mounseer, but polite I wish to be.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory.

Our captain sent for all of us; my merry men, said he,
I havn't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be;
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun,
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory.

*Chorus.*—Very good song and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We are all here for mirth and glee,
We are all here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
Put your hats on to keep your heads warm,
A little more grog will do us no harm.

"Now, Coble, we must have yours," said Jemmy Ducks.

"Mine! well, if you please: but half my notes are stranded. You'll think that Snarleyyow is baying the moon; howsomever, take it as it is."

Oh, what's the use of piping, boys, I never yet could learn,
The good of water from the eyes, I never could discern;
Salt water we have sure enough without our pumping more,
So let us leave all crying to the girls we leave on shore.
They may pump,
As in we jump
To the boat, and say, "Good bye;"
But as for men,
Why, I say again,
That crying's all my eye.

I went to school when quite a boy, and never larnt to read,
The master tried both head and tail—at last it was agreed
No larning could he force in me, so they sent me off to sea,
My mother wept and wrung her hands, and cried most bitterly.

So she did pump,
As I did jump
Into the boat, and said, "Good bye;"
But as for me,
Who was sent to sea,
To cry was all my eye.

I courted Poll, a buxom lass; when I returned A B,
I bought her ear-rings, hat, and shawl, a sixpence did break we;
At last 'twas time to be on board: so, Poll, says I, farewell;
She roared, and said, that leaving her was like a funeral knell.
So she did pump,
As I did jump
Into the boat, and said, "Good bye;"
But as for me,
With the rate A B,
To cry was all my eye.

I soon went back, I shoved on shore, and Polly I did meet,
For she was watching on the shore, her sweetheart for to greet,
She threw her arms around me then, and much to my surprise,
She vowed she was so happy, that she pumped with both her eyes.
So she did pump,
As I did jump
To kiss her so lovingly;
But I say again,
That as for men,
Crying is all my eye.

Then push the can around, my boys, and let us merry be,
We'll rig the pumps if a leak we spring, and work most merrily:
Salt water we have sure enough, we'll add not to its store,
But drink, and laugh, and sing, and chat, and call again for more.
The girls may pump,
As in we jump
To the boat, and say, "Good bye;"
But as for we,
Who sailors be,
Crying is all my eye.

"Bravo, Obadiah! now one more song, and then we'll aboard. It won't do to bowse your jib up too tight here," said Jemmy, "for it's rather dangerous navigation among all these canals—no room for yawing."

"No," replied Dick Short.

"Then," said Jemmy, jumping off the table with his fiddle in his hand, "let's have the rearer, by way of a finish—what d'ye say, my hearties?"

Up they all rose, and gathered together in the centre of the room, save Jemmy Ducks, who, flourishing with his fiddle, commenced.

Jack's alive and a merry dog,
When he gets on shore,
He calls for his glass of grog,
He drinks, and he calls for more.
So drink, and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys;
We think no more of raging seas,
Now that we've come back, boys.

"Chorus, now—"

With a *whip*, *snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
*Smack*, *crack*—this is our jubilee;
Huzzah, my lads! wo'll keep the pot boiling.

All the seamen joined in the chorus, which they accompanied both with their hands and feet, snapping their fingers at *whip* and *snip*, and smacking their hands at *smack* and *crack*, while they danced round in the most grotesque manner, to Jemmy's fiddle and voice; the chorus ended in loud laughter, for they had now proved the words of the song to be true, and were all alive and merry. According to the rules of the song, Jemmy now called out for the next singer, Coble.

Jack's alive and merry, my boys,
When he's on blue water,
In the battle's rage and noise,
And the main-deck slaughter.
So drink, and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys;
We'll think no more of angry seas,
Until that we go back, boys.

*Chorus.*—With a *whip*, *snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
*Smack*, *crack*—this is our jubilee;
Huzzah, my lads, we'll keep the pot boiling.

Jansen and Jemmy Ducks, after the dancing chorus had finished.

Yack alive and merry, my boys,
Ven he get him *frau*,
And he vid her ringlet toys,
As he take her paw.
So drink and call for vat you please,
Until you hab your vack, boys;
Ve'll think no more of angry seas,
Till ve standen back boys.

Chorus, and laughter.

With a *whip*, *snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life had need of much oiling;
*Smack*, *crack*—this is our jubilee;
Huzza, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

Bill Spurey—

Jack's alive and merry, boys,
When he's got the shiners;
Heh! for rattle, fun, and noise,
Hang all grumbling whiners.
Then drink, and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys;
We think no more of raging seas,
Now that we've come back, boys.

*Chorus.*—With a *whip*, *snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
*Smack*, *crack*—this is our jubilee;
Huzzah, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

"Dick Short must sing."

"Yes," replied Dick.

Jack's alive and full of fun,
When his hulk is crazy,

As he basks in Greenwich sun,
Jolly still, though lazy.
So drink, and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys;
We'll think no more of raging seas,
Now that we've come back, boys.

*Chorus.*—With a *whip, snip,* high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
*Smack, crack*—this is our jubilee:
Huzzah, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

As this was the last chorus, it was repeated three or four times, and with hallooing, screaming, and dancing in mad gesticulation.

"Hurrah, my lads," cried Jemmy "three cheers and a bravo."

It was high time that they went on board; so thought Frau Vandersloosh, who trembled for her chandeliers; so thought Babette, who had begun to yawn before the last song, and who had tired herself more with laughing at it; so thought they all, and they sallied forth out of the Lust Haus, with Jemmy Ducks having the advance and fiddling to them the whole way down to the boat. Fortunately, not one of them fell into the canal, and in ten minutes they were all on board; they were not, however, permitted to turn into their hammocks without the important information being imparted to them, that Snarleyyow had disappeared.

(*To be continued.*)

## PEDRO AND INEZ.

A FRAGMENT OF A PORTUGUESE TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Rosy with early blushes morn appears,
And nature smiling dries her lucid tears;
The blithesome horn invites the prince to rise,
And leaving Inez with sleep-sealed eyes,
He steals him from the nuptial couch, to share
The hunter's joy, and taste the fragrant air.
Gaily he mounts his winged steed, and flies
O'er bending grass, and flowers of rainbow dyes:
The fleecy clouds are tinged with living rose;
Robed in the sunlight all the landscape glows,
Rich mountains purpling in the golden beams,
Fair-spreading valleys, silver-winding streams,
And groves of orange, with their deep perfume,
From snowy blossoms in their rathest bloom.
How dear is Nature's face! the lover's eye
Drinks all her sacredness and mystery:
Pedro beholds in every breathing thing
Something that wakes his heart's accordant string;
With filial looks he greets that lovely land,
O'er which he soon may sway with regal hand,
And blesses all her green hills as they rise,
Girt to his soul by early sympathies.

* * * * *

The shadowy form of misty Eve appears,
And homeward now th' expectant lover steers;
The horn that hangs so gaily at his side,
Now to his lip with hurried hand applied,
Gives to the sylvan woods its mellow tone,—
But where is Inez,—that she has not flown,
Like nestling dove to welcome back its mate?
Alas! she'll come no more! *demoniac* hate
Hath done its worst, and there the victim lies!—

* * * * *

From that sad hour no music fed his ear,
No voice was welcome, and no object dear.
The kindlier feelings that were wont to rise
From heart to lip, and light his gladsome eyes,
Had all departed with that martyred one:
Earth was to him a blank—it had no sun;
His spirit moved in darkness; he became
A burning wreck, consumed by that dire flame,
Revenge, the child of fiendish mother born,
That laughs in bitter mockery and scorn
At all its victims suffer—such the king!
Who made the clarions of discord ring
Through all that lovely land he once did prize,
Ere his reft bosom wailed the sacrifice,
And Nature, weeping at the outrage, fled
From his changed heart, with blood and anguish fed.

* * * * *

The disastrous termination of the loves of Pedro, Prince of Portugal, and the beautiful Inez de Castro, are too well known to need relation. All historians are agreed in the fact, that Pedro was absent on a hunting excursion, when the assassins employed by his father murdered the defenceless Inez.

## SLAVE TRADE.

TO ANY OF THE LEADING ABOLITIONISTS.

*Rio de Janeiro, Christmas-day,* 1835.

SIR,

UNDER the excitement of the circumstances around me, and the influences of the day on which He appeared, who said, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me," "to preach deliverance to the captives," adding, "this day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears," I shall attempt to realize an imagination that has for sometime possessed me; I mean the enlightening you and the friends of the negroes on a detail regarding the abolition of slavery, which seems to have escaped your notice.

I should premise, that I do not intend any offence, because you will, probably, be startled when I tell you, that you and they are, in Rio de Janeiro, the cruellest enemies to the captured Africans, doing them the most serious injury, instead of the good which doubtless you intend.

You and the friends of abolition have caused the establishment of the mixed commission court; and this court, as it operates here, increases the evil of the slave trade tenfold in the case of the captured wretches it is established to serve.

To the proof.

On the 16th December, 1834, a slave brig that had been captured at sea on the 28th November, with five hundred and twenty-one negroes on board, arrived in this port with five hundred and sixteen of them alive. On the 10th February, (nearly two months after,) the sentence of condemation was read on board her, and on the 7th March, (for though the treaty expressly says no appeal from the decision of the commissioners shall be allowed, yet time was allowed for appeal,) how many of these Africans do you think were declared free?—two hundred and twenty-one! But what became of the rest? Oh! —one hundred and six of them were freed by death while waiting for their freedom by law; and all that were in a condition to be removed, one hundred and eighty-nine in number, lost their freedom by being seized and carried off into slavery. A numerous armed party overcame the small English guard that had the care of them, wounding those who attempted to defend the government store-house which contained them, to which they had been removed because the brig was in a leaky state and so infested by vermin that the rats were eating the extremities of the poor dying wretches before the breath was out of their bodies! the commission meanwhile not having interfered in any way for their maintenance or protection; and the villanous agents of the Brazilian government having (no doubt purposely) neglected to fulfil the orders issued by the president of the province, five days before the robbery, when, at the earnest request of the English officer in charge of the brig, he directed that a guard should be sent for their protection. Five days ago, on the 20th December, 1835, another brig with two hundred and forty-five slaves on board was brought in, detained by a cruizer on the 17th.

The commission went promptly to work the second day, and began to take depositions; but now the holidays intervene as they did last year; from this day to the 29th nothing is done, and until the 6th January they will constantly recur. Meantime, after a scorching sun to the 20th, the rain has ever since been pouring in torrents. When these poor negroes came in not one was sick, though most of them were covered with the itch, but now death has begun his work. One is already dead; another one drowned himself in despair: many are complaining, and what may be the mortality ere they can be out of court it is fearful to contemplate. These Africans, now two hundred and forty-three in number, with fourteen of the brig's crew, and fourteen of the prize crew, in all two hundred and seventy-one, are cooped up in a wretched little vessel of one hundred and thirty-nine tons! fevered, festering, and dying, while the commission is deciding on the legality of their capture and possible ultimate freedom.

If these vessels had not been detained, the blacks would have been speedily landed, and though they would have been slaves, yet they would have lived, and have had such care taken of them as men interested in them as a property would take.

But, sir, I am not the advocate of slavery! The lives of these poor creatures might be saved, and still they need not be slaves. The fault is with you!

Why is there not a provision for the care and maintenance of these poor objects of British philanthropy at Rio de Janeiro as well as at Sierra Leone?

At Rio de Janeiro, there is no appointed place to land them; no hospital for the sick; no person charged to provide necessaries for them; no measures adopted for their protection if they are landed.

What have you been about, sir? Do you not know these things? Then you are most lamentably deficient of the intelligence you ought to have before you legislate on such matters. I do not put the question the other way, for I am willing to believe no Englishman's feeling would allow them to continue in their present state, if he could remedy it.

I have told you the complaint. Now, hear the remedy.

Let an officer of the commission court be appointed curator or guardian of the blacks captured. Let him take charge of them from the moment they arrive in the port, calling on the commanding naval officer for such aid as he can afford. Let the Brazilian government be required to join in the work, and to appropriate a fit and secure place on shore, with a sufficient guard for such as it may be necessary to land, (or a hulk afloat, if more convenient,) with fittings for a hospital.

Let the guardian furnish the necessaries and attendance for the sick, and provision for the healthy. Let the detained vessel and her crew be left in charge of the prize masters, who will then have quite enough to look after in the port.

As it is now, the horrors which the officers and men in charge of the vessel and her cargo are compelled to endure, are most trying to men of feeling or education. The vessel of last December (1834) was very nearly the death of the officer in charge of her: it was for some time doubtful whether he could recover from the united effects of exposure of body and distress of mind.

At Sierra Leone, provision is made for the maintenance and protection of the blacks sent in for adjudication: they are generally new cargoes, captured soon after their embarkation, and before they have become sickly. But here, when the cargoes arrive after a long voyage, the seeds of disease are sown, and the produce of lengthened confinement on board is certain death; yet, still they have to wait, in the hotbed of the port, (infinitely worse than the open sea,) all the tardy formalities of law, with all the provoking and cruel delays of what are sadly miscalled holy-days, besides incurring the risk of being carried off by force or fraud.

This part of the case, and the essential difference between Rio Janeiro and Sierra

Leone, which I have pointed out above, you do not seem to have studied.

Bestir yourself then, as the friend of humanity, and let this mischief be remedied forthwith.

I have not dwelt on the hardships of the officers and men put as prize masters on board such vessels; but they must not be forgotten: and I cannot help (when I recur to this subject) thinking of certain persons designated by Him, whom we remember this day, when he said, "Ye lade men with burthens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burthens with one of your fingers." I fear that very few of our talking philanthropists would take upon them the grievous duty they impose upon these men.

What would you, sir, think of being obliged to live for weeks, ay, months, in continual armed watching of desperadoes of the worst character, being all the time enforced night and day, through the deluging rain and scorching sun of the tropic, on the open deck of a miserable little vessel, crowded with beings of both sexes, covered with the itch, without coming into contact with whom you could not stir from the six feet square reserved abaft to you and your crew? This even favorable state of things is truly a pitiable situation for men with the ordinary notions of decency and propriety! But now, sir, imagine the negroes in a sickly condition, turning their dying eyes upon you whichever way you look, hear their moans, and watch the contortions of their diseased and emaciated frames! and reflect that it is out of your power to help them! What horrible torture is this for men endowed with the common feelings of humanity! Under the influence of the mental suffering produced by such a scene, an officer (whose own assurance I have for it) has, every hour of the day, wished himself dead, that he might escape from the horrors by which he was surrounded.

But who are they that cause these frightful results? Who are they that mix this cup of hideous disease, captivity, and death, for the wretched blacks, and compel their white brethren to administer it, and, powerless and shuddering, to watch every fatal gradation in the scenes of woe and misery?

Alas! truth declares, in terms as incontrovertible as they are awful, that this acme of sorrows is produced by British philanthropists.

Ay! however painful the reflection may be to them, or however lamentable to those who appreciate their motives, it is most assuredly to their imperfect knowledge of the slave trade in detail, and their ill-digested plans for its mitigation, that the excess of human suffering, which I have attempted to describe, must be attributed.

Had Great Britain done nothing to prevent the slave trade on the coast of Brazil, it is the general conviction of all I have talked with who are acquainted with the subject, that the amount of suffering endured by the negroes (to say nothing of the greatly increased mortality which our interference has almost invariably led to) would have been considerably less than under the present cruel and abortive system.

Either do more, or undo what you have done. Better that once, upon this coast, the blacks should contentedly live slaves, than wretchedly die while waiting for freedom.

I have done with the particular subject of Rio Janerio; but I am warmed now, and must go on.

In the general question of suppression, some terrific details might be afforded from this country.

There was one case lately of a vessel that crossed the Atlantic three times with the same cargo; and, at last, after three trials before the courts, was allowed to go where her master thought fit, with the living skeletons of not one-tenth of her original freight, that survived the humane process of attempting their freedom. And there might be added many more disgusting proofs, that the zeal of its friends has outrun their discretion, and that their interference has aggravated the miseries of the blacks, instead of relieving them.

Now mark me, sir!

There is a certain effectual cure for the evil.

Are you the humane leader of the abolition party? Or do you aspire to the honor of that title? Propose it manfully to Parliament.

Get them to pass an Act, authorizing all commanders of the king's ships, finding on the high seas a vessel with slaves on board for traffic, to consider her *ipso facto a pirate*, whatever flag she may show.

Let the commanders have orders instantly to take out the crew, except such as may be required to take care of the negroes, and, to send the vessel to the nearest port of a British colony, where there is a black population; and, let the authorities there be directed to free them under the existing regulations as to apprenticeship, &c., when circumstances prevent their being sent to Sierra Leone, which should always be performed, as it can be done, without risk of great mortality among the negroes.

Let them have orders to guard the crew as pirates, and let the act declare that, for the trial of such slave traders, (as five may not meet once in seven years in these times of peace,) three naval officers above the rank of a lieutenant shall form a court martial.

Let the captain of the vessel, with the slaves on board, and the indentity of the crew be proved by the boarding officers and the boats' crews. And let it be provided, that the two principal officers of the vessel, (but particularly the owner or supercargo, if found on board, and the master,) shall, by sentence of that court, without appeal or reprieve, be hanged! on its being proved by the testimony of the crew, or by the vessel's papers, or by any other sufficient evidence, that they are such principals. And, if no

proof can be had of the principals, then let the crew draw lots, and the two on whom the lot shall fall be hanged, while the rest of the crew be forced to carry the sentence into execution, or suffer the like punishment. Thus degraded, let them be discharged, and their descriptions forwarded to all naval stations, so that if taken a second time in such employ, the offenders may suffer death by sentence of the court martial, although they may not be principals.

Lastly, let the expensive and inefficient mixed commission be suppressed.

Let no false humanity prevent such a law being carried strictly into effect; and after six months there will not be two slave vessels a-year cross the Atlantic.

This year 46,000 blacks have been imported into Brazil, and the king's ships, are too few to attend even to the protection of British life and property in the Brazilian ports, which are all more or less disturbed; so that the few captures are acccounted for.

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It may be objected, that some nations refuse us the right of search; but, all those nations have forbidden the traffic: some have declared it piracy, and the rest, if properly urged, will follow their example.

If a vessel, which there is every reason to believe a pirate, were to hoist the flag of any nation whatever, would that prevent her being examined? Certainly not! for if so, there is perfect impunity for all crimes committed by pirates on the high seas.

To satisfy, then, any such national scruple, (if by possibility an officer should be deceived as to the character of the vessel he deems a piratical slaver,) let a form of apology, admitting and accounting for his error in judgment, be prescribed for the captain of the searching ship to write and sign in the log book of the vessel searched. This will effectually check any wanton exercise of power by his majesty's naval commanders, while it will never prevent the honest exercise of their discretion in a just cause; and it should assuredly satisfy any nation that is jealous only for the honor of its flag.

With this I will close for the present my remarks on the general question.

You have both subjects now before you, and with regard to the particular oversight with foreign commissions, your eyes are soon opened. If you are the sincere friend of the blacks, (and I do not say this as doubting it,) you have now grounds for interfering to make the commission effective, and to remedy the mischief you have unknowingly established.

Let the nations see that you are awake, and at your post; and soon may the savage and the slave, with the enlightened and the free, have cause to bless, as now they have cause to curse, your interference.

I trust ere long, I shall rejoice in the effects of your zeal; and that there will be no need of any further call upon you from

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Alas! we have no power on the subject. It has all been monopolized by the *soi disant* philanthropists and the self-sanctified of the conventicle.—ED.

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## I NEVER CAN ANOTHER WED.

BY L. M. J. MONTAGU.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
'Twas on her bridal day
I saw her last; and then her tears
Did stain her bright array:
Methought those tears for me were shed;
But be it so, or not,
I never can another wed,
She, never be forgot.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
I never see the place
Where once she dwelt, but bitter tears
Come gushing o'er my face;
They say that love by grief is fed;
But be it so, or not,
I never can another wed,
She, never be forgot.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
Nor would I trust me now
To look on her, in smiles, or tears,
Lest I forget her vow:
They tell me that her beauty's fled;
But be it so, or not,
I never could another wed,
She, never be forgot.

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## DIARY OF A BLASÉ*

### CHAPTER XXV.

April, 1836.

EXPEDITION TO BASSEIN.

IT was not until many months after the war had been carried on, that Sir Archibald Campbell found himself in a position to penetrate into the heart of the Burmah territory, and attempt the capital. He wanted almost every thing, and among the rest reinforcements of men; for the rainy season had swept them off by thousands. At last, when determined to make the attempt, he did it with a most inadequate force; a force which, had the Burmahs thought of even trenching up and barricading the roads at every half mile, he must have been compelled, without firing a shot, to have retreated. Fortunately, he had an accession of men-of-war, and his river detachment was stronger than he could have

* Continued from p. 141.

hoped for. I do not pretend to state the total force which was embarked on the river or that which proceeded by land, communicating with each other when circumstances permitted, as the major part of the provisions of the army were, I believe, carried up by water. The united river force was commanded by Brigadier Cotton, Captain Alexander, and Captain Chads, the land forces of course, by Sir A. Campbell, who had excellent officers with him, but whose tactics were of no use in this warfare of morass, mud, and jungle.

It will be proper to explain why it was considered necessary to detach a part of the forces to Bassein. The Rangoon river joins the Irrawaddy on the left, about one hundred and seventy miles from its flowing into the ocean. On the right of the Irrawaddy is the river of Bassein, the mouth of it about one hundred and fifty miles from that of Irrawaddy, and running up the country in an angle towards it until it joins it about four hundred miles up in the interior. The two rivers thus inclose a large delta of land, which is the most fertile and best peopled of the Burmah provinces, and it was from this delta that Bundoola, the Burmah general received all his supplies of men. Bundoola was in the strong fortress of Donabree, on the Bassein side of the river, about half way between where the Rangoon river joined it on the left, and the Bassein river communicated with it a long way farther up on the right. Sir A. Campbell's land forces were on the left of the river, so that Bundoola's communication with the Bassein territory was quite open, and as the river forces had to attack Donabree on their way up, the force sent to Bassein was to take him in the rear and cut off his supplies. This was a most judicious plan of the general's, as will be proved in the sequel. Major Sale, with four or five hundred men in three transports, the Larne, and the Mercury, Hon. Company's brig, were ordered upon this expedition, which sailed at the same time that the army began to march and the boats to ascend the river. On the arrival of the expedition we found the entrance of the river most formidable in appearance, there being a dozen or more stockades of great extent; but there were but two manned, the guns of the others, as well as the men, having been forwarded to Donabree, the Burmahs not imagining, as we had so long left that part of their territory unmolested, that we should have attempted it. Our passage was therefore easy; we merely landed after a few broadsides, and spiked the guns, and then, with a fair wind, ran about seventy miles up one of the most picturesque and finest rivers I was ever in. Occasionally the right lines of a stockade presented themselves, but we found nobody in them, and passed by them in peace. But the river now became more intricate, and the pilots, as usual knew nothing about it. It was, however, of little consequence; the river was deep even at its banks, over which the forest trees threw their boughs in wild luxuriance. The wind was now down the river, and we were two or three days before we arrived at Bassein, during which we tided and warped how we could, while Major Sale grumbled. If the reader wishes to know why Major Sale grumbled, I will tell him—because there was no fighting. He grumbled when we passed the stockades at the entrance of the river because they were not manned; and he grumbled at every dismantled stockade that we passed. But there was no pleasing Sale; if he was in hard action and not wounded, he grumbled; if he received a slight wound, he grumbled because it was not a severe one; if a severe one, he grumbled because he was not able to fight the next day. He had been nearly cut to pieces in many actions, but he was not content. Like the man under punishment, the drummer might strike high or strike low, there was no pleasing Sale: nothing but the *coup de grace*, if he be now alive, will satisfy him. But notwithstanding this mania for being carved, he was an excellent and judicious officer. I have been told he is since dead; if so, his Majesty has lost one of the most devoted and chivalric officers in his service, to whom might most justly be applied the words of Hotspur,—"But if it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending soul alive."

As I before observed, the branches of the trees hung over the sides of the river, and a circumstance occurred which was a source of great amusement. We had a little monkey, who had been some time on board, and was a favorite, as usual, of the ship's company. The baffling winds very often threw us against the banks of the river, near which there was plenty of water; and when this was the case, the boughs of the trees were interlaced with the rigging of the ship. This unusual embracing between nature and art gave Jacko the idea of old times when he frolicked in the woods, and unable to resist the force of early associations, he stepped from the topsail-yard to the branch of a large tree, and when the ship had hauled off clear, we found that Jacko had deserted. We lamented it, and thought no more about him ten minutes afterwards, and continued our course up the river. About an hour had elapsed, during which we had gained upwards of a mile, when again nearing the bank on that side, we heard a loud chattering and screaming. "That's Jacko, sir," said one of the men, and others expressed the same opinion. We manned the jolly-boat, and sent it on shore towards the place where the noise was heard. The monkey did not wait till the bow of the boat touched the shore, but springing into it when some feet off, he took his seat very deliberately on the stores, and was pulled on board, where immediately he flew up the side, caressing every one he met. The fact was, that Jacko had found several of his race in the woods, but, like all wild animals, they immediately attacked one who had worn the chains of servitude, and Jacko had to fly for his life. We very often enterlaced the rigging with the boughs after that, but the monkey remained quiet on the booms, and showed

not the slightest wish to renew his rambles.

I think it was on the third day that we arrived below the town of Naputah, which was defended by a very formidable stockade, commanding the whole reach of the river. The stockade was manned, and we expected that it would be defended, but as we did not fire, neither did they; and we should have passed it quietly, had not Sale grumbled so much at his bad luck. The next day we arrived at Bassein, one of the principal towns in the Burman Empire. Here again Major Sale was disappointed, for it appeared that, on hearing of the arrival of the expedition at the entrance of the river, the public divided into two parties, one for resistance, the other for submission. This difference of opinion had ended in their setting fire to the town and immense magazines of grain, dismantling the stockades, and the major part of the inhabitants flying into the country. The consequence was, that we took possession of the smoking ruins without opposition.

It was soon observed that the people were tired of the protracted war, and of the desolation occasioned by it. They wanted to return to their wives and families, who were starving. But up to this time the chiefs had remained faithful to Bundoola, who had amassed stores and provisions at Bassein, intending to retreat upon it, should he be driven out of the fortress of Donabree; and as long as he held that fortress, receiving from Bassein his supplies of men and of provisions. The Burmahs were so unwilling to fight any longer, that they were collected by armed bands, and made prisoners by the chiefs, who sent them up as required; and many hundreds were still in this way detained, inclosed in stockaded ground, and watched by armed men, in several towns along the river. An expedition was first despatched up the river, to its junction with the Irrawaddy, as there was a town there in which was the dockyard of the Burmahs, all their war boats, and *canoes* of every description being *built* at that place. They ascended without difficulty, and, after a little skirmishing, took possession of the place; burnt all the boats built or building, and then returned to Bassein.

Of course, we had then nothing to do; Major Sale's orders were to join Sir A. Campbell if he possibly could; which with much difficulty he ultimately affected. We must now return to the river expedition sent up at the same time that Sir A. Campbell marched by land, and the expedition that went up the Bassien river.

This force arrived at Donabree before we had gained Bassein. It found a most formidable fortress, or rather, three fortresses in one, mounting a great number of guns, and, as I before observed, held by Bundoola, the commander of the Burmah forces, in whom the Burmah troops placed the greatest confidence. I speak from hearsay and memory, but I believe I am correct when I state that there were not less than ten thousand men in Donabree, besides war elephants, &c. Now the river force did not amount in fighting men certainly to one thousand, and they were not in sufficient strength to attack a place of this description, upon which every pains has been taken for a long while to render it impregnable. The attack was however made, and the smaller stockade of the three carried; but when they had possession of the smallest stockade, they discovered that they were at the mercy of the second, and in a sort of trap. The consequence was, defeat—the only defeat experienced by the white troops during the whole war. The troops were re-embarked, and the boats were obliged to drop down the river clear of the fire of the fort. I believe two hundred and fifty English troops were left dead in the stockade, and the next day their bodies, crucified on rafts, were floated down among the English boats by the triumphant Bundoola. In the mean time a despatch had been sent to Sir A. Campbell, who was in advance on the banks of the river; stating that the force afloat was not able to cope with the fortress, the real strength of which no one had been aware of. The consequence was, that Sir A. Campbell retraced his steps, crossed the river, and attacked it in conjunction with the flotilla, Sir A. Campbell taking it in the rear. After some hard fighting, in which the elephants played their parts, the troops gained possession, and Bundoola having been killed by a shell, the Burmahs fled. Now it was very fortunate that the exdition had been sent to Bassein, for otherwise the Burmahs would have fallen back upon that place, which held all their stores; and would thus have been able to continue on the rear of Sir A. Campbell, as he advanced up the river. But they had heard of the destruction of Bassein, and consequently directed their flight up the river towards the capital. We were in possession of all these circumstances shortly after we had taken possession of Bassein, and although the death of Bundoola, and taking of Donabree had dispirited the Burmahs, yet there were many chiefs who still held out, and who, had they crossed with their troops to the Irrawaddy, would have interrupted the supplies coming up, and the wounded and sick who were sent down. We had, therefore, still the duty of breaking up these resources if possible. Having ascertained who the parties were, we sent a message to one of the weakest to say, that if he did not tender his submission, and come in to us, we should attack him, and burn the town to the ground.

The chief thought it advisable to obey our summons, and sent word that he would come in on the ensuing day. He kept his promise: about noon, as I was sitting in the verandah of a large saniny house,(a sort of monastery,) which I had taken possession of, I was informed that he had arrived. The token of submission on the part of the Burmahs is, presenting the other party with *wax candles*. If a poor man has a request to make, or favor to ask of a great man, he never makes it without laying a small wax candle at his feet. Neither do

they approach the Rayhoon and Mayhoon without this mark of respect.

Some time after this, one of the chiefs who had submitted, took up his quarters at Bassein; and his little daughter, about eight or nine years old, was very fond of coming to see me, as I generally made her little presents. She became very much attached to me, but she never appeared without a little wax candle, which she dropped at my feet before she threw herself into my arms.

In the present instance, the chief first made his appearance, and having come within a few feet, sat down as a *mark of respect*. He was followed by six more, who each carried about two pounds of wax candles, tastefully arranged in a sort of filagree work of colored papers. After these came about fifty men, carrying large baskets full of vegetables and fruit, which they poured out on the floor before me, and then walked away and squatted at a distance. A few words of ceremony were then exchanged, and the friendship cemented over a bottle of brandy and some wine; which, notwithstanding the use of spirituous liquors is against their religion, and forbidden by the government, they did not object to. Before he left I made him a present in return, of a silver flagon, which I had in my plate chest, and he went away delighted with the gift. Several more of the minor chiefs afterwards came in, and the same formalities were gone through; but there were three of the most important who would not make their appearance; one, the chief of Naputah, the town which we had passed, which did not fire at us from the stockades, and two others down at another large arm of the river, who had many men detained for the service of the army if required, and who were still at open defiance. All these three were gold chatta chiefs, that is, permitted to have a gold umbrella carried over their heads when they appeared in public.

After waiting a certain time for these people to send in their submission, I sent word down to the Chief of Naputah, that I should visit him in my ship the next day, threatening him with the consequence of not complying with my request. Accordingly we weighed in the Larne, and dropped down the river till we were abreast of the town and stockade, which was about thirty miles distant from Bassein. Our broadside was ready; but as we were about to fire, we perceived that boats were manning, and, in about five minutes the chief of Naputah, in his own war-boat, accompanied by about twelve others, and a great many canoes, pulled off from the shore and came alongside. He made his submission, with the usual accompaniments, and we were soon very good friends. I gave him a beautiful little brass gun, which ornamented our poop, and he went away very well pleased. We here had an opportunity of witnessing the dexterity with which they handle their boats. They really appeared to be alive, they darted through the water with such rapidity. Many of the Burmahs remained on board, examining every part of the vessel and her equipment; and soon they were on the best of terms with the seamen and the few troops which I had on board to assist us, for we were very short manned. We had gained intelligence that there were some guns sunk in a creek, about three miles from Bassein, and we had despatched a boat to look for them, having the assurance of a chief who was at Bassein, that the people were peaceable and well disposed. By some mistake, the boat went up the wrong creek and pulled many miles into the country, without finding the spot pointed out by marks given. At night they were at the mercy of the Burmahs, who came to them to know what they required. The Burmahs told them that they had mistaken the creek, but were very kind to them, giving them a good supper, and passing the night among them, playing their marionettes. The next day they showed them their way, and when they came to the guns, the Burmahs dived, and made ropes fast, and brought them up for them; sending a message that they would come and see the *Great Water-dog* (meaning me) the next day.

We remained two days at anchor, waiting for this boat, off the town of Naputah, as it was my intention to go down the river, and attack the two other gold chatta chiefs, if they did not send in their submission. On the second day the Naputah chief came on board to ask me if I would attend a Nautch which he gave that evening in compliment to us; but requested that we would not bring all our people, as it would frighten his own. Although it was not pleasant to trust myself on shore in the night, in the midst of so large a force, yet I thought it advisable, as I was anxious to make friends with him, to accept the invitation in the manner he desired. I replied, "that I would only bring on shore a few officers, and my usual attendants of six marines without arms." At eight o'clock some of the officers and I went on shore: it was quite dark, but we found the chief at the landing-place ready to receive us. The marines had their bayonets, and the officers had pistols concealed in case of treachery, and the first lieutenant kept a good look out, with the broadside of the ship all ready at the first flash of a pistol, but these precautions were unnecessary; the chief took me by the hand and led me up to his house, in front of which had been erected a sort of covered circus, brilliantly lighted up with oil in cocoa-nut shells, and round which were squatted several hundred Burmahs. He took us all to the raised verandah of the house, which was fitted up for the ceremony, where we found his wife, and all his attendants, but not his daughter, who was said to be very handsome. As soon as we had taken our seats, the Nautch commenced. About twenty men struck up a kind of music, rather barbarous, in which the bells and drums made the most noise. After a few minutes of discordant sound, the play began. The actors were in a sort of costume, and appeared quite at home in their parts. The story consisted in the attempts of a young prince

to obtain the hand of a young princess; and the dialogue was constantly interrupted by an actor who appeared to be a looker on, but who made his remarks upon what passed, so as to excite bursts of laughter from the audience. He was the Jack Pudding, or wit of the piece, and several of his jokes were not very delicate. At all events, he was the Liston of the company, for he never spoke nor moved without creating a laugh. The play ended very curiously; after the prince had gained the princess, they had a procession, in which they made an imitation of a ship, out of compliment to us; and then built a little house on the stage with singular rapidity, to the door of which they conducted the youthful couple, closed it, and then the play was over. In the meantime *pickled tea* (which is a great compliment, and excessively nasty) was handed round to us, and we all partook of it, taking it out with our fingers; but we could not swallow it, so it remained like a quid of tobacco in our cheeks until we had an opportunity of getting rid of it.

The purser had had the foresight to put a couple of bottles of wine, and one of brandy, in the pockets of the marines, which were now produced, for the band continued to play, and wrestling was introduced. We asked the chief to join us, but he refused; he handed down a sort of picture, in which was represented the white elephant pagodas, &c., and told us that he was not only the war chief, but the head of the religion at Naputah, and that it would not be right that he should be seen by his people transgressing the laws. In the meantime his daughter, who did not come out to us, was very anxious to know what sort of people we were, and she sent for one to be brought in to her. My clerk was the favored party. She examined him very closely, pulled his dress about, made him bare his legs, to see how white they were, and then dismissed him. The clerk reported her as very handsome, and quite as white as he was; splendidly dressed, and with an air of command, which showed that she was aware of her importance.

We staid about two hours longer, and then we rose to go away. The chief walked with us down to the boats, and we were not sorry to find ourselves on board again; for the population was much more numerous than we had imagined, and had any treachery been attempted, we must have fallen a sacrifice.

(*To be continued.*)

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## LE COMMENCEMENT DU VOYAGE.

*Chanson chantée sur le berceau d'un enfant nouveau-né.*

Voyez amis, cette barque légère
Qui de la vie essaie encore les flots,
Elle contient gentile passagère,
Ah! soyons en les premiers matelots,
&c. &c. &c.

*Sung over a New-born Child.*

## IMITATION.

See the bark so frail and slender,
Launched on life's tempestuous sea,
Dear's the freight, then let's attend her,
For a merry crew are we.
Now a prosperous star is beaming,
Sportive nymphs around us play,
Garlands from the mast are streaming,
Haste on board her, haste away.
Haste, and as she glides along,
Cheer her progress with a song.

Muses here their aid have plighted,
Love and friendship take the helm,
With such pilots thus united,
Billows ne'er can overwhelm.
Now the silken sails are swelling,
Zephyrs in attendance sport,
Hope is with us, Hope propelling
Guides her to the distant port.
Gaily now she glides along,
Cheer her progress with a song.

Round the interesting stranger,
Cherubs as her guardians stand,
Screen from every shoal and danger,
As the waves of life expand.
Onwards Hope her progress urges,
Should there come a stormy blast,
Hope will bear her through the surges,
Till she gains the port at last.
Gaily now she glides along,
Cheer, O cheer her, with a song.

JOHN WARING.

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## THE CHARITY SISTER.*

### A TALE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Miss Altamont did not speak directly either to her brother or to Rosabelle, but indulged herself in snarling hints, ill-natured comparisons, and sarcastic allusions; those paltry weapons so readily at hand with ordinary women. These were met by all Rosabelle's artillery of humor and girlish fun; she delighted in teazing her, and committed a thousand little extravagances purposely to draw forth her comments; nevertheless, those comments made their impression on her husband almost against his will; and so well did she play off his precise sister, and so much more

* Continued from page 147.

was Miss Altamont dreaded than liked, that, unfortunately, Rosabelle was but too much encouraged, and she ended by making her an implacable and by no means a powerless enemy. Fanchette was put under strict *surveillance;* she grumbled exceedingly, and heartily wished that her young mistress had married her handsome cousin, who, she was sure, was desperately in love with her: and of this she made no secret. Every word spoken by the imprudent girl was conveyed to Miss Altamont by her mother's maid, Mrs. Milicent.

It was the custom in those times to spend *the winter* in London, not the spring and summer; and, on the first of November every year, let the weather be what it might, the heavy travelling coach with its four horses appeared at the door, to convey the family to their house in town. This house belonged exclusively to the dowager.

"My dear Rosabelle," said Lord Altamont, "answer me without hesitation; would you like to reside this winter at my mother's house in town, or shall I take a separate and temporary residence for you? I say temporary, because I intend we shall have a house of our own by the next winter."

"A separate residence, if you please?" said she beseechingly.

When this arrangement was made known, the dowager merely said, she hoped that their residence would be as near her's as possible; but Miss Altamont looked at her brother, sighed, and shook her head.

The following morning at breakfast, Miss Altamont looked up from her weekly newspaper, (she was a profound politician,) and, addressing Rosabelle, said, "Here is something that may interest *you*, Lady Altamont: your cousin, the Count de Beauvilliers, has just arrived in London with the new French ambassador." She bent her eyes keenly on Rosabelle as she spoke, and the effect more than answered her expectation. Lord Altamont started at the communication, observed his sister's peculiar look, then turned to Rosabelle: a deep blush had overspread her face and neck; her eyes were fixed on her breakfast-cup; she raised it to her lips, then replaced it; at last she stammered out, "Indeed!"

"Oh! I thought you would be quite pleased," cried Miss Altamont.

"So I am—not exactly—but—"

"I am sorry to have occasioned your ladyship so much confusion," observed her sister-in-law, gravely resuming her perusal.

Lord Altamont left the room: Fanchette clapped her hands when the butler reported the news down stairs, and declared she was very glad to hear it.

In a few days afterwards the family arrived in London; Lord and Lady Altamont took possession of a magnificent mansion belonging to an elderly nobleman who, for the benefit of his health, spent the winter in Italy.

Three or four days elapsed without their hearing any thing of the count. At length, one evening, when Rosabelle was alone in the drawing-room, having retired from a gentleman's dinner-party, the count was announced. He entered with a very formal and respectful air, slightly kissed her hand, made some ceremonious inquiries, and withdrew to the company down stairs, where he was courteously but not cordially received by Lord Altamont: being acquainted with several of the party, he joined in the conversation with his usual ease and vivacity, but pleaded another engagement when the adjournment to the drawing-room took place.

The count had again the pleasure or the mortification to observe the triumph of his once intended bride. In London she was as much the rage as she had been at Paris, from whence her fame had arrived before her: her dress, her air, her style of dancing were models for imitation, and though surrounded by crowds of admirers wherever she moved, yet she was less hated and envied by the women than might have been expected, simply because she gave herself no airs, was neither proud nor affected, but always lively and natural, seeming just as well pleased, or rather more so, in the company of women as of men; so that among many delightful female acquaintances, she was fortunate enough to make two or three valuable friends. She found time, too, under the best masters, to improve her education, sedulously devoting the former part of the day to instructive pursuits, and by the direction and with the help of Lord Altamont, proceeded in a course of English reading, well calculated to enlighten and strengthen her mind.

Lord Altamont could not help acknowledging to himself, that, dazzled by her beauty and fascinated by her almost infantine simplicity, he had overlooked her mental powers; they were now gradually expanding, and he was astonished at their development. He had yet to learn the deep energy that lay concealed under the flowery surface of her character, which, hitherto, alone had attracted and delighted him.

The Dowager Lady Altamont began to be proud of her daughter-in-law, and would really have become fond of her had it not been for Miss Altamont, who possessed much influence over the mind of her mother, and to whom the success of Rosabelle was gall and worm-wood. Even the distinguished reception of her brother in the House of Peers, and the impression he had begun to make on that assembly, and through it on the public, failed to create that lively interest it ought to have done, because it contributed to increase the fashion and consequence of his wife.

Rosabelle was well pleased with the thorough change which appeared to have taken place in the sentiments of the Count de Beauvilliers. He seemed desirous to begin a new acquaintance on a new footing; that acquaintance became gradually more intimate, and at length put on an appearance of the most sincere friendship towards her and her husband. His manner was more respectful to her than to other women, his conversation

more rational, in spite of the *laissez aller* of hers; he paid her no compliments, and when her praises were dwelt on by others, he was uniformly silent. Lord Altamont began to have a better opinion of him, and found many excuses in the lax code of Parisian morals, for his having once presumed to raise his aspiring hopes to Lady Altamont; he imagined those hopes had died a natural death from conviction of the purity and steadiness of her principles, and the devoted nature of her conjugal affection; and he imagined that, in their stead, had sprung up a real and disinterested friendship. Lord Altamont was partly right in his conjectures and partly wrong.

The fact of the count's having been the intended husband of *la belle Française* had got into circulation with many interesting additions: it was said that Lord Altamont was not ignorant of the engagement, when, at sight of the appropriated treasure, he resolved to make it his own: that the count (with whom the sentimental sympathised) still adored her faithfully, whether hopelessly or not was a question. His peculiar manner towards her, the silent melancholy with which he heard her spoken of, and the coldness with which his acquaintance was acknowledged by the dowager and her daughter, tended to confirm these reports. The trio became a little nucleus of interest and curiosity, of which circumstance two out of the three were certainly quite insensible.

During the residence of the family in London, it was thought better by all parties that the ancient manor-house of Moorlands should be repaired and fitted up for the dowager and Miss Altamont. It was about a mile and a half distant from the baronial residence, and Lord Altamont spared no trouble or expense in rendering it fit for the reception of his mother and sister on the family leaving town, which event was fixed for the first of May: but it would not be in his lordship's power to accompany them, as business of various kinds required his stay in the capital a week or two longer.

The count dined with Lord and Lady Altamont the day before the departure of the ladies. He told Rosabelle that he was about to return to France for two or three months. "I shall," he continued, "make a little *détour* through your county on my way to Dover, partly, because I promised Sir Charles Welburne a visit at his seat, but chiefly because I wish to have a peep at Moorlands, that I may give your father an exact description of it."

"Oh! we shall be so glad to see you," said Rosabelle, "and I shall have the package ready for my father, which I promised him in my last letter. You must join with us in trying to persuade him to pay us a visit: he could come when you return; what a good opportunity!"

The conversation was here interrupted, and, amid the bustle of departure, and Rosabelle's grief at this, her first separation from her husband, the subject of it did not again occur to her.

"We ought to be ashamed," said Lord Altamont, as early the following morning, he was conducting his weeping Rosabelle down stairs to the carriage, "we really ought to be ashamed at making ourselves so miserable about a few days' separation: they will laugh at us, Rose, for a downright uxorious couple."

"I cannot help it," she replied, trying to suppress her tears.

"Nor I neither," said her husband; "but think of the happiness of our meeting?"

"I do try to think of that: but I cannot tell why the idea does not come home to me. God grant that we may have a happy meeting!"

These words were said in a tone of dejection and solemnity that surprised even herself and quite startled her husband; but they had reached the carriage in which the two other ladies were waiting: as he helped her in, he said to his mother, "Cheer her spirits, dear mother: she is quite overpowered."

The door closed, and the carriage drove off: a white handkerchief, wet with tears, waved from the window until it turned the corner; when Lord Altamont slowly re-entered his house with an unaccountable oppression at his heart, which he vainly struggled to throw off.

Four or five days afterwards, M. de Beauvilliers dined with Lord Henry Beauclerk, who was to accompany him on his trip to Paris. They were to have dined tête-à-tête, but Mr. Cavendish, an intimate friend of the Altamonts, happening to call, he was pressed into the service. After the cloth was removed, they began to talk over their arrangements.

"So you decidedly set off early to-morrow?" said Lord Henry to the count.

"Decidedly," was the reply.

"Now, Mr. Cavendish," continued Lord Henry, "is not this too bad? The count is engaged to visit in his way the Altamonts and Welburnes in Sussex, to both which families I have told him twenty times I have a general invitation; but he insists upon my going on and waiting for him at the Welburnes; he will not permit me to have a parting peep at his beautiful cousin."

This was rather mischievously intended, for neither he nor Mr. Cavendish were ignorant of the reports that have been alluded to.

"But Lord Altamont is in town," observed Mr. Cavendish, addressing the count. "How will you make out your visit?"

"Oh, there are the dowager and that pinched-up maiden, her daughter."

"A mile or two off," retorted Mr. Cavendish.

"*Tant Mieux*," said the French nobleman; "quite near enough."

The conversation dropped for the moment, but the wine went round briskly, and its effects, by degrees, became visible on the count and Lord Henry; Mr. Cavendish was more prudent.

"Pledge me, count!" suddenly exclaimed Lord Henry, "Here is a bumper of hermitage to the Rose of France!"

"The Rose of France!" repeated the count with a deep sigh, and laying his hand on his heart.

"Come, count, confess *entre nous*, there is a little *penchant* yet remaining *there*, under that hand of yours! You have kept the secret much too long and too well for a Frenchman; therefore confess!"

"For a Frenchman!" repeated the count, in a mock heroical tone; "know that affairs of love are with Frenchmen affairs of honor! I am mute;" and he laid his finger on his lips.

"Nevertheless, let me go with you to Moorlands," hiccupped Lord Henry, "and I promise you to be as blind as a mole, and as deaf as a badger."

"Not for worlds!" continued the count, in the same grandiloquous strain. "The dragon that hath stolen my Hesperian fruit is off his post, and his deputies, the two she-dragons, are a mile and a half from theirs. Lord Henry, callest thou thyself my friend? Now, by this hand—no, by the moon, if we could see it—the silver moon, the lover's planet—no, it is not a planet—art thou my friend, Lord Henry, and yet—yet—yet—"

Lord Henry was fast asleep, and the count had forgotten what he was going to say. Mr. Cavendish quietly took his departure; and after having fairly considered all that had past, making a proper allowance for the effects of vanity and wine, he came to the resolution of not, in any way, giving an unnecessary degree of importance to the subject, but at his next meeting with Lord Altamont, to venture a hint that would be just sufficient to prevent his lordship renewing too close an intimacy with his French cousin on his next return to England.

About nine o'clock on the evening following this scene, Rosabelle had just arrived at her own house at Moorlands, after passing the day with her mother-in-law. The night was threatening, and she was scarcely in doors, when the rain came down in torrents. She had given orders for the house to be shut up, and had drawn close to the little fire in her dressing-room with a book, when the sound of an approaching carriage arrested her attention; her heart beat:—"Can it be my husband?—yes, it *must* be him—run, Fanchette!"

In a few minutes Fanchette returned, followed, not by Lord Altamont, but by the count.

"Monsieur de Beauvilliers! I did not the least expect you so soon—but—I am very glad to see you!"

"My dear cousin," replied the count, slightly touching her cheek, "I beg a thousand pardons for intruding on you at this time of night, but I could not leave London until late, and my journey to France has been hastened from various causes. But can you give me shelter for the night—or shall I—?"

"Shelter for the night!" repeated Rosabelle, (half ashamed of the coldness of her reception, which was the result of her disappointment), "to be sure I can."

She rang the bell, and ordered a spare bedroom to be immediately prepared; directed the count's servants and equipage to be well taken care of, and supper to be served in her dressing-room, as it was the only room that contained a fire. She paid her guest every possible attention, and her conversation and manner were full of kindness, cheerful, and unembarrassed. The count was delighted, and felt very happy by the corner of the fire with his nice supper before, and the beautiful Rosabelle sitting opposite to him. They were waited on only by Fanchette, it being the duty of no other servant to attend in their lady's dressing-room unless especially called for. But there was nothing in all this that the count could possibly mistake; he would as soon have made love to the queen of George the Second in the midst of her court as to his young cousin Rosabelle *tête-à-tête* in her dressing-room between ten and eleven at night. So invulnerable is the shield of real virtue, and so true is the instinct of man in distinguishing it from all counterfeits.

They met the next morning at breakfast, the rain still continuing. Rosabelle accompanied her cousin over the house, explaining the alterations intended to be made, and finally settled him down in the library with a favorite author, while she retired to finish her letters for Paris, and to superintend the packages for her father. It was her practice to write to Lord Altamont daily, but thinking it behoved her to give her guest all the time she could spare, she unfortunately omitted to write, intending on the following day to make ample amends; so, that when the dowager sent as usual for her letter, there was none forthcoming. Chess and billiards filled up the space before dinner; in the latter game Rosabelle had always been considered a proficient *for a lady*. Her quick eye, merry laugh, and light graceful movements, brought back the mere child, his wild little cousin Rose, strongly to the recollection of the count. They dined *tête-à-tête*, and were both exceedingly gay, Rosabelle declaring that her tongue being permitted to talk French, had resolved to make the most of its holiday. The weather clearing up a little after dinner, Rosabelle proposed walking to the manor-house, to spend the rest of the day with the two ladies there; but the count did not second the proposal, and Rosabelle, being aware that they were not the best friends, forbore to press it; she therefore took him round the grounds, showed him her garden, and so amused him until the rain again drove them in. After tea they played and sang together some of the old troubadour songs of Provence, and when the count laid his head on his pillow for the night, he acknowledged with a sigh, that this was one of the happiest days he had ever spent, in spite of being one of the most innocent.

He had told Rosabelle, t[illegible] [illegible]er the

weather might be on the following morning, he should take his leave after breakfast. The day broke, bright, fresh, and dewy; a lovely May morning, the ground alone retaining the traces of the heavy rain that had fallen. After breakfast the count's equipage drove to the door, and all being prepared he took his leave.

"Thank you," he said, "my dear cousin, for the delightful hours you have permitted me to pass with you. I shall often think of them." Her simple 'Adieu Albert!' went to his heart, for it was the first time she had called him Albert since the fatal parting at Paris.

The count threw himself into the corner of his carriage. "My moral nature must be really improving fast;" thus he soliloquized; "for I positively grieve at not having married my cousin, less for her beauty, less even for the brilliant impression she makes on society, than for the goodness and purity of her nature. Show me another beautiful woman in the world, with whom I could have spent all these hours alone and behaved as I have done to Rosabelle, simply because I dared not for my life behave otherwise. Yet was she all confidence, all frankness, and all kindness—what a fool I should be thought at Paris!" Then came a feeling of regret, approaching nearly to remorse for the more than tacit admission he had always made of his passion for Rosabelle, and for his never having negatived the inferences drawn from it, which this very visit was intended to confirm. Conscience whispered, "You have injured her fame!" Revenge thundered out, "You have punished your rival!" and vanity gently assured him, that the belief of his devoted passion, and the slight shade of suspicion it cast over her, rendered her, in the eyes of the world, only the more interesting. He arrived at Sir Charles Welburne's in excellent spirits, replied to Lord Henry's sly allusions by a meaning smile, and made desperate love to my lady's waiting-woman.

As soon as the count had left Moorlands, Rosabelle sat down and wrote her letter to Lord Altamont, giving an exact account of her cousin's visit, her commissions to her father, and every thing else she could think of. She forwarded her letter to the manor-house, a little surprised at its not having been sent for at the usual hour: it was returned after a considerable delay, with a verbal intimation that it was too late; the letter-messenger had been already despatched to the post-town. Despatched! and without apprising her! she could not account for it, regretting it the more, as it would now be too late if forwarded by herself.

Rosabelle was engaged to dine with a neighboring family, and it had been agreed that she should call for Miss Altamont on her way. She therefore ordered the carriage, and having dressed, proceeded to the manor-house according to her appointment, anxious besides to have the mistake (for such she presumed it to be) about the letter cleared up. The hall-door of the manor-house was closed on her arrival, and some minutes elapsed before it was opened; on her preparing to alight, the servant stepped to the carriage, and in a hesitating manner, told her that the ladies were not at home.

"Not at home!" repeated Rosabelle; "I call by Miss Altamont's own appointment to take her to dinner. Is there no message left?"

"None, my lady."

Rosabelle desired her coachman to proceed, quite at a loss to know what offence she had given. Having arrived at her destination, she told the lady of the house that Miss Altamont must make her own apologies, that she had called for her as had been agreed upon, but had found her from home. None of the party seemed much to regret the circumstance, and Rosabelle spent a very gay and agreeable evening.

It was on the following morning that Mr. Cavendish breakfasted with Lord Altamont in town. The conversation turned on the views of the French embassy, and from thence naturally on the count's departure. "A-propos of that personage," said Mr. Cavendish; "is he a favorite of yours?"

"Not particularly," replied Lord Altamont; "more so however than he need to be."

"He appears a vain, inconsiderate young man," observed Mr. Cavendish; "and to tell you the truth, Altamont—I hope you will pardon my freedom—were I you, I would not, on his return, allow him to be on terms of such close intimacy—you understand me?"

"Cavendish, what do you mean?" exclaimed Lord Altamont, the blood rushing to his temples.

"Nay, do not be alarmed! I mean nothing but this: he is a prating fellow, and assumes too much on his relationship, and his former engagement to Lady Altamont."

"Engagement! he was never engaged to Lady Altamont."

"The world says he was, and that he has never forgotten it, or forgiven you."

"The world lies—and does *he* dare to hint——"

At that moment a servant entered with letters from the country. Lord Altamont tossed them over: "None from Rosabelle again to-day! she must be ill surely—but here is one from my sister."

He tore it open—his eyes became distended, he turned lividly pale, and the cold drops of agony started to his brow. "My friend!" exclaimed Mr. Cavendish; "Altamont! what is the matter?"

"Read—read!" muttered Lord Altamont, as he dropped the letter, and throwing himself back in his chair, covered his face with his hands. Mr. Cavendish read as follows:—

"My dear Brother;

"It is with the utmost pain I take up my pen to discharge an act of duty I have some

time meditated. It cannot have escaped your observation, particularly of late, that my mother's sentiments and my own have not been of that nature towards Lady Altamont, which it is most desirable they should be, and which it would materially conduce to our happiness to be enabled to entertain towards your wife. We have been influenced by certain communications that have been made to us, and which we will faithfully detail to you when we see you. These communications regard the conduct of the Count de Beauvilliers towards Lady Altamont. But however well accredited, we should not have suffered mere report to induce us to venture on the decisive step we are now taking; but unhappily Lady Altamont's conduct under our own eyes, leaves us no choice. The Count de Beauvilliers has been Lady Altamont's visitor for a day and two nights under circumstances so peculiar, that until they are satisfactorily explained, my mother and myself find ourselves under the painful necessity of declining to visit or to receive her."

The epistle closed with some commonplace attempt at consolation; and, as is usual in sister's letters, a few words of grave advice.

"He has then *really* been at Moorlands!" exclaimed Mr. Cavendish.

"Did *you* know any thing of his intention?" asked Lord Altamont, with forced calmness.

"My dear lord," replied Mr. Cavendish, "it was only my wish to give you a slight hint, to warn you against the approaches of what appeared to me a snake in the grass; I had no thought of repeating all the silly reports I had heard, much less any thing that has been dropped in confidential and convivial conversation; but Miss Altamont's letter gives another complexion to the affair, and I should not consider myself acting as your friend, if I did not inform you of all that I know."

He then related the reports that had occasionally reached him, observing, however, that none of these seriously affected the character of Lady Altamont, and that, admiring and approving of her as he did, they made no impression on his mind against her, until the evening before the count left town, when he met him at dinner at Lord Henry Beauclerk's; what then passed decided him to give the hint he had that morning ventured on. Mr. Cavendish concluded by an exact detail of what had passed at Lord Henry's. Lord Altamont listened in silent, deep, and concentrated emotion.

"Cavendish, go with me, now, instantly! and, throughout this affair continue to act as you have begun, as my friend." In half an hour they were on their road to Sussex.

Lord Altamont drew himself up in the corner of the carriage, with his hat over his eyes, and spoke not a word during the whole of the journey. Injured love and wounded pride wrung his heart by turns; he recalled the ideal image his youth had worshipped as his wife, and compared it with her, who, even if innocent in fact, had acted with such folly and imprudence, that the purity of her fame was irretrievably sullied. The blood of the adulterer would scarcely wash away the stain, and he felt, for a moment, that he could himself destroy even the life he had hitherto cherished, as far more precious than his own: in thought he raised his hand to strike, and in thought too he beheld her all lovely at his feet, and in silent despair awaiting the award of her transgression: then pity came, and beneath her gentle touch the dark hues of the picture vanished, and he beheld Rosabelle only as injured and defamed, betrayed to slander by her own confiding simplicity; he recalled to mind her inability to deceive, her devoted tenderness to himself, her spotless chastity; he could not succeed in associating her image with aught of treachery or impurity; but as to Beauvilliers—concerning *him*, he had neither a doubt nor a feeling of mercy.

It was evening when they arrived at the manor-house; their sudden appearance surprised the two ladies. "Order fresh horses on!" said Lord Altamont, as he ascended the stairs. He shook hands with his mother and sister, who received him in melancholy silence.

"We are come to stay but a few minutes with you. Tell us all that you have heard, and all that you know!"

His mother wept, and it was with an effort Miss Altamont found courage to speak; she perceived the tendency the affair had taken, but it was too late to recede. She repeated the flying rumors that had got into circulation, which were nearly similar to those that had reached Mr. Cavendish; she then said that the rest of her information had been derived from Mrs. Milicent, who had therefore better be called in to give her own testimony, which was agreed to.

Mrs. Milicent was an elderly, prim, upright spinster, born and bred on the estate, and, in her own way, a devoted adherent of the family; a severe disciplinarian, with a starched cap, mittens, and high-heeled shoes. She had always held in abhorrence the French match, and looked upon Rosabelle and her maid Fanchette, as little better than heathens. But Lord Altamont was aware that Mrs. Milicent, with all her prejudices, was rigidly honest, and never swerved from the truth. She entered with a countenance more than usually solemn and severe, and curtseyed respectfully.

"Mrs. Milicent," said Lord Altamont, "I desire you will repeat to me all that you have told my sister on the subject of the Count de Beauvillers, naming your authority."

"My lord," replied Mrs. Milicent, "Ma'amselle Fanchette, as she is called, is my authority: for as soon as she found out that a well-regulated English family was not the same as their outlandish ones, that some attention was paid to order and decency, and that she could neither say nor do all she pleased, she began to grumble, and turn up her nose, and

find fault, saying, 'That she heartily wished her young mistress had married her cousin, the count, who was very much in love with her; that then they should have lived all grand and gay in Paris, and not have been mewed up, like nuns in a convent, in a great, ugly, dull house, with nothing but rain outside, and beef and small beer inside. That French ladies were always allowed a lover beside their husband, who was never counted as one, and that we should see when the count came, how her lady would take to him.' I am sure, says I, ma'amselle, your lady is too well behaved to do any such thing; albeit, she *is* a French lady, and it comes almost natural to them to do what they should not. Then I asked her how she knew that the count was so fond of her lady, and then she told me as a secret, that the day before they left Paris, the count came into her lady-ship's dressing-room to take leave of her, in the dusk of the evening; that he was very melancholy and tender-like—that she (ma'amselle Fanchette) went out of the dressing-room and shut the door, and peeped through the key-hole; that she saw the count take her lady round the waist, and whisper close into her ear; that she did not see any more, for some one came into the room where she was, and she was obliged to get up from the key-hole; that soon afterwards her lady came out, looking very agitated; that the count went down by the back stairs, and that the next morning he sent a note to you, my lord, to say that he was too ill to come himself and take leave, but that you never knew from that hour to this, that he had taken such a tender one of your lady."

Lord Altamont sat almost with his back to the speaker, his elbow resting on a table, and covering his eyes with his hand; he was evidently laboring under violent but suppressed emotion. A pause of a few minutes took place, he then continued his inquiry: "You were not, I believe, in town with the family the last winter?"

"No, my lord; I remained here in charge."

"Can you give me any information concerning the count's recent visit to my residence here, at Moorlands?"

"Yes, my lord: the housekeeper and butler have informed me that late on Tuesday evening last—(yes, Tuesday, to-day is Friday)—after Lady Altamont had returned home from spending the day here, the count arrived. Ma'amselle Fanchette ran down stairs to meet him as though he were expected: he was shown into her lady's dressing-room, supper was served there, and no one was permitted to wait but Fanchette. The nearest spare bed-room to her ladyship's, (the blue room,) was ordered to be prepared. The following day the count remained, in consequence, he said, of the bad weather. They spent the whole day together, except an hour or two while her ladyship was writing. After dinner, they walked arm-in-arm about the garden and grounds. After tea they played and sang French songs: they were very merry all day long, and never spoke a word of English. His servants down stairs kept a deal of gibing and laughing, and made very free with Fanchette; the valet said this was the way they always lived in Paris—his master made love up-stairs and they down-stairs; and much more of such trash they talked, till at last the housekeeper turned them out of her room, and told them to go and take their French tongue and their French manners into the kitchen, and that a decent English kitchen was a great deal too good for them. The next morning, (yesterday) the count went away after breakfast; he took leave of her ladyship in the breakfast-room, when no one was present."

"Is this all that you are aware of?"

"This is all, my lord; I remember nothing more of consequence."

And crossing her hands before her, Mrs. Milicent made another formal obeisance, and left the room. Almost at the same moment, a servant announced that fresh horses were put to the carriage. Lord Altamont started up; from a tray of refreshments that was brought in, he took a glass of water; then advanced to his mother, and affectionately embraced her; he turned to his sister, and coldly touching her cheek, hastily left the room without speaking another word: his mother would have followed him, but she was prevented by Mr. Cavendish: "Be advised, madam, *you know your son!*" The afflicted mother sank back on her seat, and Mr. Cavendish took his leave.

Sir Charles Welburne's domain lay near to the next post-town, and Mr. Cavendish ordered the postillions to stop there.

Lord Altamont had assumed his former position in the carriage, but he was aware of a particular opening in the road, from whence he could see his own residence; as they passed it he bent forward, and by the bright moonlight clearly perceived his once happy home, the time-honored abode of his fathers, the promised haven of his own domestic felicity. The drawing-room was lighted, and he thought he perceived the graceful form of his young wife pass and repass by the windows; he even imagined she paused for a moment, as though the sound of their distant carriage-wheels attracted her attention. A groan escaped him, as he sank back. "O Rosabelle! how have I deserved this? I, who so dearly prized, so fondly loved thee! who would have freely have given the last drop of my blood for thy sake! O Rosabelle! how art thou lost! how hast thou fallen!" A convulsive sob shook his frame, and that most deeply moving of all the effects of grief—tears from proud eyes unused to shed them—tears coursing down the cheek of lofty and enduring manhood, burst forth. His friend clasped his hand in silence: he felt that for such a woe there was no consolation.

It was between ten and eleven when the carriage drew up at Sir Charles Welburne's gate; the porter was in attendance, and, in answer to Mr. Cavendish's inquiries, informed them that the Count de Beauvilliers and Lord Henry Beauclerk were still there, but that

they were to take their departure on the following morning for Dover, and from thence to France.

Lord Altamont and Mr. Cavendish continued their journey, and arrived at Dover time enough to take their passage the next day to Calais, which they reached with a favorable wind the same evening: here they intended to await the arrival of the count and his friend.

Part of the following day (Sunday) Lord Altamont was employed in writing such directions concerning his affairs as he considered proper, under the circumstances in which he was placed. He had one confidential servant with him; he called him and said, "William, *whatever may happen*—you understand me—*whatever may happen*, do you, without waiting a moment, or consulting any one, set off immediately to give the information to my mother. Here is money."

The favorable wind from the English coast still continuing, the daily packet arrived on Sunday evening; and the Count and Lord Henry had just established themselves in their apartment at an hotel, and ordered supper, when Mr. Cavendish was announced. He checked the warm welcome with which he was about to be received by a cool bow, and presented a note to the count, conveying Lord Altamont's challenge. The count, for a moment, felt himself taken by surprise; but immediately recovered, and having read the note, handed it to Lord Henry, coolly observing, "I expected as much. Lord Henry, will you be my second?"

"Certainly," replied his lordship, when he had perused the challenge, "by all means."

"Then I will leave you, my lord, and Mr. Cavendish together to settle the preliminaries: only please to recollect that, as the choice of weapons, of course, rests with me, I decide for swords; they are the weapons of gentlemen; pistols are only fit for highwaymen. And make all the haste you can, I beg, for I am very hungry."

The arrangements were soon completed between the seconds, and Mr. Cavendish took a formal leave. The count immediately reappeared, followed by supper, to which he did great justice, and was precisely in his usual spirits, neither depressed nor elevated. "Now really, he said, "this is kind of Altamont—it is just the thing I wished him to do. Whether wounded or not, I shall travel to Paris with my arm in a sling, look rather pale, knit my brows, and make an interesting debût at the young Countess de B——'s. There is nothing like an amor and a duel for helping us on in the saloon and the boudoir."

At five the next morning the combatants were at the appointed spot. An English surgeon, and Lord Altamont's servant, William, were within reach.

The parties bowed to each other; Lord Altamont looked grave and stern, the count as though he were going to play a match at cricket. The ground and weapons were measured, the gentlemen took their stations, and the word was given. They met—eye to eye, and hand to hand; both were excellent swordsmen—both were gallant men. For a few minutes no advantage was gained on either side; but, as they fought, the animal instinct rose, their eyes kindled, and the strongest expression of animosity was apparent on every feature. Lord Altamont was more intent on destroying his adversary, than on guarding himself; he received a deep wound in his shoulder, but, at the same moment, he struck his sword into the breast of his enemy. The count fell, mortally wounded.

All present flew to his assistance; he was borne to a neighboring cottage, where the poor people made him up a clean bed, in which he was placed. The surgeon then examined the wound, and did all he could to lessen the pangs of the sufferer.

"Pray, doctor," whispered William, "tell me if there be any hope?"

"None," replied the surgeon; he may linger on for three or four hours, but no longer."

William immediately departed, and, according to his master's orders, made the best of his way to Moorlands.

Lord Altamont, pale, anxious, and regardless of his own wound, took his place at the pillow of the dying man. Presently the count revived, and became immediately sensible of his situation. He extended his hand towards Lord Altamont, who clasped it between his: "I have deserved this, my lord: Heaven is just—and merciful too, in granting me this little space of time to repair the mischief I have caused. He beckoned to the two seconds to approach nearer, as his voice was feeble and interrupted. "A revengeful feeling towards you, my lord, since you married Rosabelle de Clairville, and an inordinate vanity, have laid me on this, my dying bed. I confess to you freely, Altamont, I would have seduced your beautiful wife, if I could have done so; but never, except once, (in her dressing-room the evening before she left Paris,) did I presume to address her in the language of passion; but that once was sufficient. I have never been easily repulsed, and have had experience enough in the arts of women; but it was reserved for Rosabelle to teach me the power of real virtue—a look—it was only a look—(I think I see it now!)—destroyed my hopes for ever. As I trust for mercy hereafter, I swear to you, not a word, not a glance, have passed between us since, but what the whole world might have witnessed. But I was vain, I was revengeful, and to gratify both these unworthy feelings, I encouraged the belief that the love of Rosabelle was mine: my late visit to Moorlands was so contrived as to confirm every suspicion; and your challenge was matter of signal triumph, for not only would it remove all doubt of my success as a lover, but might ultimately prove the means of throwing your injured and innocent wife on my protection. You hear all this, Altamont, and still retain my hand in yours!"

"May God forgive you!" solemnly replied Lord Altamont, "as freely as I do! you have

erred in the headstrong vanity and folly of youth, and that error you are now far—far too severely expiating. Short-sighted mortals that we are!" he continued, clasping his hands and raising them towards heaven: "What would I now not give to save the life I have destroyed!"

"'Tis in vain," murmured the count: then, after a pause, "Poor Rosabelle! unworthy as I have been, she will mourn my death. Soothe her, my lord! cherish and love her! she is a jewel beyond price."

A priest, who had been sent for, arrived; and the count went through the last and impressive ceremonies of his religion with humility and calmness: when they were concluded, he spoke no more, and about noon tranquilly expired.

Force was in some degree necessary to remove Lord Altamont from the body; and, in using it, the severity of his wound, which had been thought to be very slight, was first observed. He submitted to have it dressed, and was then, by Mr. Cavendish and the surgeon, hurried away to the sea-shore, where they hired and embarked on board a fishing-boat for Dover; it not being judged prudent to wait for the packet of the following day. The wind was contrary, and for two days and nights they remained beating about in the straits. Lord Altamont's sufferings, both in mind and body, were very great; increased by his extreme anxiety to reach Moorlands, dreading, as he did, the effect of William's intelligence. On the second morning, just as they were entering Dover, the packet for Calais glided close by them; the surgeon proposed boarding her for refreshments, but was overruled, from their being now so near land, which they reached in safety about an hour afterward. Here we must leave them for the rest and refreshment none of the party could possibly proceed without, and take a survey of the events that had occurred at Moorlands.

Rosabelle, feeling somewhat affronted at the conduct of the ladies at the Manor House, on the day of the count's departure, for their neglect in not sending as usual for her letter, and at Miss Altamont's unceremonious disregard of her engagement to dinner, determined neither to send nor to call until they had offered some explanation. She forwarded the next day to the postman, by one of her own servants, her delayed letter to Lord Altamont, with an addition. Ill-fated Rosabelle! she little thought how near her husband was that very evening! she little thought, as she paced her solitary drawing-room, whose look was, for a moment, bent upon her in shame and despair!

Four days elapsed—no letter from her husband, no visit or communication of any kind from his mother or sister. Some fatal mystery was surely hanging over her? There was a change in the deportment of her servants; they all refused to associate with Fanchette, who in consequence took up her abode entirely in her mistress's apartments; they performed their merely necessary duties coldly and almost insolently; their lady did not move out beyond her own grounds, but even there, meeting once or twice with some of the tenantry, they evidently avoided her. During the two former days, visitors were received as usual; but during the two latter, Rosabelle denied herself to every one, and wounded and dejected, full of doubt and apprehension, secluded herself as much as possible.

It could not help occurring to her that the Count de Beauvilliers was in some way connected with all this. Had she acted imprudently in receiving her cousin with so much confidence during the absence of her husband? Towards *herself* she felt that she had not acted imprudently, but—towards the world? *Aye, there's the rub!* The opinion of the world, (as Miss Altamont had often said to her,) ought to be respected; and perhaps that mighty bugbear of the wicked and the weak, was affronted at her having transgressed some of its acknowledged forms and rules. She had partly a mind to question Fanchette; but second thoughts convinced her that such a step would be incorrect and degrading. Rosabelle was proud, and she resolved to await the storm she foresaw was coming, (though from what quarter and in what shape she was ignorant,) without either flinching from, or advancing to meet it.

Fanchette was silent and melancholy; she, of course, knew much more than her lady, and was becoming terrified at the recollection of all the tittle-tattle her imprudent vanity had betrayed her into.

(*To be continued.*)

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## IDEAL PROSPECTS.

### SUNSET.

Far was I in a region of bare peaks,
An alpine region, sternly desolate;
And on the highest of those peaks I sat,
Watching the sunset. Half, beyond the sea,
The broad red sun had sunk, around diffusing,
From thence up to the centre of the sky,
A glow, as of the burning of a world.
Ranges of clouds like alps, unto one point,
Were gathered from all quarters of the winds,
As there to witness that sublime descent;
—Temples and towers, on mountains of huge bulk,
Immoveable, though based upon the air,
Glowing and sleeping in that ruddy light.
The earth, the ocean, and the clouds of heaven,
In perfect harmony divinely blent,
Were with one radiant soul imbued and glad.
One ruby seemed the ocean, tremulous,
The earth like solid gold. I gazed, and gazed,
With wonder filled, and filled with ecstasy;
And thanked my God, emphatically thanked him,
I lived to look on that magnificence!
Thus in my mind from earth divinely raised,
Thought I had none of what I was, or whence;
Mortality forgot itself, as dead;
And the free soul, triumphing as a spirit,
Was for the time immortal.

In that hour,
Thus to have died were blessed; to have breathed
The free soul forth thus on that mountain-height,
As on the altar of the universe.

SUNRISE.

What thankfulness, and lowliness of heart,
Were mine, when from that airy eminence,
In the faint dawn I looked among the hills:
Then on the sun, new-ris'n; and saw the light
Go down into the vales, slope after slope.
Silently gazing as the gradual orb
Up through the circle of the heavens arose,
Where on the sky was laid no crimson bar,
Nor thin-blown fleeces of far-scattered gold,
Till all the lakes and lowest glens were filled
With one o'erflowing splendor; and on high,
Still in the Sabbath depths of those clear heavens,
Rested the sun, as once his Maker rested,
With God-like calmness of creative might,
From that illumination. I bid move,
Enlarged by what I looked on, till I seemed
Full in the presence of the Deity!
What were the mountains—what the lakes, and streams—
The mountain-torrents, and the cataracts—
On the embracing ocean? On the earth,
Shaped to new being by the vision new,
In the reflected greatness of the Great,
And the Eternal, I did live and breathe,
By power to child-like gentleness subdued:
A human speck, high in the eye of heaven,
Ennobled into fellowship with God!

RICHARD HOWITT.

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## LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.*
### No. III.

Γνωθι σεαυτον.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*15th March*, 1836.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I HAVE already described to you as much of the structure of the body as I believed necessary in order to enable you to understand the nature of the several actions which are perpetually going on *within* that structure. It is of these actions that I have now to speak. But previously to a description of the actions peculiar to living beings, it seems proper to devote a few moments to an inquiry into the nature of life itself.

Writers on physiology† are accustomed to enumerate the several distinctive differences which separate the organic from the inorganic kingdom of nature. These are, generally speaking, well marked and sufficiently understood by almost every one; although almost every one might not probably be able to give a scientific relation of them. To dwell upon these, therefore, would be foreign to my present purpose. But there are a few characteristics of organic matter of such vast and immediate importance to all that relates to the preservation of health, that I must not omit to take especial note of them.

One of the few attributes I shall mention as peculiar to organized matter is DEATH.

Death—"the dunnest of all duns," death,

"Sole creditor, whose process doth involve in't
The luck of finding every body solvent,"

has been so often personified—sometimes indeed as

"A consummation devoutly to be wished,"

but far more frequently as something horrible—some "guant gourmand," who is, by every means, to be eschewed, that we are apt to contemplate it as though it were a real entity—a sort of "raw-head-and-bloody-bones," whose chief amusement consists in stopping folks' breath. But I need not tell you that all this is mere rhetorical delusion—one of the poet's "fine frenzies." Death is a sheer abstraction, the mere cessation of life. As the cessation of sound is called silence, as the cessation of motion is called rest, so the cessation of life is called death. Death, therefore, being only the abstraction of life, it is manifest that things which never lived can never die.

Another condition peculiar and necessary to all matter *intended to live* is organism—the consummated result of organisation. Organism, in the common sense, is that state of existence in which the elements composing the germs of matter *intended to live* are held to-

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* Continued from page 153.

† Physiology is an exceedingly improper term. It is used by the moderns to signify the science of life: *animal physiology* being used for the science which treats of the life of animals, and *vegetable physiology* being appropriated to the science of life in vegetables. But the term physiology no more denotes the science of life than it does the science of picking pockets. It means the science of nature; and it is as strictly applicable to the laws which govern inanimate matter as to those which regulate the actions of living beings. The term, with regard to animal life, should be zoonomy, which signifies that science which consists in a knowledge of the *laws of life*, and nothing else. With regard to the life of vegetables, the term should be phyto-zoonomy, which means the science which makes us acquainted with the laws of *plant-life*, that is, the life of plants. "The endless introduction of new technical terms on every frivolous pretence," says Dr. Fletcher, (a new star in the iatro-philosophical firmament, and a bright one too,) "seems adapted much less to benefit than to injure the cause of philosophy." True: but when the introduction is *not* endless, and the pretence *not* frivolous, an exactly opposite result will accrue. Nothing has tended so much to mystify science and obstruct its progress as the unsettled state of the exact meanings of words. Words are, through ideas, the signs of things; and if *one* word be used indiscriminately as the sign of several things, how is the reader to know which thing of the several the writer desires to indicate? Dr. Fletcher has himself taken occasion elsewhere to complain, and that loudly, of this improper indiscriminate abuse of words.

gether by a property, which may be called vital affinity or the affinity of vitality, a property which enables it to resist the ordinary agencies of chemical affinities to which common matter is subjected. A seed is an instance in which a germ of matter *intended to live* (for a seed does not live—it merely possesses vitality, or the aptitude to live) preserves its integrity in virtue of the vital affinity, and in defiance of the common chemical agencies. A melon seed a hundred years old will grow if planted in a proper soil.

But the term *organism* is not only used to indicate a peculiar condition of the *elements* of matter, but also a peculiar condition of *masses* of matter. Here it signifies that state of existence in which masses of matter *grow* and preserve their integrity by virtue of a power which may be said to consist in the *affinities of assimilation*—a power withdrawing them from the influence of common chemical agencies until they shall have accomplished the final cause of their organisation—a power enabling them to assimilate other matter to their own nature and substance.*

Another most important characteristic of living matter is its *contractility*, that is, not *contraction*, but the *power* of contracting: it is the being *able* to contract.

Now, Indian rubber or a steel spring may be said to be able to contract. But then the one of these can only do it after having been put upon the *stretch*, and the other only after having been *bent*. They can only contract after having been put into an *unnatural* condition. In their *natural* condition they are, like all other inorganic matter, at rest; and can neither contract, nor expand, nor dilate, without being first submitted to the action of *mechanical* or chemical force. But living matter can do much more than this. When at perfect rest, and in its natural state, it can contract, shrink, in short, perform spontaneous movements merely on being excited, stimulated, or irritated, and without the agency of any mechanical or chemical power. It does this by virtue of a property called *contractility*. When you look at a very strong light, the iris, the colored part of the eye, being irritated by the rays of this strong light, *contracts*, and almost closes the pupil; that is, the black spot in the eye, which is, in fact, a round hole. When your will directs your arm to move, the muscles of the arm, stimulated, that is, excited by your will, *contract* and raise the arm, accordingly. When the blood rushes into the right side of your heart, that part of the heart *contracts* and pushes it into the left side: then the left side *contracts*, and pushes it into the aorta: then the aorta *contracts* and pushes it onward; and so on. All these *contractions* could not, of course, be executed if it were not for the property of *contractility*—that is, the *ability to contract*.

Now, all the motions of the different parts of the body, without and within, are performed by these *contractions* and by virtue of this *contractility*. It is the mainspring of the watch—it is the *chief wheel* in the machine—it is the principal beam—the main prop of the building. By it we gather our food—by it we eat it—by it we swallow it—by it the stomach sends it on to the bowels. From the bowels it is carried to the heart *by it*—and *by it*, having become blood, it is circulated through the body, for whose nourishment it is destined. Every time your watch ticks, they say, there is one human being born and one human being perished in some part of the world or other. But in the human microcosm, in that little insignificant world, called man, every time his watch ticks there are millions of molecules of the old body dissolved and carried away, and their places supplied by as many millions of new; and all this mainly depends upon this important property of contractility. Whenever, therefore, I use the term *contractility*, you will know that I mean that power, by virtue of which the several parts of the body are able to move, and perform those actions which are proper to them.

A third property distinguishing organized from inorganized matter is sensibility.

This is exceedingly slippery ground, and rendered still more dangerous by the darkness in which it is enveloped. I shall, therefore, hasten off the ice as quickly as possible,

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* It is perfectly correct to call the assimilating processes by the term of "affinities of assimilation." For what is affinity but an alliance or relation? And is there not a relation between the food and the body which it nourishes? Is there not an alliance between them? And what are the assimilating or nutritive processes or actions but those actions or changes wrought on the food, by which its alliance to the body is drawn closer and closer, until they become identical? And so it is correct to say, that the proximate atoms of organic germs are *held together* by *vital* affinity, for this is *not* equivalent to saying they are *brought* together by vital affinity. To say this would be to assign this affinity as the *primary* cause of life: whereas, in fact, the *primary cause of life* is LIFE ITSELF: for in every instance the seed is the product of a parent plant. The parent, therefore, must have an existence antecedent to the seed; and the life resulting from the seed has, therefore, *necessarily* for its *cause* the LIFE of which that seed was the product. If you ask me for the cause of the *first* life, I answer your question by another; —What is the cause of gravitation?—of chemical affinity?—of matter in general?— of creation itself?—What, but the "*causa causarum*" of the heathen philosopher—the CAUSE of all causes—the DEITY HIMSELF? This argument cannot be turned the other way: it cannot be said, that because the plant is always the product of a seed, that *therefore* the seed must have a prior existence; for the seed is produced by the same economy in the plant which produces the leaves, flowers, &c.; and to suppose that the seed could exist before the plant, is to suppose that the leaves and flowers could exist before the plant. Besides, in every created being, (whether animal or vegetable,) except man, the production of seed appears to be the final cause of its existence: and the end cannot exist before the means—the thing to be achieved before the means necessary to achieve it.

lest some invisible straw or other should trip up my heels.

"Irritatio," says Glisson, "est perceptio, sed sensatio est perceptio perceptionis:" that is, "Irritation is perception, but sensation is the perception of a perception." Said I not it was slippery ground? But Dr. Fletcher, speaking of this definition of Glisson, says, "for either terseness or accuracy it cannot perhaps be improved." To me, however, I confess, it has very much the appearance, not of splitting a hair,—that's but a trifle,—but of splitting the very ghost of a hair, which is *no* trifle. Lobstein defines sensibility as "facultatem stimulum percipiendi;" that is, the faculty of perceiving a stimulus. You probably know that any thing which irritates or excites any part of the body to action is called a stimulus. I think Lobstein is right. Thus the heart, by virtue of its *contractility*, has the power of contracting; but it is by virtue of its *sensibility* that it perceives the proper moment for *exerting* this power—the precise *when* to contract; viz. when the blood stimulates it by its presence as it rushes into its cavities. Sensibility, therefore, is that property of organized matter, by which it becomes aware of an impressing cause—by which it *perceives* when it is acted upon as a stimulus.

In vain would the heart be *organized*—in vain would it be endowed with *contractibility*, that is, she power of acting, if it were not also endowed with *sensibility*, that is, the power of knowing *when* to act—of *feeling* the presence of a stimulus. The several stimuli may be likened to a number of messengers sent out from "head quarters," the heart, in order to tell the several parts of the body *when* to act; and the arteries are the roads along which they travel—the principal stimuli within the body being the countless streams of blood flowing along its arteries. You must remember, however, that this office of stimulation is by no manner of means the main duty which the blood has to perform. It is only an adventitious office—only *one* of the numerous functions which the blood performs. Besides the blood, there is another remarkable stimulus —another messenger sent to certain parts of the body to summon them to action. But it is sent, not from the heart, but from the brain. This messenger is a strange, incomprehensible being, and his name is WILL.

Comparing organized matter to a musical instrument, and its aptitude to act, *i. e.* live, to that instrument's aptitude to sound, one might liken the stimulus offered by the blood, to the performer whose office it is to "play upon the fiddle." These two properties, *sensibility* and *contractibility*, constitute *vitality*. I say *vitality*, not *life*.

And here allow me to caution you against falling into the vulgar *error* of confounding vitality with life. The term vitality no more signifies life, than the word *fiddle* signifies *music*. Vitality signifies, not life, but *livability*, (if I may coin a word,) that is the *aptitude* or *fitness* to live, as *musicality*, (if I may be allowed to coin another word,) would denote, not music, but the aptitude or fitness to give rise to musical sounds. Vitality is a secondary cause—*a necessary condition* of organized matter in order to give rise to living actions, as musicality is *a necessary condition* in a fiddle, in order to give rise to musical sounds. A fiddle may be perfect in all its parts, and yet, for want of this necessary condition, which I have called *musicality*, be wholly unable to produce musical sounds. For instance, if you were to fill the body of Paganini's best fiddle with sand, and soak its strings in tallow, Paganini might go mad perhaps, but twenty Paganinis, or one Paganini with a twenty-Paganini power, which is the same thing, would not be able to extract from it a single musical tone. Why? Because the instrument would would have lost that *necessary condition* which I call *musicality*—the sand and the tallow have destroyed it. "En caput! sed cerebrum non habet!" Which being interpreted into the *vulgar* tongue for the benefit of "ears *polite*," signifieth, "there is the *fiddle*, but where is its aptitude to discourse most excellent *music*? I will make this clear in a moment. The first condition necessary to life is organism—*that's* the fiddle; the second is vitality, or that condition or manner of existence necessary to the production of living actions—*that's* the *musicality*, or that particular mode of a fiddle's existence necessary to the production of musical sounds, viz. perfect freedom from *sand and tallow*, and all other musical impediments. And, as we have just seen that a fiddle may exist perfect in all its parts, and yet be wholly destitute of *musicality*, and therefore perfectly unable to utter sound; so organized matter may exist, and yet for want of vitality be wholly unable to live. I know a man who is the sole and undisputed proprietor of a most fine and flourishing wen, situated on the back of his head. If this wen were shaven off, it would still, for a time, remain perfectly organized—but it could no longer live. Why? Because it would have lost its vitality—that condition necessary to life—which in this instance depended upon its connection with the man's head. It would have lost its contractility and sensibility.

And again: as organism may exist without vitality, so may vitality without life. Seeds are an example of this. A grain of mustard seed does not live. In it there is neither motion nor fluid, and it is utterly impossible for a moment to conceive the existence of life without both these. But it possesses the aptitude—the ability to live—that is, vitality; and if you plant it in a proper soil, it actually *will* live, and become possessed of both fluid and motion. A grain of sand, on the contrary, possessing neither organism nor vitality, will remain a grain of sand for ever—plant it in what soil you please. At least it can undergo no changes but such as are purely chemical or mechanical.

As vitality is not life, then, so neither is it organism; but merely a condition of the lat-

ter, necessary to the existence of the former. Life, then, being neither organism nor vitality, what is it?

"Life," says Richerand, "consists in the aggregate of those phenomena which manifest themselves in succession for a limited time in organized beings."

"Life says Dr. Fletcher, in one of the most erudite, elegant, and ingenious works that ever fell from the press—"life consists in the sum of the characteristic actions of organized beings, performed in virtue of a specific susceptibility, (vitality,) acted on by specific stimuli." These two definitions are perfectly consentaneous with each other, and to them I have nothing to add. Life, like death, is not an entity. It is merely an aggregation of effects. To say what life *is*, is only to enumerate all the actions of which a living being is capable—not only the visible actions, as of the members—but also the molecular actions, as those invisible motions among the proximate molecules of the matter of which he is composed, and by which his nutrition is effected. Life is to organism, contractility, sensibility, and stimuli, what chemical phenomena are to chemical affinity—what astronomical phenomena are to the centrifugal and centripetal forces, and the antagonization of these forces by each other—what the motion of the hands of a watch is to the main spring and its elasticity—viz. the sum total of numerous effects, of which these four attributes of organic matter above mentioned are the secondary causes. These effects we call living actions—actions, the totality of which constitutes life.

Organized matter is a harp of which vitality is the musical power; stimuli are the fingers of the performer; and life is the music produced—a hymn, day and night, in praise of the goodness and power of Him who permits

> "This harp of a thousand strings
> *To keep in tune so long.*"

Such is life—now what is health?

As life consists in the aggregate union of all the living actions, and *indifferently* whether those actions be well or ill performed; so *health* consists in the aggregate union of such only of those actions by which nutrition is carried on—and *not indifferently* whether they be well or ill performed, but *exclusively* when they are *well* performed. And *disease* consists exclusively in their being (one or more of them) *ill* performed.

You will now readily understand of what tremendous importance to health are the properties contractility and sensibility. For as health consists in the due performance of certain actions, and as these actions depend on contractility and sensibility, it is clear that they will be feebly or energetically performed, accordingly as these two properties are themselves energetic or feeble. You will also see, that the stimulus which the blood offers to them is of vast importance likewise. This stimulus is a sort of messenger sent to summon them to action. In proportion as the summons is feebly delivered, it will be faintly heard and feebly obeyed. Contractility and sensibility are a horse that gallops furiously, moves sluggishly, or goes to sleep entirely, exactly in proportion as the stimulus of the whip is gently or vigorously applied. Like the horse, too, the faster they are driven on by the whip, the sooner they are tired—like him they may be driven even to death—like him they require rest and repose. Do not therefore be led to undervalue the importance of these properties, because of the playfulness with which I have occasionally spoken of them—as, for instance in the allusions to Paganini and his fiddle. "Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?" What reason on earth is there for always telling the truth with a grave face? Why should we not sometimes tell it with a smiling eye as well as a scowling brow? Gravity is not wisdom, nor a smile folly. Besides, if to smile *be* a foll , what then? "Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il croit," says Rochefoucault.

Organism, then, is that arrangement of the component parts of matter which fits it to be endowed with contractility and sensibility. Contractility is that property which endows it with the power of executing living motions. Stimuli are impressing causes, acting on its contractility, and exciting it (organized matter) to action; and sensibility is the property by which it perceives the *presence* of these impressing causes.

The muscles of your arm are organized, and they possess contractility and sensibility; and when you will to raise your arm, your *will* becomes an impressing cause, exciting those muscles to action, that is, to contract. Their sensibility makes them aware that this impressing cause, or stimulus, (viz. the will,) is *acting* upon them, and they contract in obedience to it, and your arm is raised accordingly.

But if the nerves which convey that stimulus from the brain to the arm be paralyzed, you may *will* "till the crack of doom," your arm will not stir—it will care no more for your *willing* than did the mules of the Abbess of Androuillet for all that pious old lady's pish-ing and pshaw-ing, and thumping with her cane on the bottom of the chaise. There are the organized muscles still; there are still remaining the contractility and sensibility of those muscles; and the impressing cause is still in energetic operation, like the good abbess's cane. But then this operation is confined to the wrong place—the cane is thumping on the bottom of the chaise instead of being applied to the crupper of the mule—the stimulus of the *will* still exists, it is true, but then it is in the brain only. From the muscles of the arm, where its presence is required, it is absent—absent without leave, like the abbess's muleteer—and your arm will remain as obstinately immovable by your side, as did the mules of the Abbes of Androuillet at the foot of the Burgundian Hill.

I trust, my dear John, there are now clearly depicted on the canvass of your mind, four

distinct and well-defined ideas, representing organism, contractility, sensibility, and stimuli; and that you plainly perceive their intimate connection with each other, and the necessary co-operation of all in order to produce the phenomena of life. As to stimuli, when you consider the literal meaning of the word, you will have no difficulty in understanding that modified sense in which it is used in the language of science. It means, *literally*, a long stick with a sharp point, with which husbandmen were wont to goad their oxen along, in times and countries when and where oxen were used for agricultural purposes.

Now these properties, contractility and sensibility—these important properties upon which it is manifest, life depends, and without a healthy condition of which, the health of the body can no more be preserved, than the true motions of a watch can be maintained with a broken or otherwise injured mainspring—these properties, I say, are subject to certain laws. I am now about to endeavor to establish these laws—or rather, I am going to endeavor to convince you of their existence. That they do exist, is a truth that has been well and incontrovertibly established, and admitted among all men acquainted with the animal economy, the effect of medicines upon it, &c. &c. ever since Hippocrates practised physic at Athens, and that is more than two thousand years ago. But it is not sufficient that medical men are aware that these laws exist—my object is to convince *you* of their existence. I want you to know what is good and what injurious to your health, not from my dictum, but from the simple exercise of your own reason.

I beg that you will consider what I am about to say on the subject of these laws with great attention—examine the proofs and arguments carefully, but fairly. For I tell you, at the outset, that if you admit the existence of these laws, you will not afterwards be at liberty to question or *doubt* the truth or propriety of what I shall say with regard to diet and regimen. For the existence of contractility and sensibility are like the axioms of Euclid: they are self-evident truths, of which any one may convince himself by experiment. For instance, a dead man may easily be made to move his limbs, to breathe, and frown, &c. by exciting the appropriate muscles to contract by means of galvinism. And the laws to which these properties are subject, and of which I am now to speak, are, if I prove them, of the nature of the propositions of the first book of Euclid. If *these* be true, the propositions of the second book must be true also, *of necessity*—the truths of the second book arising out of the truths of the first, "*as naturally as pigs squeak.*" As, for instance, if you admit that twice two are four, you must of necessity *also* admit that the half of four is two. So if you admit what I am about to say of these laws, you must also admit the propriety of what I shall hereafter say as to diet and regimen, as the correctness of the latter will depend solely upon the correctness of the former. As, for instance, if you admit *now* that sensibility can be *worn out*, and that such and such a regimen is calculated to wear it out, then I say, you must also, of necessity, admit that this particular regimen is injurious to health. When I come to apply these laws to the subjects of diet and regimen, I repeat, that either what I shall say then *must be true*, or what I am about to say now *must be false.*

As all the actions of the body are performed by *contractions*, and as these contractions are performed in virtue of the contractile power, that is, *contractility*, it is evident that the physical *strength* of the body—that strength by which we raise heavy weights, walk, run, leap, &c.—will be in *proportion* to the energy of the contractile power. A high degree of contractile power, then, is synonymous with strength, and a low degree of contractile power is synonymous with weakness.

But not only are the motions of the limbs performed by contractions, but also those motions of the internal organs by which nutrition is effected. Now this being the case, and as these *internal* contractions are also performed in virtue of the contractile power, or contractility, it is again manifest that the energy with which these internal motions are performed, (and by which nutrition is effected,) will be also in proportion to the energy of the contractile power: and as health consists in the due energy (as we have before seen) with which these motions or actions are effected, it follows, clearly and logically, that a high degree of contractile power is synonymous with a high degree of health; and that a low degree of contractile power is synonymous with feeble health.

Having premised the above short paragraph, I now proceed to mention to you the first important law to which contractility is subject, viz. EVANESCENCE. Contractility can only exist in perfection in *recently* organized matter. No sooner has a molecule of matter become organized and assimilated to the living matter, than its contractility begins to fade—to evaporate, as it were, like breath which has been breathed upon a highly polished surface, such as steel, or looking-glass. Indeed, it seems to be the evanescent nature of contractility, which has given occasion to that particular contrivance by which life is supported—viz. by constant organization and disorganization—that is, perpetual building up by the arteries, and pulling down by the absorbents. For if contractility could continue to exist in full energy in an organized body during the whole time that body was destined to exist, what necessity was there for this constant renewal?—this constant disorganization and re-organization?—this constant pulling down and building up?

The evanescent nature of contractility may, I think, be accounted for thus. It seems to have been a predetermined law of nature, that the only *permanent* condition of matter should be the *inorganic* condition. Nevertheless, certain ends in the general scheme of creation were to be fulfilled, which required for their accomplishment the existence of *or-*

*ganized* matter. But in order that organized matter might *not* be permanent, and so destroy or neutralize that original law, by which it was enacted that there should be no *permanent* condition of matter except the *inorganic*, all organized matter was made subject to the laws of fermentation and putrefaction, whose office it is to destroy its organism, and bring it back to its original *inorganic* condition. But if this had been all that was done, the objects for which matter had been organized could never have been accomplished; for no sooner would matter have become organic, than it would instantly have begun to be *disorganized* again by virtue of the laws of fermentation and putrefaction to which it has been made subservient. But the ends to be answered by organized beings required time —required a continuity of existence, in a perfect state of organism, for a determinate period. It was necessary, therefore, that there should be another contrivance, in order to withdraw organized beings beyond the influence of the laws of putrefaction and fermentation for a *definite time*—that is, until the *purposes* for which it had been organized should be accomplished. The phenomena of life are this contrivance—a number of *temporary* phenomena, set up in order to *withstand* the phenomena of fermentation and putrefactiou *for a limited period.* But since the phenomena of life result from contractility, and because contractility can only reside in full activity in very *recently* organized matter, it was necessary, in order to make the matter of an organized being a fit residence for vigorous contractility, that it should be continually renewed—that while the whole being, as a being, grew older and older, the molecules of which he is composed should nevertheless be always young. And thus we observe in the aged, in whom the process of renewal goes on but feebly, and in whom the laws of fermentation and putrefaction are gradually gaining the ascendancy over the laws of life —the laws of that contrivance, which was instituted in order to *remove*, for a time, living beings from the *influence* of fermentation and putrefaction—we observe, I say, in the aged that contractility is greatly diminished—it has waned, it has faded—their strength is greatly reduced—they are no longer a *fit residence* for active contractility; since this property can only reside, in its perfection, in very recently organized matter, whereas, in the old organization goes on very slowly and imperfectly. On the contrary, in children, contractility exists in a very high degree, because, in them, the process of organization goes on with great rapidity. A child will play about on its legs for a whole day without fatigue; and will endure far longer exertion than a man, when we take into consideration the comparatively small size of the child's muscles.

It is a law, then, of contractility that, in order to its perfection, it is necessary that the molecules of the parts in which it resides should be rapidly re-organized—in a word, that they should always have a plentiful supply of healthy and well vivified blood, for it is out of the blood that the solid body is repaired—reproduced.

Another proof of the evanescence of contractility is the physical weakness which invariably attends total inaction.

Another law of contractility is this: that it is in PERPETUAL STRIFE with the laws of fermentation and putrefaction. This law arises necessarily out of what I have just said, viz. that life is a contrivance to withdraw, for a time, organized beings from the influence of fermentation and putrefaction. It is proved, also, by the fact, that healthy living beings cannot putrefy—that living beings, in whom life and strength, that is, contractility, are at a very low degree indeed, as in putrid fevers, *do begin* to putrefy *partially*—and that all beings who have lived are instantly acted upon by the fermentative and putrefactive forces as soon as contractility has left them. Observe, NOT as soon as *life* has left them, for contractility will sometimes remain, for a short time, after life has ceased. Contractility, you must remember, is *not* life, but one of the secondary causes from which life results.

Another law of contractility is, that it is in an inverse ratio of sensibility. When contractility is vigorous, sensibility is dull; and when contractility is deficient, sensibility is acute. This will be proved when speaking of the laws of sensibility.

It will be as well, perhaps, here to caution you against confounding the sensibility of science, which signifies the property of feeling, or becoming sensible of impressing stimuli, and that other kind of young-lady sensibility, which is, I believe, peculiar to boarding-schools.

In my next letter, I shall speak of certain laws and characteristic facts peculiar to sensibility. Till then, adieu.

E. JOHNSON.

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## WOMAN'S LOVE.

THERE'S a light in the glance of woman's eye,
When with love its lustre teems,
That thrills to the heart, till its feelings vie
With the poet's raptur'd dreams:
There's a bliss in the birth of woman's sigh,
When affection bids it live,
Which awakens such gush of entrancing joy
As no other source can give:
Oh, the heart that is steel'd to fond woman's love,
Hath its like in the falcon when caged with the dove!

There's a buoyant strength in woman's love,
Which change can ne'er repress;
And a constancy that soars above
The chill of false caress:
Woman, dear woman! vigil keeps
By the midnight couch of pain,

Her eye ne'er droops, her love ne'er sleeps,
She deigns not to complain:
For woman's love is the only trait
That hath 'scaped the curse of our fallen state.

Affectionate woman—daring as true!
Hath severed the gyves of the brave;
And reckless of peril, by love nerved anew,
Hath rescued the doomed to the grave.
The wrestling waves of the restless seas,
The winds in their tireless flight,
Shall we liken the love of a woman to these,
When aroused to its slumberless might.
Oh, no! for there's naught in creation's range,
So strong as this love, so unwitting of change.

Woman's true love!—'tis the dew of life,
That blesseth the old and the young;
The talismic potence which quelleth the strife
Of the heart when with anguish wrung:
For what were man, in his cycle of toil,
But an Ixion bound to his wheel,
Were it not for his ministering angel's smile,
And her tenderness sunny and leal?
Without woman—the last and best gift of his God,
The world were a wilderness cheerlessly trod.

J. F. Faulkner.

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## THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

### A TALE OF HARROGATE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Oh! mickle thinks my luve of my beauty,
And mickle thinks my luve of my kin,
But little thinks my luve I ken fairly,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him;
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
It's a' for the hinney he'll cherish the bee,
My lad's sae mickle in luve wi' the siller,
He can hae nae luve to spare for me."

Burns.

It was a beautiful morning in autumn, and the inmates of the Granby at Harrogate were dispersed in various ways. Some were riding or strolling in the vicinity, some studying newspapers and magazines at the library, a few gentlemen were engaged at billiards, and, not a few ladies intent on forthcoming conquests, were busily employed in selecting and arranging the decorations of the evening; the drawing-room was left to the undisturbed possession of two young men of the names of Stanley and Travers. These gentlemen had been resident for a week at the Granby: they were strangers when they came, but a league of amity had taken place between them, not at all uncommon under similar circumstances. I once heard a gentleman say that it was impossible any lady could enter into the spirit of Horace Walpole's declaration, "When I lose one friend, I go to the St. James's Coffee-house and get another," because ladies are not in the habit of frequenting coffee-houses; but I am of opinion that those ladies, who are in the habit of frequenting boarding-houses, can be at no loss to remember innumerable instances where the temple of friendship, instead of being laid by a stone at a time, has sprung up, like Aladdin's palace, in the course of a single night. Stanley and Travers, however, were not without many points of congeniality; they were both young, both remarkably good-looking, or what the young ladies of the house called "transcendently handsome," both poor—Stanley was a briefless barrister, and Travers a lieutenant on half-pay—both gentlemanly and well-educated, and both desirous to be married, only Stanley was hopeless, and Travers hopeful, of entering that blissful state. But I cannot better make my readers acquainted with the characters of these gentlemen, than by taking up the thread of the conversation in which they were engaged.

"It is in vain to reason with me, Travers," said Stanley; "I feel that I am condemned, for many years at least, to a single life. I could not love a woman who was not calculated to shine in society, and accustomed to the elegances of life, and I could not reduce such a one to submit to deprivation and drudgery."

"There is no occasion you should," said Travers; "such a speech would come well from the lips of our opposite neighbor at the table, who is past sixty, has a glass eye, and seven children by a former marriage; but you, Stanley, who are young and handsome, have an obvious path cut out for you; marry a woman of fortune, and provide her with the elegances of life out of her own income."

"Perhaps I may not find it so easy to meet with one."

"Nay, can you deny that you stand high in the favor of more than one in this very house? Has not the widow from Somersetshire intimated to you that her heart and acres are at your disposal whenever you please to ask for them?"

"Yes, and the amiable spirit of candor prevalent in boarding-houses, has induced a dozen of the inmates of the Granby to confide to me that I am only the third gentleman to whom she has made a similar communication during the six weeks she has been in the house!"

"Well, then, the young lady from Lothbury?"

"Do not mention her, I shudder at the very thought of her cockney pronunciation. I could not endure to listen to it for life, even were it to conduct me to the ultimatum of penny-book felicity, a gilt coach and six: besides, she has a cast in her eye."

"She casts it very favorably towards you, at all events; but I do not blame your spirit; neither of these ladies have property worth your acceptance. I remember a very fine young fellow, who, when recommended by

his friends to pay his addresses to a lady with five thousand pounds, replied, 'Five thousand pounds! I value my teeth and eyebrows at the whole of that sum!"

"Contemptible coxcomb," said Stanley, indignantly.

"Not at all," replied his friend, laughing. "In a mercantile country we must all trade on our capital; and if we are not possessed of money or goods, we are surely at liberty to venture our persons; perhaps, like Whittington's cat, the article seemingly of no intrinsic value may prove more precious than all the rest of the cargo, and conduct us to greater wealth in a moment, than we could amass in an office or counting-house in a quarter of a century."

"But I am unfortunately difficult to be pleased," said Stanley; "my future bride must possess beauty, intellect, and grace."

"And do you think you can attain all these articles united with fortune?"

"I must be as vain as your friend of the teeth and eyebrows, if I expected such a thing," said Stanley with a smile; "therefore, I repeat, I must lead a single life, unless I do a far more silly thing, and marry for love."

"Marry for love!" repeated Travers, with a look of horror; "pray leave that to haymakers and laborers, who have nerves sufficiently strong to gaze on the probable perspective of a workhouse as the termination of their happy union."

"Nay, Travers, do not flatter yourself that fortune hunting is so gentlemanly a pursuit, as to be exclusively confined to the higher classes. I remember a farmer's man, who, after paying his addresses to the prettiest girl in the village, suddenly deserted her in favor of her deformed and ill-tempered cousin. His master good-humoredly rallied him on the subject, and asked him if he could really prefer his new sweetheart to his former one. 'Surely not,' said the clown, 'but her father will give her a portion of two cows; now with her cousin I should only have one; and to tell your honor the truth, I do not think there is the difference of a cow between any one woman and another!'"

"He showed an acuteness," said Travers, "not generally seen in his sphere. However, Stanley, believe me me I am too much a master of the subject of fortune-hunting (since you are resolved to apply such a plain term to the pursuit of a wealthy wife) to suppose it confined to the upper classes. If a woman be once independent, however moderate that independence, she will find some lover to whom it is of consequence. The prudent men of all classes are much the same in their veneration for property, although their habits, rank, and education influence their opinion as to its necessary amount. The impoverished nobleman, who wishes to pay off his mortgages, and repair his paternal inheritance, will only sacrifice his liberty to a fair one capable of conferring those favors upon him."

"Permit me to illustrate your prose by a poetical quotation,—

'He tender sighs through groves of—timber vents,
And runs distracted for her—three per cents!'"

interrupted Stanley, with a smile; "but pray proceed in your enumeration."

"The untitled dasher," continued Travers, "contents himself with the bride who can insure him curricles, race-horses, and fox-hounds; the smooth-tongued professional man pays his court to the carriage and jointure of the middle-aged widow; the ensign looks with complacency on the few thousands which he destines to purchase him promotion; and the tradesman sighs to gain the few hundreds which may extend his business."

"And could we descend to the loves of lower life," said Stanley, ironically, "I doubt not that we should see the serving-man anxiously calculating the probable amount of his sweetheart's wages, and laying schemes to ascertain the extent of her investments in the savings bank!"

"Very probably we should," said Travers, coolly; "for, as I have just said, the prudent men of all classes think alike on these points; for my part, I have fixed my price, although, like many other salesmen, I do not think myself bound to make it known, except to those who have an interest in asking it."

"And should a lady who was old and ugly, seem inclined to offer it?" asked Stanley.

"That should not interfere with the bargain," said Travers, "although, of course, I should be better pleased if she were young and handsome."

"Then you are actually a fortune-hunter?" said Stanley.

"Confessedly so," answered Travers; "but do not look as horror-struck, Stanley, as if I had avowed myself a vampire! I hear the sound of carriage-wheels, probably they intimate an arrival."

A travelling carriage now drove up to the door, and Stanley and Travers planted themselves at the window to watch the descent of the new-comers. Probably, my readers will say that this officious curiosity furnishes no proof of the gentlemanly manners that I have attributed to them; but much must be allowed for the habits of a watering-place. How eagerly have I seen people by the seaside watch the appearance of the steam vessel—how repeatedly have they interrogated the boatmen standing about as to the time it is expected—how rapturously have they accepted the offer of a by-stander's telescope when the small speck first comes in sight—how courageously do they plunge into the midst of the dense mass of people who crowd to behold the passengers land on the pier. You would feel assured that a beloved wife or husband, or an only child, must be in the ardently-welcomed vessel; and yet, if you ask them whom they expect, the answer, in nine cases out of ten, will be—"Nobody that I know of!" How natural, then, is it for the inmates of a boarding-house to feel anxious curiosity for the first glimpse of a new arrival, for in an hour or two the strangers will be at the same table with them, by the evening they may be on terms of intimacy, and

on the following day they may possibly be walking out together deep in confidential communication. Having thus defended my heroes from the charge of looking at the carriage, I will proceed to relate what they saw.

An elderly gentleman of highly respectable appearance alighted, and handed out, first a lady of a similar description, and afterwards, a very lovely girl, apparently about twenty. The fair stranger had blue eyes, a dazzling complexion, and nut-brown ringlets; in short, she was that being so often talked about and so seldom seen—a real beauty.

"How enchanting a creature!" said Stanley: "if it were the custom of this country to travel with passports, hers should be drawn in the terms of that given to the bewitching Sontag—'*Presque Angelique.*'"

"She is extremely pretty," said Travers, carelessly, "far too pretty, I am sure, to be worth a guinea. Depend upon it, Stanley, in the words of the song, 'Her face is her fortune.'"

"And who would wish a more ample fortune?" said Stanley, continuing to gaze upon her.

"It will prove an ample fortune, undoubtedly, to her," said Travers, "if she has sense to play her cards well; but I would advise you, Stanley, to be very shy of her—I mean to be so, for my part. Flirtations that lead to nothing are all very well in a cheap obscure place; but living at Harrogate is expensive, and ought to lead to something worth having."

"And would not so lovely a creature be worth having?" said Stanley, pursuing her with his eyes as she entered the house.

"I earnestly hope, Stanley," said Travers, "that you will not waste your own time, and that of the girl, by any foolish attentions to her; I would not even advise you to dance with her: however, I dare say she will have too much good sense to encourage you to dangle after her. I will wager something that before this time to-morrow, she is laying violent siege to Sir Harry Dashwood, or old Lord Shakerly."

"Travers, you really put me out of all patience by your selfish, cold-hearted calculations!" exclaimed Stanley.

"Selfish!" said Travers, "far from it. 'What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?' that I should care whether she marries well or ill; but I am speaking disinterestedly and benevolently. She has a right to make a good market of her attractions as well as myself; if she be well-born and well-educated, I think she may expect a handsome income, and some sort of title: nay, if she were my sister, I do not know whether I should not insist on her stipulating for an opera-box, and a set of diamonds into the bargain."

"And should you not think it sacrilege to condemn such a creature to a union with a booby fox-hunting baronet like Sir Harry Dashwood, or a decrepit peevish invalid like Lord Shakerly?"

"Not at all; I should think it far greater sacrilege to condemn her to the horrors of the washing week in a damp cottage, with a smoky chimney, a solitary servant, a banquet of hashed mutton, and a family of five small children; but the dressing-bell summons us: I am quite disappointed in these new arrivals, I was in hopes we should have had somebody worth dressing for."

The young men now separated, neither of them at all raised in the opinion of the other by the conversation I have recorded; they met again in the drawing-room a few minutes before dinner, and had just time to ascertain from Mr. Fielding, one of the gentlemen who happened to be acquainted with the last comers, that the name of the beauty was Helen Lennox, and that her companions were her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, when the dinner-bell sounded. Helen looked still more lovely than in the morning; her beautiful shape was displayed to advantage by a light evening dress, and her shining hair, redeemed from the confinement of a bonnet, flowed in rich ringlets over her high forehead and finely-turned throat. Stanley could scarcely look at any other object, while Travers appeared unconscious of her presence, and directed all his attention to the young lady from Lothbury, of whom honorable mention has already been made. Shortly after the ladies had retired, Mr. Maxwell followed them, and inquiries were then eagerly addressed to Mr. Fielding by several of the young men in company, respecting the additions to the party. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, he informed them, were a rich couple residing in Harley street, and moving in a high circle of society.

"Have they any children?" asked Travers, with earnestness.

"A son and two daughters, all married," replied Mr. Fielding with some surprise.

"I only asked," said Travers, "because if they had been childless, it would have been a good thing for the interests of their niece."

"Happily," said Mr. Fielding, "she stands in no need of their wealth; few unite the goods of fortune with the gifts of nature like Helen Lennox."

"Indeed!" said Travers, eagerly.

"Her father was a rich country gentleman, and Helen was his only child," said Mr. Fielding. "At his death, his family estates became the property of a nephew, but he bequeathed to his daughter the whole of his personal property, which amounted at that time to sixty thousand pounds; in the course of the two years that have elapsed since his death, it must have received a handsome accumulation. Miss Lennox comes of age in February, when she will take possession of her fortune."

"She is a fortune in herself!" said Travers, with vehemence. "I never beheld so lovely a creature; I could not take my eyes off her all dinner time; she is equally a study for a painter, and a theme for a poet."

"You are a young man, Mr. Travers," said the unsuspicious Mr. Fielding, with a benevolent smile, "and employ very unmeasured terms of approbation; however, I do not

think your enthusiasm will do you any harm with my young friend, Miss Lennox; she is, to own the truth, a little too much inclined to romance."

Stanley sighed heavily, as he reflected on the little gratification her propensity to romance would receive, if she formed an attachment to the calculating and worldly-minded Travers, but he never dreamed of contesting the brilliant prize with his friend. Humble and unassuming, he might have ventured to indulge his admiration for the beautiful Helen, had she been moderately portioned; but he now regarded her as far beyond his pretensions, and rejoiced that he had obtained such early information respecting her property, that he might subdue his infant passion in the bud. Travers rejoiced still more fervently at this discovery, although for very opposite reasons; he paid the most marked attention all the evening to the beautiful stranger, of whom he had previously determined to be so very shy; danced three quadrilles with her, flattered her incessantly; and, in short, gave her to understand in very refined terms, that she had performed that feat, which in vulgar language is denominated "making a conquest." I cannot undertake to keep a correct diary of every thing said and done at the Granby during the next fortnight, therefore trust my readers will be contented with the general outlines. Travers had succeeded in making Helen believe that he was violently in love with her, and in getting her to fancy that she was a little in love with him. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell had not yet been taken into the confidence of the young couple, for the quick tact of Travers enabled him to perceive that he was far from being a favorite with either of them. Stanley, the warm-hearted, amiable Stanly, who had more tender thoughts about Helen in an hour, than her avowed adorer had in a week, was highly esteemed, and liked both by herself and her uncle and aunt; nor could Helen avoid noticing the superiority of his intellect and accomplishments to those of Travers, but the one had never addressed to her any professions beyond those of friendship, the other had poured forth to her the fondest vows of affection; and Rochefoucauld says with some truth, "We love those who admire us more than those we admire." "The course of true love," however, seldom "runs smooth" anywhere, and certainly not in a boarding-house.

I have already alluded to the amiable candor and openness displayed by the members of these establishments, and therefore my readers will not be surprised to hear that many of the ladies at the Granby, headed by the widow from Somersetshire, and the damsel from Lothbury, assured Helen that her suitor was in love with her property and not with herself; and many of the young men expressed their earnest hope that she would not throw herself away on an avowed and acknowledged "Fortune Hunter." Nothing amuses me more in a boarding-house, than the perfect unreserve and nonchalance with which those affairs of the heart are talked over, which in private circles are generally confined to the most intimate friends and relations of the parties. The thoughts, hopes, and feelings of any two people suspected of a penchant for each other, immediately become the joint-stock property of the whole house, to be commented on as freely and publicly as the style of their caps and coats; and even the few conscientious individuals who, for a little time, refrain from contributing to the gossip, and protest that it is "too bad," and "very unfair," always end in the thorough enjoyment of it, like the schoolboy, who shares in the apples taken by his comrades, although he would not for the world have led them on to the plunder. Many people wonder how a man can have courage to make love in a large house in the country, full of staying company; I wonder much more how he can have courage to make love in a boarding-house! The owner of a large country house, who is rich enough to fill it with company, has generally many different apartments for their reception and entertainment: besides the regular public rooms, there are the music-room, billiard-room, and library; and then there are pleasure-grounds, with arbors and summer-houses, and perhaps a park in addition, where the "high contracting parties" may easily elude the observation of the multitude, and carry on their negotiation in comparative privacy; but a boarding-house, (I allude now particularly to those by the sea-side, which accommodate about twenty inmates,) has, generally speaking, no garden, no variety of rooms. In the dining-room every body always sits in the same place according to priority, and a lover may be divided the whole length of the long table from the lady of his heart, and may be obliged to have recourse to the kind offices of the waiter, even to make known his wish to take wine with her.

The large square drawing-room is the only theatre of action; there is, to be sure, a small sitting-room opening into it, but this is almost always let off as a private apartment, either to a newly-married couple, to whom a *tête-à-tête* is yet a novelty, and consequently a luxury, or to an invalid lady, "who likes occasionally to be out of the noise and bustle of the company," and is therefore willing to pay handsomely for the privilege of excluding so much of the aforesaid noise and bustle, as a thin partition and a badly shutting door will enable her to do. Where then are the enamoured couple to carry on a little private discourse? The large open verandah is generally the place first thought of, from the undeniable fact that it is out of the room; then it is really a very pretty *locale* for a love scene; there are green garden chairs and several pots of flowers placed in it, and a canary hung on one side, with a lump of sugar between the bars of his cage, holding an harmonious duet with a bullfinch similarly situated on the other; there is also, perhaps, "the sea, the open sea" in front. Here then the lady seats herself on one of the garden chairs,

rests her satin slipper on the mignionnette box, and inclines her perfumed ringlets over the geraniums and myrtles, "stealing and giving odor." The gentleman stands by her side, "hanging over her enamoured," while the canary bird in the back ground, somewhat alarmed by his near vicinity, screams and flutters its wings against the cage by way of an *ad libitum* running accompaniment to his soft nonsense. No attitude can be better for effect; but, alas! none can be worse for privacy. By the time the hour has elapsed, to which a flirtation under such agreeable localities will probably extend, not only all the boarding-house, but half the watering-place are perfectly aware, or in the way to be aware, of what is going on. In the first place, the party in the drawing-room have been watching them through the three French windows, as comfortably and effectually as if they were looking through the glass circles at the Cosmorama; and passers by! how can I presume to reckon the multitudinous passers by in a populous situation in a watering-place? all idle people too, with nothing to do for the time being, but to watch and talk over the proceedings of their neighbors. Nursery maids and their charges without number have passed and repassed to observe them, governesses have unbent from their dignity to exchange a few remarks on the subject with their senior pupils, the doctor taking his usual round of visits, notes down the circumstance to relate to his patients, and divers "observant pedestrians" cast up their eyes at the window; among them probably are some of the London friends of the parties, and they will some weeks hence be destined to be taxed with their sea-side flirtation at the Coliseum or at the Pantheon Bazaar. The shopman of the library too is making up to the house, perhaps with the charitable intention of delivering the first volume of "The Wife and Woman's Reward" to the identical flirting lady in the balcony; but seeing how well she is amused, and thinking that under her peculiar circumstances it will probably be a long while before she returns the volume, he alters its destination, and leaves the precious deposit with a middle-aged spinster in poor health, who lives in private lodgings a few doors off, and to whom he justly considers it will be "a much greater treat." Then the adjoining houses on each side have also their verandahs; to be sure, they are separated from the one in question by a division of thin green wood; but although this precaution may exclude seeing, it does not prevent hearing. The old gentleman in the right-hand verandah, who has just spelt to the end of the county paper, is quite delighted to be spared the necessity of spelling it over again, by the excitement of a little original conversation in his vicinity; and the young lady in the left-hand verandah, who has been amusing herself the whole morning with nursing her curly French dog, and studying the dresses in the "Repository of Fashion," sits and listens to every word of the dialogue as eagerly as if she were a newspaper reporter, deputed to take it down in shorthand. Her little brother, too, imagining that something very interesting must give rise to his sister's abstraction, leaves off spinning his top, and gradually protrudes his round chubby face beyond the intervening slip of wood, till the astonished pair behold close to them a personification of Cupid, ready to take aim at them, the peg-top and string in his hand serving as a substitute for the usual bow and arrow. At the same moment they are recalled to a full sense of their situation, by hearing the fancy bread-baker going his rounds, observe to a fly-driver beneath the window, that he thinks "them young folks seem mighty taken with one another, and would make a nice couple any how!" Driven into port by this unexpected salute from the enemy's camp, they look despondingly round the large square drawing room; nobody is playing on the piano, and they seat themselves on each side of the Canterbury, vainly hoping that they are not likely to be disturbed. Alas! however, in the generality of mixed parties, one half are likely to be ladies, and two-thirds of those ladies are likely to be musical, and the ill-starred pair have scarcely begun to feel tolerably settled, before a fair performer places herself at the piano; five or six follow in her train, either to admire, or to criticise, or to be ready to take her seat upon occasion, and "Why are you wandering here, I pray? reminds the fugitives that they could not have wandered to a worse situation: or, "We met —'twas in a crowd," convinces them, if they require to be convinced, that a crowd is a particularly awkward place for any meeting of a sentimental description to be got up in. For a moment they ponder the expediency of appropriating one of the little tables, and playing, or seeming to play, chess or backgammon, but they soon abandon this as being, in every sense of the word, "a bad move." Chess and backgammon players are always sure to have a number of observers to overlook them, and I cannot say I wonder at it; there is something extremely agreeable to the pride of human nature in being at liberty to tell people that we could have acted a great deal more wisely than themselves if we had been placed in a similar situation. If we hear any one sing a song or read a poem indifferently, the customs of society forbid us to say, (whatever may be our private opinion on the subject,) that we could have done greater justice to the same; but it is a universally allowed privilege to tell the chess or backgammon player that we know what he ought to do far better than he knows it himself: and we need not feel any scruple in exercising it; for let the cases only be reversed, let us be the player, and he the overlooker, and he will favor us in his turn with equally candid and undisguised information of our inferiority, and of his own ability to supply our deficiencies.

The lovers look despondingly round the room; large as it is, spies seem dispersed in every part of it: the sofa is occupied by two portly matrons in voluminous satin dresses and towering blonde caps illustrated with

large bows of bright colored gauze ribbon, from the centre of each of which arises a spiral flower; between these respectable individuals is stationed a veteran who visits the house every year, and stays great part of the season, and consequently has considerable power and influence therein. He is usually an elderly man, and either a general or an admiral; sometimes he is a baronet, in which case his opinions on "things in general" are at a premium; and woe to the flirtation which he denounces with an ominous shake of the head as being "a very nonsensical affair indeed!" The three French windows are all tenanted: at one is a clerk in a public office, who, having a limited leave of absence from London, is nervously anxious to make the most of his time, and to inhale as much sea air as possible for his money. At another is seated a young lady sketching a ship in the distance; the performance does not cost her much trouble—a few random pencil dashes beneath serve for the sea, a few exactly similar above do duty for the sky, and a nondescript article is suspended in the middle, which is as much like a fancy work-box or ornamental tea-caddy as a ship; but the fair *artiste* has answered her purpose in displaying to advantage her white hand and emerald ring. At the third window stands a pale pensive young man looking through a telescope; from the expression of his countenance it might be imagined that he was watching the ship in the distance, and that she was making signals of distress; but he is merely directing it to a public walk within view of the house, where the sprightly widow who possesses his heart is, at the very moment, engaged in animated flirtation with a dashing officer of the guards. Round the large table in the centre are gathered several persons: two or three young ladies are netting purses or working collerettes; two or three young gentlemen are entangling their silks by way of sorting them, or breaking their yard measures by way of winding them up; an old maid is knitting a worsted comforter, to be in readiness for the winter three months hence; and an old bachelor, after employing five minutes in fixing on his spectacles, is reading his own pocket-book, the most delightful of all works in his opinion, because it contains an account of his individual sayings and doings from the beginning of the year, a chronicle in which no earthly being but himself would take the slightest interest.

Foiled in these quarters, the disconcerted couple now turn their eyes to the book-table. In the generality of private houses, this table is of a round form, and composed of rosewood or satin-wood; but in boarding-houses, *nous avons changé tout cela*, the book-table is mahogany, of a square shape, and placed in a corner, to be out of the way; as to the contents, they are, like the company of the house, continually changing. The stationary articles are a Peerage, a Court Guide, and several thick volumes of old magazines belonging to the lady of the house, and benevolently brought forth by her on a rainy day, to dissipate the *ennui* of some unfortunate inmate, who, relying on the continuance of fine weather, has neglected to subscribe to a library. There are volumes of novels too numerous to particularize, generally two or three of Sir Walter Scott's, who is, as he deserves to be, a favorite with every body: for the rest, the gentlemen usually patronise the author of the "King's Own," and the ladies Mrs. Gore; a volume of "Jacob Faithful," or the "Fair of May Fair," is pretty sure to be found on every boarding-house table during the greater part of the season; there are also always several publications forming the happy medium between works of instruction and amusement, such as Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," Silvio Pellico's "Ten Years' Imprisonment," Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," and Madden's "Infirmities of Genius," and their owners take high literary ground, and observe to some unfortunate trifler who is eagerly devouring the "Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry," that they "really have no notion of wasting their time in reading such trash as novels!" There is also usually an odd volume of the "Library of Romance," and another of the "Library of Useful Knowledge," wooing the choice of the by-stander, like Pleasure and Virtue contending for the preference of Hercules; and there are a pile of cheap papers, where more knowledge and good advice can be procured for a penny, than any of us are likely to glean from the whole circle of our friends in the course of a month. Here, then, the wearied couple seat themselves as a last resource; the lady takes "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," and the gentleman the "Saturday Magazine," and they each read in sober silence for, at least, five minutes; they then begin cautiously to exchange observations, in hopes that it will be supposed they are merely discussing the chances of the success of the aerial ship, or canvassing the advantages of Babbage's calculating machine; but, alas! all their movements are watched, and an emissary from the table in the centre speedily advances towards them, saying, "If I do not interrupt your *literary* conversation, (with a strong emphasis on the adjective,) will you allow me just to look for my volume of the 'Coquette' or 'Peter Simple?'"

The books are speedily separated and put to confusion, and the lovers are in a similar predicament. If thus annoyed while together they have still more unmerciful raillery to undergo when asunder: the gentleman is perhaps undisguisedly told by his companions that he "makes love shockingly," as if any man but Young or Charles Kemble could make love to the taste of a continually varying auditory: the lady is more delicately treated by her female friends; instead of being talked to, she is only talked at: if she be lively, she is informed that flirts are never successful in the end, and that it is easier to make nets than cages; if she be diffident, it is hinted to her that still-life coquettes are always the most designing.

Her greatest trial, however, lies in the per-

tinacious way in which her lover, (to use an expressive Irish phrase,) is "faulted" within her hearing by both sexes indiscriminately: the gentleman in a boarding-house are just as much inclined to gossip as the ladies; they have also that amiable feeling set forth by Æsop many centuries ago in the interesting recital of the dog in the manger, and although they may not care for the attentions and smiles of a fair lady themselves, they cannot bear to see them engrossed by another. Various, then, and manifold are the deficiencies which they set forth in the lover, every particular is criticised, from his waistcoat and whiskers, up to his mind and manners; minor defects, however, predominate, each partaking of the peculiar views and tastes of the critic for the time being; and these miscellaneous accusations come thick and fast as the arrows of the Lilliputians:—he walks badly; he has no general conversation; he writes an illegible hand; he does not employ a fashionable tailor; he takes snuff; he is a sad judge of a horse: he belongs to no club; his politics are dreadful; (i. e. they are the reverse of those of the speaker;) he has no ear for music; he wears buff slippers; he objects to pin-money; he has been detected in the fact of smoking a segar! These comments are usually wound up by a sentimental young lady fearing he has "no soul," and a shrewd old gentleman suspecting he has "no money!" The human heart, however, often, like the handkerchief in the nursery game, "goes by the rule of contrary," and the opposition that is intended to extinguish the flame only causes it to burn more brightly.

Such, eventually, proved the case with Helen, although, at first, she was undoubtedly deeply mortified at the imputations cast on the sincerity of her lover. Travers one morning found her in tears, and soon learned the cause: he boldly pleaded not guilty to the accusation.

"Your fortune, dearest Helen," said he, "is rather subject of regret than of rejoicing to me, and it would give me happiness to know that you were portionless, because I could then prove the disinterestedness of my regard for you."

A slight cloud passed over Helen's brow at these words; it appeared to her that Travers was rather overacting his part. "I am concerned to tell you," she said, "that my uncle and aunt are too much disposed to believe the reports against you."

Travers sighed, and actually summoned a tear or two into his eyes.

"But," said Helen, softening at the sight of his sorrow, "in February I shall be my own mistress, and then———"

"Oh! speak not of such cruel delay," said Travers, who imagined that Helen, like Lydia Languish, might think it an odious thing to 'go simpering up to the altar with consent of friends,' "become mine immediately, dearest Helen; leave every arrangement to me; I will guard against the possibility of discovery or pursuit; but compel me not to separate from you, and to leave you surrounded by my enemies."

The conversation continued about half an hour longer, and Travers quitted the drawing-room with an ill-concealed smile of triumph on his countenance, while that of Helen bore the traces of tears.

The faint grey light of morning was just beginning to appear, when a post-chaise and four stood at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from Granby. Helen Lennox, leaning on the arm of Travers, drew near; they entered it: the horses bounded along the northern road, and the heart of the fortune-hunter beat high with exultation. My readers, doubtless, expect that my next scene will be in Scotland, and in ordinary cases I would have suppressed a minute account of the journey thither, because it is so very same and dull an affair; the lady of course weeps and talks of her friends, and the gentleman quotes poetry and talks of his passion. The *tête à tête* of Helen and Travers, however, presented something out of the common way, which I will hasten to narrate.

About an hour had elapsed, Helen had ceased weeping, but her spirits still continued depressed and her manners constrained. Travers could only impute one cause to her conduct; he could not suppose that her sense of duty could be violently outraged by leaving the protection of an uncle and aunt a few months before the law allowed her to do so, especially when it was considered that the aforesaid uncle and aunt possessed three children and a dozen grandchildren to console them for her loss; it could only be the recollection of the warnings and predictions that she had received at the Granby, and the fear that her lover was actuated by mercenary motives; accordingly, Travers without being accused, renewed his defence, and protested that her fortune was a matter of perfect indifference to him.

"This declaration," said Helen, raising her eyes, "encourages me to enter upon a subject which, perhaps I ought not to have concealed from you so long, but reluctance to allude to the foible of a deceased parent must plead my excuse; you have probably never heard of the clause in my father's will?"

"A clause in your father's will!" interrupted Travers, with eagerness.

"Yes," resumed Helen, "he bequeathed to me, as you are aware, the whole of his large personal property; but the bequest was merely conditional."

"Conditional!" exclaimed Travers with a look of as much horror as if he had just ascertained that all the inmates of the Granby were "riding and running" in quest of them, like the "Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves," in pursuit of fair Ellen and young Lochinvar.

"My father," said Helen, in a faltering, agitated tone of voice, "had, unfortunately, strong feelings of family pride; the want of a son was a subject of perpetual lamentation to him, and his only hope and consolation was in the idea that his estates might even-

tually become the property of a grandson. This could only be effected by my union with my cousin Anthony Lennox, who was perfectly willing on his part to fall in with my father's wishes, but I could not endure the idea of such a sacrifice. My cousin was awkward in person coarse in manners, devoted to low pursuits and amusements, and I plainly saw that his professed regard for me was of a mercenary description, and that he loved nothing in reality beyond his dogs and horses. My poor father, however, was blind to his defects, and when his will was opened, imagine my distress at finding that his fortune was only bequeathed to me on condition that I united myself to Anthony Lennox within a year from the time of his death; in the event of my refusal, three thousand pounds was all the portion that was allotted to me, and the remaining sixty thousand was to become the property of my cousin. I need not tell you my decision; I immediately resolved on rejecting this hateful union, and sacrificing my fortune rather than my happiness."

"What folly! what absurd infatuation!" exclaimed the astounded Travers.

"Folly! absurd infatuation!" repeated Helen, now in her turn taking up the words of her lover, just as if she was practising the "Echo Duet" with him. "I do not understand you, Mr. Travers."

"I am afraid I understand you but too well, Miss Lennox: am I to gather from your words that I am the subjet of an imposition on your part, and that, instead of being the heiress of more than sixty thousand pounds, you are only the possessor of three?"

"Suffer me to answer your question by asking you another," said Helen. "Am I to gather from your words that, had you known me to be only the possessor of three thousand pounds, you would not have placed yourself in your present situation?"

"Most assuredly I should not," replied Travers; "I have no inclination wilfully to pursue the road to ruin."

"Then why pursue it a moment longer?" said Helen with spirit, "I will direct the postilions to turn back, and the humiliating events of this morning need never be known to the world, and, I trust, will soon be forgotten by ourselves."

Helen paused a minute or two to give her companion time to oppose her proposition, if he had been so inclined: but he preserved a sullen silence, and putting her head out of the window, she ordered the postilions to return, but imagining some lover's quarrel to have taken place, they paid no attention to her mandate. She repeated it, and in a much higher tone of voice, but the postilions now drove faster than ever, for they surmised that having reason to think she was pursued, she wished her friends to believe that she had been forcibly carried off, and they held themselves prepared to bear honorable testimony to her shrieks, if she should ever call upon them to do so. Travers, who did not enter into the delicate judgment and tact evinced by the postilions, was enraged at the thought that what he denominated their "deafness and stupidity" might be the means of burdening him for life with a slenderly portioned bride; accordingly he took the affair into his own hands, and issued his commands from the window in a tone so very decided and imperative, that the postilions could no longer mistake the matter, and were obliged to comply.

Silence ensued for some minutes, Travers now that he was released from the fear of being married to a lady with three thousand pounds, began to be a little ashamed not of what he had done, but of the manner in which he had done it; he was sensible that, by the abruptness and rudenes of his remarks to Helen, he had shown himself guilty of "bad taste," that deepest and most deadly of all sins in the estimation of the fashionable world. Accordingly, he began a tender and eloquent speech, in which he meant to have set forth his concern that the smallness of his fortune prevented him from gratifying the affections of his heart, and to have assured Helen that it was the excess of his love for her which induced him to shrink from the idea of reducing her to the inconveniencies of a narrow income; but he had scarcely uttered a dozen words, when Helen nipped his flowers of rhetoric in the bud by so haughty a command to be silent, that he was obliged to do what she had set out on her journey with the view of doing, namely, to obey. Nothing more was said, and for the remainder of the ride Miss Lennox and Mr. Travers were certainly anything rather than "agreeable companions in a post-chaise." The chaise now arrived at the spot from whence it had started, and Helen indignantly rejecting the proffered assistance of Travers, alighted from it, and throwing a gratuity to the postilions, quickly disappeared. She had not walked above five minutes, when, to her utter dismay and astonishment, a turn in the road brought her into the presence of Stanley. Travers had informed him of the projected elopement, and, unable to sleep, he had sought the refreshment of the morning air at an early hour. He flew to meet Helen with an exclamation of alarm, for he imagined nothing less than the overturn of the chaise, and some fatal accident to Travers; and when she assured him that such was not the case, a very embarrassing pause ensued. Helen first broke it; the question of Stanley had convinced her that he had been admitted into the confidence of her suitor, and she therefore thought it the best way to honor him with her own. She explained every particular of the journey to him in simple, unexaggerated language, and she could not have met with an auditor more sympathizing, kind, and feeling. He encouraged her to believe that her elopement would remain a secret to every one in the house but himself, consoled her for the selfishness of her mercenary lover, and all but intimated to her that those who might never have dared to aspire to her when a rich heir-

ess, would now venture to lift their hopes to her.

Helen, with the tact natural to all women, understood that his speech referred to himself; it was a balm to her wounded feelings; for as my readers may have discovered, her heart had much less to do than her fancy with her attachment to Travers, and her judgment had always preferred his friend. Stanley, at so early a period, felt that it would be indelicate to avow his affection in explicit terms, but his manner had never evinced such tender interest. Helen's mind was much calmed by her conversation with him, and, at the end of half an hour, she returned to her apartment at the Granby, and found that she had time (such are the beneficial effects of early rising) to compose her looks, dress, and spirits so effectually, that when the breakfast bell rang, she descended into the general room, appearing, to use a colloquial expression, "just as if nothing had happened."

The inmates of the Granby had two subjects of wonder that day, one was the unexpected departure of Mr. Travers, who left the house without taking leave of any body, and the other the exceeding nonchalance with which his desertion was borne by the lady of his love and his particular friend, and their evident inclination to console each other for his loss. Stanley's attentions soon became evident and pointed; Helen was again warned against fortune hunters; but she could now smile at these insinuations, for Stanley was aware of her slender portion; but had declared that the possession of one whom he loved so sincerely, would be the means of inspiriting him to greater exertions in his profession, and that a narrow income with Helen would be preferable to the greatest wealth without her. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were decidedly in his favor; but Helen, grown wise from experience, would not yield so hasty a consent as she had done in a former instance. She avowed her determination not to be married till she became of age; but, in the interim, Stanley was to be received at the house of her uncle and aunt as a constant visitor and acknowledged lover. These concessions, although not quite enough to satisfy Stanley, were received by him with gratitude. The Harrogate season drew to an end, and the society of the Granby dispersed, most of them out of humor with the events of the autumn; some had failed to gain health, and some to gain connections; some had lost their hearts, some their temper, and some their money; but Stanley was perfectly contented with his success; he dated his visit to Harrogate as the commencement of a life of happiness; and when, at the request of the Maxwells, he took his seat in their travelling carriage to accompany them on their journey, he was in an enviable state of satisfaction with himself and the world, and felt truly thankful to Mr. Lennox for his tyranny, to Anthony Lennox for his boorishness, and to Travers for his avarice, since, all combined, had been the means of putting him in possession of one who realized all his ideas of female excellence and perfection.

Several months had elapsed: it was the middle of February, and Helen Lennox, in a few days, would attain the age of discretion. She still resided with her uncle and aunt, who, on quitting Harrogate, had proceeded to their house in Harley Street. Stanley had, since that time, been their almost daily visitor. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell had introduced him to their relatives, and to a large circle of acquaintance, as the contracted husband of their niece, Miss Lennox, and attentions, invitations, and even briefs, began to pour in on the once friendless barrister, now suddenly converted, by the magic of patronage, into a young man of "rising talents," and of "uncommon promise." Travers had not passed his winter in so pleasant a manner; he was domesticated in a cheap boarding-house in the vicinity of Tottenham Court Road; his finances could not afford a season at Bath; nothing but scrupulous management would enable him to compass a summer's visit to Cheltenham, therefore he prudently retired to —— Street in the interval, in order (to quote a favorite expression of an elderly lady in the same establishment) "to economize his money and his spirits for gayer scenes!"

One morning, while taking his accustomed stroll in the Regent's Park, he encountered Major Markham, a valuable ally to him and to all gentlemen of a similar vocation, from his correct knowledge of the affairs, fortunes, and expectations of half the female world; and Travers gladly accepted his offer of a concert ticket for the Hanover Square Rooms, not so much with the view of enjoying the delights of harmony, for in common with most selfish and cold-hearted people, he was extremely indifferent to music, as for the advantage of hearing the "good hits" and "lucky specs" of the season, correctly enumerated by his enlightened friend. Evening came, and Travers was listening listlessly to a beautiful air, and looking all the time at a little crooked woman with a sallow complexion and large amber necklace, who the major had just assured him was the owner of twenty thousand pounds in the new three and-a-half per cents., when his eye suddenly fell on a party a few rows distant. There sat Helen Lennox, radiant in smiles and blushes, pearls and pale pink satin. Stanley was by her side, his whole look and bearing those of an acknowledged lover. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell formed a sober and respectable back ground to this "*tableau vivant*" of youth and happiness. Travers fixed his eyes on the enamored pair, not with envy or with regret, but with gratitude at his own escape. "How will the interest of three thousand pounds possibly support all that finery?" he murmured to himself.

"I see," said the major, "you have found out the most distinguished star of the season,

but you must form no hopes in that quarter; she will be married in a few days to the young man by her side; I consider him a most fortunate fellow."

"Fortunate!" said Travers, whose gaze continued fixed, not on Helen's blue eyes, but on her blonde sleeves; "I consider him anything but fortunate; the girl is certainly pretty enough, but he will be thrown into gaol, in a few months, for her milliner's bills!"

"Nay, nay," said the major laughing, "you speak misanthropically; sixty thousand pounds will not even in these extravagant days be so quickly converted into gauze and tiffany."

"Allow me to correct your mistake," said Travers, delighted to show himself, for once, better informed than his companion; "you have evidently not heard of the clause in her father's will."

"I have not only heard of it, but have read it," said the major; "I had received contradictory accounts of it, and as I have no notion of being perplexed with uncertainty when a shilling paid at Doctors' Commons will decide all doubt at once, I inspected the will."

"And did not Mr. Lennox," said Travers, eagerly, "bequeath his large property to his daughter merely on condition of her union with her cousin within a year?"

"Undoubtedly he did," said the major; "and in the event of her refusal, bequeathed her only three thousand pounds."

"And did she not determine to refuse her cousin?" asked Travers with still more anxiety.

"She did so, much to her credit," said the major, "and would have signified her rejection formally to him when the appointed twelvemonth ended, but death, which defeats alike our good and bad intentions, prevented hers from being carried into effect. Three months before the appointed time, Mr. Anthony Lennox was thrown from his horse in a fox chase, and killed on the spot; and in the event of his death, or refusal to marry Helen, her father had willed the property unconditionally to herself, the estates going to a distant relation, who, fortunately for her, was a married man."

"Fool! madman! that I have proved myself," ejaculated Travers, turning as pale as if, like Mr. Anthony Lennox, he had been thrown from his horse.

"How aghast you look, Travers," said the major, laughing; "you know I told you that Miss Lennox was engaged to be married, and you were evidently not much struck with her beauty; what then can the amount of her fortune signify to you?"

"It signifies every thing to me," said Travers, warmly; and first binding the major to secrecy, he disclosed to him the history of the Harrogate elopement.

"You have been rightly served," said the major, bluntly, when he had finished his communication, "and I commend Miss Lennox for her ingenuity and prudence."

"Commend her for artifice and falsehood?" said Travers.

"Stop," replied the major, "there was not a word of falsehood in the case; she gave you a true and simple account of the clause in her father's will; had you listened to her with propriety and respect, she would doubtless have informed you of the subsequent events, but you insulted her by your reproaches; and what right had you to expect to be rewarded for your ill conduct by her further confidence? She owed you no duty—she complied with your own wishes in separating herself from you; and, to use a popular and highly approved form of consolation, you have 'nobody but yourself to blame!"

Travers returned home in what the newspapers call "a high state of excitement;" he lay awake for several hours, and towards the morning fell into a disturbed sleep, haunted by confused dreams of blue eyes and pink dresses, songs, wills, and post-chaises; at last the Hanover Square Rooms appeared suddenly to change to the church in their immediate vicinity. Stanley and Helen were declared man and wife, and the bells struck up a merry peal, which awoke him; but though awake, the sound still seemed to continue, and at length he ascertained that the breakfast bell of the house was calling its inmates together, and, making a hasty toilette, he descended to partake of a cup of tea much weaker than usual, in consequence of his late appearance, and to meet his usual half dozen associates at the table.

The company at this house was, as the mistress of it took care to inform every body who inquired the terms, "peculiarly select and genteel;" it consisted at the present time of two old maids in faded apple-green silk dresses, and washed blonde caps with dyed ribbons, a deaf widow with an ear-trumpet, a midshipman of mature age, who was in the habit of complaining that he had "served his country all his life, and got nothing by it," to which an auditor once rejoined, "Yes, you have got a good grievance; and let me tell you, that is no bad thing for an Englishman!" an apothecary with eight patients, three of whom were within particularly convenient visiting distance, being inhabitants of the same house, and a young man, a clerk in a banking house in the Strand, who was considered a fine gentleman, wit, and fashionist of the first grade by his fellow inmates; these distinctions he had won by sporting a topaz shirt-pin, an elaborate watch, chain, and seals, and a purple velvet waistcoat, reading the "Morning Post," taking in the "Court Journal," and going at least once a week to what he denominated a *soirée*, held in one of the streets or squares in the neighborhood. Travers was too much out of spirits and out of humor to reply to the questions respecting the concert which poured in upon him from six several directions. Hastily despatching his meal, he retired to his own room, and concocted a long letter of intreaty, explanation, apology, and

affection to Helen: none but a fortune hunter could have had audacity enough, after all that had passed, to give vent to a similar effusion.

He summoned the boy of the establishment, gave him the letter and a shilling, and directed him to wait for an answer. The letter was delivered, read, laughed at, and a message was sent down that no reply was necessary. The boy, however, did not immediately return home; he met with a friend, who allured him to participate in the exciting delights of "pitch and toss," and he remained upon the enchanted ground at least an hour. Poor Travers was deceived by this delay into the hope that Helen was writing a long and tender epistle of love and forgiveness, and that he should be speedily summoned into her presence; accordingly he curled and perfumed his hair, selected his most fascinating waistcoat, and tied his cravat in its most irresistible folds. At last, when he was fully armed at all points for conquest, Dicky Green entered with the killing message, (translated into his own language,) "Miss sends her respects, and the letter does'nt want no answer at all." Soon, however, Travers recollected that, considering the great provocation which he had offered to the fair Helen, he had scarcely a right to expect that she should condescend immediately to reply to his letter: he determined to follow up the attack by another pathetic composition on the morrow; and in the mean time he resolved to rally his spirits, and make himself more agreeable to his companions than he had done in the morning, for Travers was civil and obliging to every one, on a system of self-interest. It was not certainly very likely that an heiress should come to board in —— Street; but then its inmates might have cousins or nieces who were heiresses, or at all events, they might have acquaintance who were connected with those desirable articles. It was a favorite observation of Travers, that a good chess player always calculates three moves forwards, and that a player in the great game of life ought not to be less wary in his anticipations. Accordingly he descended to the dining-room in his most courteous mood, partook of a repast in the usual family style, (the details of which I will spare my readers,) and wound up the tempting banquet with three glasses of cheap fiery sherry, enumerated every song and glee at the concert for the satisfaction of the ladies, and favored the gentlemen with Major Markham's opinions on politics.

After tea, he played three games of cribbage with the widow, and six hits of backgammon with the midshipman, invited the apothecary to take up the conqueror at the latter game, and complacently joined in the general laugh at his facetious retort that "he had enough to do to gammon his patients!" heard one of the old maids play on a cracked guitar, and sing "Cupid, god of soft persuasion," and listened for the seventh time to the other's account of her first love, poor dear Captain Constant, who was killed at the battle of the Nile. At half-past ten he lighted his japan flat candlestick, and repaired to his chamber; the rest of the company usually retired at a still earlier hour, but to night they were all (the deaf widow with the ear-trumpet not excepted) sitting up to receive Mr. Philpott, the dashing young clerk, on his return from an evening party in Alfred Place, given by a lady who was particularly fortunate in gathering together stars and people of consequence; her present party was expected to be remarkably brilliant, her invitations having been accepted by a sheriff who was to be Lord Mayor next year, a young artist who had just finished a picture which he talked of offering to Somerset House, the second son of a baronet, whose father was troubled with flying gout, and whose elder brother had shown symptoms of consumption, and a dramatist, who had recently produced a tragedy which had failed, owing, as he and his friends said, to the widely-circulated rumors of its great merit, which had induced a rival party to go into the house for the purpose of condemning it. Travers, by the aid of the two inches of tallow candle, to which the mistress of the house prudently limited her guests, (doubtless with the charitable wish to prevent them from injuring their constitution by midnight vigils,) contrived to indite a new letter of supplication to his offended heiress, which far surpassed the eloquence of the former in his own estimation, for with amateur as with professional writers, the last production is always the favorite; and having sealed it by the last flickering remains of his candle, he proceeded to rest.

Morning came; he despatched his letter soon after breakfast; his Mercury returned, but not empty-handed; he bore a delicate white paper packet. Travers tore it open; alas! a slice of bride cake, a pair of white kid gloves, and two cards conjugally tied together with silver twist, two plainly told the tale. Francis Stanley and Helen Lennox had that morning been married! Leaving Travers to the society of the house, (and he might be in a worse situation, for he had both female consolation and medical assistance close at hand,) I will transport my readers to the Maxwells' residence in Harley Street. The drawing-rooms presented a gay scene; the company had just arisen from the splendid *déjeûné à la fourchette*, and were scattered in groups round the apartments; it was a region of smiles, happiness, and sunshine. At length the bride retired, and in about half an hour, (during which she had received and replied to the letter of Travers,) she again appeared, attired in a different dress, not in the style of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, where each new dress worn by a bride is more magnificent than the last. Helen adhered to old English customs; she left the room in all the pomp of white satin, blonde, and orange flowers, and returned in the demure unobtrusiveness of a lavender lutestring

pelisse and a Leghorn bonnet. The Maxwells' carriage was at the door to convey the young couple to Windsor, and when they had lost sight of the crowd and bustle of London, Helen, for the second time, made a confidential communication to the accompaniment of clattering wheels and horses journeying at full speed. The present piece of information was received exactly as she could wish it to be. Some of my readers may say that it is scarcely necessary to mention this circumstance, but such was Helen's quickness of observation and delicacy of feeling, that I am of opinion some men would have offended her by too palpable rapture, and others by the affectation of indifference. Stanley, however, was a remarkably natural character, and he spoke on the subject exactly as he felt.

"For myself," he said, "the acquisition of wealth is of little importance, but it gives me sincere pleasure that I shall not see my beloved bride deprived of any of the luxuries to which the customs of her life and the refinement of her habits so well entitle her. My satisfaction is increased by the reflection that no one can impute mercenary motives to my choice; and I scruple not to say, that this discovery has imparted additional brightness to a day, which, however, required not its aid to be the happiest of my life, since it has given me possession of my lovely and noble-minded Helen."

"Call me not noble minded," said Helen; "I have erred greatly, but Heaven has mercifully convinced me of my fault, by the aid of blessings instead of chastisements. I was naturally haughty and imperious; the will of my father appeared to me the severest punishment that could be inflicted on me. I, at once, determined to reject my detested relative, but I shrunk from the idea of vegetating through life on a narrow and scanty pittance. Natural feeling prevented me from speaking with disrespect of an earthly father, but I hesitated not to murmur unceasingly against the dispensations of a heavenly one. I did not want for comforters; my old nurse recalled a fairy tale to my mind intended to prove that misfortunes were blessings in disguise, in which the heroine, (the Princess Aurora, I believe,) after losing her beauty, losing her child, and almost losing her life, is restored to perfect felicity, and discovers that each of her losses has been the means of shielding her from some greater calamity. My governess assures me that

> 'Whatever is, is right,
> All discord harmony, not understood,
> All partial evil, universal good.'

And my young friends unanimously declared, that, although I was deprived of one fortune, my first season in London would give me a choice of three or four. My excellent aunt, however, bestowed more valuable consolation upon me; she led me to the study of those sacred records which I had hitherto too much neglected, and taught me to feel that I was in the hands of an Almighty friend and director, whose wisdom would judge better for me than it was possible for one so frail and weak to judge for herself. My mind gradually became tranquillized and quiet, and I held myself prepared cheerfully to resign my large fortune when the allotted twelvemonth expired, and thankfully to reflect that I had still a sufficiency to shield me from want and dependence. My cousin's death effected an immediate change in my prospects, and some of my friends remarked, that it was now 'just the same as if the clause in my father's will had never been made,' but it was not the same to me; it furnished me with a magic spear of truth to distinguish real from pretended affection; had it never existed, I should have been deceived by the protestations of the plausible Travers, and have become his slighted and unloved wife; but the event which I considered as the greatest calamity has, in reality, been the greatest blessing of my life, since it has given me to the protection of a fond and disinterested husband, and rescued myself and my property from the grasp of a mercenary and heartless Fortune Hunter."

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## THE SERAGLIO.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

CURTAINED by odorous plants of eastern bloom,
The gilded lattice of the harem room
Admits such softened light as Dian's beams
Shed o'er the emerald earth. There brightly gleams
The white and perfumed fountain, sweetly fraught
With lulling music; there in beauty wrought,
Gay plumaged birds and brilliant flowers between,
Spread o'er the costly walls a fairy scene;
And there too, brighter still, alluring grace
Shines in each flexile form and melting face,
Shapes such as he, the visionary, made,
Who hung enamored o'er the breathing shade
His chisel moulded from the Parian stone—
Bosoms as soft and white as cygnet's down,
Bright shadowy tresses floating wildly free,
Braided with orient pearls less fair to see—
Lips like unfolding roses springing new
To kiss the eastern sun that drinks their dew,
Sweet beaming eyes like those of young gazelle,
Whose darkness match their jetty arches well;
Small polished feet like flakes of snow that rest
Their naked beauties on the couch so blest;—
Yes, all that love can covet they possess,
And does not love his fairest offspring bless?
Ah, no! to them denied, entombed alive,
Their loveless hearts hope's sunny smiles survive.
From kindred bosoms early torn to prove,
Not the sweet interchange of wedded love,
But feelings adverse to Love's holy joy,
Unhallow'd passion, with its dark alloy
Of unconfiding thoughts, suspicion shrined
Like things of darkness in the guilty mind;
Objects of grosser sense and selfish care,
To man debased in intellect: despair

Has wreathed for woman's lip the poisoned bowl,
And stripped that beauteous temple of a soul.
What is to save her with so harsh a creed?
What intellectual lore her mind can feed,
That soars no higher than the things of earth,
Nor owns a spirit of immortal birth,
But fixing here her final resting-place,
Dreams not of God or his redeeming grace?
Well has that son of song immortal, shown,
Even he whose wizard harp hath lost its tone,
What anguish waits on them, those creatures fair,
Wedded to tyrant's will like young "Gulnare."
That poor abused one, who sickening turns,
And kiss unsanctified as loathsome spurns,
Whose hand as cold as her insensate heart,
Drops listless down, unmoved and glad to part
From proud imperial sultan in his hour
Of hateful courtship, who but wears that flower
Of human loveliness, till fancy tire,
And some fresh budding rose relume his fire.
Drinking as guilty choice or chance impels,
Unhallowed waters from an hundred wells.
Oh! lost to all the sweetest joys of life,
The mind's companion in the faithful wife,
Domestic pleasures all to them unknown,
Amidst their regal splendor slaves alone,
Pitied, but most unenvied in their state,
Poor lawless exiles from love's happier fate.
"For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above,
To draw new rapture from another's joy,
To share each woe half its sting destroy."
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
Bless and be blessed, adore and be adored,
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined,
Passion to life's last evening hour still warm,
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm;
Lives there but would for blessings so divine
The crowded harem's sullen joys resign?

Ye soulless tyrants, who in climes of light
Possess whate'er can minister delight,
Whose lands all rosy as at nature's birth,
Teem with the treasures of the pregnant earth,
Fair fruits and blooming flowers profusely spread,
Where once the conquering Grecians proudly led
Their hosts to battle forth; those godlike sires
Sleep in the tomb of ages, but the fires,
Long smouldering in the fettered bondsman's heart,
Touched by fair Freedom's hand, shall flames impart,
To light the funeral pyre of man debased
By sensual appetite, till all effaced
Mahomet dared to write, the veil shall fall,
And God's eternal face be seen of all;
Then woman will be free! and not till then,
Servant of glory, and not slave of men,
Her charter signed by his redeeming hand,
Shall prove her heirship to the promised land,
Where angels, and not fabled houris, wait,
Guardians and ministers at heaven's gate,
Crowned with their amaranth wreaths with wings of light,
Fanning those golden skies, that know no night.

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## A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.*

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

### CHAPTER VI.

"To other regions!"
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PEDESTRES distributed his P. P. C's., or D. I. O's.—I forget which—threw his knapsack over his shoulders, and then took Clavileno by the hand. On the 24th of April (1833) he turned his back on Sidmouth, making for Exeter over Aylesbere Hill. And on this elevated situation, his ignoble tongue wagged metre in the accents of Lord Byron, when he spoke of the remains of a Moorish castle in Andalusia—

"Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host."

During the last war this hill was—I fancy more than once—the scene of an encamped army: and in the days of Charles and the Roundheads, the more bloody scene of the meeting of two armies that smiled not on each other.

The renowned and valorous Don Quixas, Quixana, Quixada, Quesada, or Quixote, sallied forth into the world in the purest spirit of philanthropy; and I doubt not but that Sir Hudibras had reasons equally honorable and satisfactory, for practising his bruised yet laurelled knight-errantry. To redress wrongs—succour the afflicted—feed the hungry—clothe the naked—cheer the sad—chastise all discourteous knights—and, exceeding all other—to fight for the fair. Laudable motives!

To the everlasting shame of Pedestres be it spoken, he had not entirely and exclusively departed his home, with such unspeakably good resolution in his breast. He did not sufficiently consider the matter: he did not reflect that this *naughty* world is a garden of weeds, flourishing with wrongs that require sturdy eradication—that it is a tragic stage paced by the afflicted that look round them for succour—that it is inhabited by many, who daily waste under the sharp corrosion of their own gastric juice—that some of the sons of Adam, breathing a less salubrious climate, and pinched by the envious nipping frosts, have neither his virtue nor his verdant apron, to fortify themselves against such untangible enemies: he should have thought of the numerous sad who look to be cheered—it should have occurred to him, that there might exist certain discourteous knights, who in all cases should, without the slightest tinge of mercy, be chastised with the greatest possible sever-

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* Continued from page 175.

ity: and, in fine, he should have reflected, that there might be some unfortunate Andromeda to liberate, or peerless Dulcinea to disenchant. Then, perchance, could he have enrolled himself under the banner of "*a white wench's black eye;*" and calling on his mistress in the true essence of chivalry, rushed unconcerned into danger, or indeed death.

He had even sallied forth without being mounted; he trusted and entrusted to his own strength and resources, the safety of his body in all chances and haps, that hap might; and, therefore by a kind of concatenation—the safety of his mind. Neither had the 'squire to share his fortunes—to back his valor—to pursue his advantages—or (if possible) to share his victories. The incomparable Clavileno was both his Sancho and his Rosinante. At the pleasing thought, Pedestres gave him a hearty squeeze with his hand. Clavileno was indeed inestimable: he was not only an agreeable companion on the way, which, as the Spaniards say, is as good as a coach; but his actual services were at every instant so felt and acknowledged, that Pedestres has often declared with tears in his eyes, that he could, on no account, have attempted the walk without his aid.

On arriving in Exeter, Pedestres, with a glance of retrospection, recalled some of the tourist's rules and memorabilia, that should always maintain a vivid delineation on the tablets of every wanderer's brain, and which have been hinted at in the fourth chapter.

The first thing, therefore, that suggested itself to his mind, was, that it was not only useless, but extremely foolish, to make laws and regulations, if there existed afterwards no intention of putting them into practice. It was waste of time—waste of thought—and waste of labor. He accordingly summoned the first he had laid down; and which should stand, as he affirms, on the tip of every man's tongue, whenever he enters a strange and unknown place.

"*Unde derivatur nomen?*" Said he to an old woman, the only person he happened to be near enough at that moment when the spirit moved him to speak.

"Ay! what, what, what——" answered she of the petticoat, stammering with sudden rage, and unable to articulate through the tremor of her fury.

"*Unde derivatur nomen*, my good woman?" said Pedestres again, quite astonished at her unaccountable paroxysm.

The mad blood rushed in her face. "None of your imperence, young man," replied she: "none of your sauce here—*Lundy, how I hate a woman!* Lundy is no name of mine, though I have been nicknamed *Old Lundy* by some lot of mischievous knaves, as wicked as yoursel'. I'll take you down, or twenty such Jacks," she vociferated, raising a broom-stick which she held in her hand; "*Lundy, how I hate a woman!*—why, I never heard the like o' that in my life: and may be, I had seen many a long day before *you*, and older knaves than *you* knew what it was to be imperent to honest women in this world. I'm none of your stocks and stones, to be butted and jeered at by all such comers as you—don't think it."

"My good woman, I'm sorry——"

"Don't good woman me," cried the virago, flourishing the broomstick over her head; "don't speak to me—don't give me any more of your lingo, or I'll beat your cursed brains about the street, and call all the dogs in the parish to eat 'em, and tear the rest of thee to pieces!"

"Indeed," said Pedestres, in a conciliatory tone of voice, "I intended only to ask you a simple question. Although I am not entirely a stranger here, still I cannot say I had ever the *honor* of meeting you before, or of ever having had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with either your true or false name. I knew nothing of the nick name of '*Old Lundy*'—I knew not even your real name, nor know it now, (nor care to,)—how should I have been aware of offending you by a nick-name, or by words that, to your ears sounded so like it?"

These words, instead of producing the desired effect, only seemed to make things worse.

"Hypocritical *devil!*" she cried, putting a stress on the word: "thou varlet! thou villain! thou art as false as the rest of thy sex: thou wilt come here, forsooth, with an antic face, to scoff and flout at a poor creature—call her '*Lundy*' with the very first words you speak—tell her how you hate a woman—abuse, insult, and sneer at her—and then indeed, like a true man, turn to, and tell her to her face, that there is no imperence in it! I'll stop your gab," she added, taking a desperate swing with the broomstick, in order to accumulate force which she intended to hurl upon Pedestres' head, "I'll scatter your cursed brains!"

But philosophers tell us that fortune never forsakes the brave; and at that very critical moment Providence called upon a young lad who sat nursing a cat in the cottage on the other side of the way. Hearing a great altercation without, and moreover, hearing the word *Lundy* bandied about in ungenteel tones, his attention was arrested: he started from his chair, and rushed out of the cottage to the spot where we were.

"Stop, Granny!" cried the boy, seizing the old hag's uplifted arm, which was just in the act of bringing an all-levelling blow on her opponent; and to parry which, Pedestres had raised Clavileno. "Stop, Granny! 'tis against the laws to kill any body, and much more a gentleman. What's the matter, Granny?—can't 'e let people alone?—you know you are a little testy sometimes—you know——"

"Out, you imp of iniquity!" said the old woman, cutting him short, and at the same time pushing him backwards with great violence. "You must come too, like a young sprig of the old tree, to give your paltry word against me:—thou'lt be a man some o' these days, an' it please Heaven to spare thee,—I see thou wilt. Take that, and be——"

The boy was unable to stand against the strength of her brawny and masculine arm.

He fell forcibly backwards to the ground, rolling over several times without being able to recover himself, until finally he was lodged in the middle of a deep ditch of black mud. Here he floundered for a second or two, like a porpoise in the ocean; and it was not without great difficulty and exertion on his part that he at last extricated himself from the ditch, and, casting a disdainful look at Granny, re-entered the cottage. Several persons by this time had collected "to see the fun," as they expressed it:—some appeared to know Pedestres' fair foe; others had not the felicity of her acquaintance. The little dirty boys that composed the greatest number of the rabble, cried and hooted "Old Lundy!" while some of the more elderly and sober endeavored to pacify the anger which these shouts only served to augment. Pedestres is one of those personages who "hate greetings in the market-place; and the appearance of affairs now had assumed such an aspect, that he began sincerely to wish he were clear of such a public greeting as he, at that moment, enjoyed. *Lundy (for so I must call her) seemed to have acquired additional stoutness and assurance—not, however, that she wanted it—by her late victory over her grandson: or rather, the circumstance, trivial as it might have been to a woman of her unwomanlike habits, by favoring her with a slight taste of revenge, had heightened her thirst, and she turned towards Pedestres with the full determination of taking it to satiety. The broomstick was again uplifted on her side, and Pedestres on his had summoned his 'squire, Clavileno, to his aid, in time of such fierce and unequal battle. Clavileno would have succeeded in parrying the blow in all probability; but the un-knightlike and un-chivalrous contest was painfully grievous both to master and faithful servant. Praised be all the powers that governed this momentous affray, things did not come to such a pass:—there were stronger arms now on the battle-field than those which arrested Granny's direful aim in the first instance, and which had paid so dearly for the interference. A gallant knight, Sir Lapstone, to all appearance of outward bearing, "a mender of bad soles," had unobserved mingled in the crowd, for such it had now become, and he, seeing the hostile and deadly state of things, bravely interposed—not his lance, nor his shield, no, nor his Andrea Ferara—but with untold and untellable valor threw his whole person fairly betwixt the "wrangling queen" and the object of her boisterous wrath. What a relief to Pedestres!—he felt as if Providence had covered a check-mate that but the instant before had appeared inevitable, or as if there sat in his house of prosperity a power that had suddenly and miraculously averted the evil that was about to pounce on him, as the falcon swoops on the heron whose doom is irretrievable. The divine intelligence that presided over his safety were propitious:—Pedestres felt it; and he declares that his preservation from so imminent a danger was as deifical as the rescue of Paris on the plains of Troy, when Venus snatched him from the impending wrath of Manelaus, and conveyed him in a cloud of vapor to a place of safety. Indeed, the circumstances and manner of escape of these two heroes tally to the most minute parallel, for just at this favorable turn in the tide of affairs, a brewery window was thrown open close to the spot where Bellona had been raging, and there issued into the street such an enormous, spreading, and dense cloud of steam, that Pedestres and the whole host were entirely enveloped, so that he was alone and concealed in the midst of a multitude. Whether any kindly Venus inside the brewhouse had done this to save the object of her peculiar care from hazard and from shame, (for Pedestres saw no reason why she should not befriend him, as well as any body else,) and snatch him from perdition, he knew not, nor could he discover any more than Paris at the moment; but he has every reason for believing it to have been Venus and none other, for as Homer calls her "the laughter-loving dame," so at the same moment the brewery window was opened, there also burst forth a most obstreperous roar. However, there is no denying the fact that they were both preserved through the kindly favor of vast fumes of smoke. Perchance, the Trojan warrior was conveyed away through unmeasured regions of upper air by a power which he felt not, but which wafted him, like a gossamer floating in the zephyrs, without any effort on his part, to safety and to ease. Pedestres wanted no supernatural agency to waft him from the field; for as soon as he discovered himself to be out of the eye's-ken of mortality, he *felt* his way out of the cloud, and then betook himself to his *legs*, as if he had been contending on the arena of the Circus Maximus.

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## CHAPTER VII.

"In aliena castra transivit; non tanquam transfuga, sed explorator."

SENECA.

It might be expected that Pedestres' ardor for etymology had been a little damped by the effects of the affair related in the last chapter: but the next morning he aroused and summoned up the man within him, and determined on making another attempt. The vessel that rides the storm is not always at the top of the wave; and the sun shines not without intermission on the same flower of the garden: even if the day be cloudless and clear, from the first warble of the lark even until the latest note of the robin, still the night advances, when a certain though a transitory gloom must rest on the hill and the valley. Pedestres, therefore, wisely resolved on thinking that his ill-fortune was not permanent, but would shortly take a different turn, as the tide of the ocean must ebb when it has at-

tained its greatest height. For, according to the incomparable Juliet's reasoning, fortune, being fickle, can never endure long in any one pursuit, but will soon directly reverse herself, and take the very opposite and contrary course, to that which she traversed so ardently before. Wonderfully delighted and encouraged by this, Pedestres begged fortune to be fickle, and in a second attempt prosper his scrutiny into the christening of Exeter.

Julius Cæsar tells us, that this part of England, that is, Devon and Cornwall, was formerly called *Dumnonia*, or, as it has been rendered, "the county of vallies;" and a later author adds, "but now corruptedly it is named *Devonia*, or *Devonshire*, and not *Daneshire*, of the *Danes*, as some would have it."

The city, or capital, once bore the name of *Corinia*, and from this, the cathedral church was called *Ecclesia Coriniensis*. Leland and Bale further affirm that it was so designated by Corinus.

The Romans spoke of the city by the appellation of *Augusta;* but this by itself was quite indefinite, for they applied the word to many other cities, either from the circumstance of size, wealth, or importance, or out of compliment to the emperor. But to this was attached another name, thereby making a distinction from all other cities; they added that of *Britannorum*, making *Augusta Britannorum*.

According to the authority of Geoffery of Monmouth, the ancient Britons assumed a somewhat extensive latitude in telling of its attributes; sometimes expressing the existence of the same city in one way, and at others by another set of words, or that which was an equivalent to it; in the same manner in which a certain youthful cavalier, "sighing like furnace," spoke of his sweet ladylove—that is, her name bespoke her perfections. In the warmth of his heart he cried out, "O Clara *Cleopatro-Hello-Lucretio-Venusio-Didoneissima!*" But Exeter was only called *Penhulgoile*, which may be rendered, "The prosperous chief town in the wood," though it was sometimes known as, "The famous town on the hill," or *Pennehaltecaire*. But this name is nothing to the cavalier's.

The western Danmonii called it by three different appellations: *Pennecaire*, meaning the chief city: *Caireruth*, the red city, from the color of the soil from which it sprung: and *Caireiske*, otherwise, the city of *Iske*, the name of the river flowing immediately under Rougemont Castle Hill.

Hoveden, in his Chronicle, mentions this latter name when speaking of the hostile Danes—"Anno Domini 877, exercitus Danorum, ab Wharham, nocte quadam, fœdere dirupto, ad Exeancestre diverterunt, quod Britannicè dicitur *Cairiske*."

The learned Ptolemy calls it *Isca;* while the river he calls *Isica*.

Ball, the antiquary, also expresses it as *Isca;* and the inhabitants he calls *Iscans*.

From *Isca*, (the appellation of the river, as well as *Isaca*, as Ptolemy has it,) the name easily passed by a few gradations, into Exe; that by which it is now known. The two middle letters were first transposed; the offspring of which transposition, therefore, being *Isca:* and thence, to the next metamorphose, into the word *Exa:* then, by substituting *e* for *a*, we have the modern name Exe: although it is sometimes written without the final *e*.

The Saxons altered the then acknowledged name, and, by a rechristening, called the city *Monkton*. This is a barefaced onomatopeia. It bore this name more than three hundred years; when Athelstan, by a further mutation, changed it to *Esseterra*, or *Exeterra:*—that is, *Excestre*, or *Exeter*, where we at last find the city clothed in its habiliments of the latest fashion.

Let me moreover add, that it was also known as *Exancestria*, or *Exancestre;* and the rive by *Excestrum*.

We are told by sages and philanthropists innumerable, whose bounty has scattered to the world many wholesome saws and salutary apophthegms, that it is very naughty and unbecoming to "*call names*." Not denying the truth of this, I cannot but feel a vivid sense of remorse now rising within me, as the fruits of my recent occupation depicted on the foregoing page or two. Therefore let me weep for the past: and as I think in amity towards Exeter, that I have against her *called names* to universal contentment, Clavileno and Pedestres will pass to something else.

As Claveleno had no *veto* to put in opposition to his master's inclination, they both in merry mood walked towards the castle, to survey and ponder over little more than a few foundations. The west gateway on the city side is the only relic that will attract the eye of a casual observer: it is the highest, most prominent, and most revealed feature now standing on the circuit of the walls, and being also a gate-post to the principal entry, is happily that object on which the first glance of the stranger must fall. The area of the castle within the walls, as given by Leland, is one hundred and one feet only, in one direction, and one hundred and nine in the other. These are small dimensions for that which has been the occupied palace of kings—the residence, as well as the fortress—and the magazine of pleasure and carousal, commingled with the magazine of war.

If a tourist in his wanderings, let him be in what part of England he may—or, indeed, what part of the old world—discovers the gray towers of some ancient castle, abbey, or other venerable fabric, standing forth in all the deep hues which antiquity is so fortunate in giving—if his eye is seized on by the glow of a warm gleam of sunshine lighting up the moss-clad stones of a dilapidated turret, crowning the summit of some picturesque crag of rock—he need not ask the passer-by or the peasant who it was who built it. He need not ask a question, to the which there ever is returned the same answer. And pray, then, who built the castle of Exeter? for, according to tradition, the answer to this query will set homogeneously in reply to all inter-

rogations of a like kind. Who built this castle? and who built that? and who built Rougemont Castle—that castle of the red soil, resting on the hill! Forsooth, Julius Cæsar—he built them all: the eternal answer to all queries—Julius Cæsar, Julius Cæsar, Julius Cæsar! And as certain and unerring as Cæsar built all castles, so sure and certain is the information respecting him that pulled them all down. And who made a ruin of Tutbury Castle? who battered Conway Castle to pieces? and who destroyed Chepstow Castle? and who shattered fifty others? Oh! Oliver Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell! Confound Oliver Cromwell! say I. But peace be with him: let us not a second time rake his bones from their quiet grave.

Rougemont, or Rugemont Castle, was erected by Julius Cæsar, or the Romans after him. It was long the palace of the Saxon kings of Westsex, or Wessex. After them, the habitation of the Earls of Cornwall; and then of the Dukes of Exeter. In modern days its fortunes have worn a very contracted aspect: ruin, decay, neglect, and dilapidation have usurped the seats of royalty, splendor, revelry, and massive architecture. And for some years the site of the quondam guardhouse has been occupied by the courts of justice.

There is, in the vicinity of Exeter, another vestige of antiquity, which perchance may lay claim to the honor of as early an origin as the castle. And notwithstanding Pedestres had been in the city at times during far the greater half of his life, and had frequently passed within twenty—ay, ten yards of the spot, he had never conceived the most remote idea of the existence of any thing so attractive. It generally so happens, that when persons reside in or near, even the known and acknowledged reality of a *lion*, although it be such as may decoy thousands of the curious to the neighborhood to examine and admire; yet, when feeling themselves as residents, they scarcely appear to consider it worth the price of a short walk, to go and see that, which others have travelled across counties for the express purpose of coming to do no more. It had, in a great degree, been Pedestres' case in this instance; but now all at once fancying himself a tourist—whose attributes, and indeed *duty*, he thought, consisted in search, inquisitiveness, and curiosity—he was led to this Danish relic, as the fruits and reward of this inquiry. It is situated in one corner of a grazed field, immediately at the back of the county jail: and from the public road, a leap of infinitely less agility than would demand the seven-league boots of Peter Schimmel, would carry the antiquary lightly over the hedge, and set him in the centre of the circular vallum. A diametrical measurement gave its dimensions to be thirty-eight paces, from the top of the agger on one side, to the highest ridge on the opposite. By the peasants in the surrounding cottages, it is universally called "*Danes' Castle*;" and by them it appears to be looked upon in the light of one of those evidences of remote industry, and mysterious dark ages, that will never fail to engender in minds like theirs, a species of superstition for its preservation and perpetuity.

Oh, Johnathan Oldbuck! thou pattern and model of all that is true, genuine, and specific, to form the real and perfect antiquary! Oh, wert thou but only here at this moment, standing with myself and my goodly 'squire on the ridge of this vallum, to tell us of the origin of so obscure a work—to tell us who defended within—who assailed without—who fell struggling for freedom, glory, and their country, on this side the breast-work—and how many died the death of the brave on the other! Wert thou but here now to descant and expatiate unto us with as much eloquence as thou didst to thy companion Lovel on the Kaim of Kimprunes, we were then indeed of a piece with thee. We should be enabled by the all-seeing glass of this research and scrutiny, to look clearly back into those ages of night and secrecy, during the existence of which this encampment, as well as the Kaim of Kimprunes, sprung into being. There does not reign that *indistinctness* here, of the supposed presence of which, thou wert so grievously ruffled by Lovel. All is plain, clear, manifest! On the southern side behold the *porta sinistra*, (a drain cut through the vallum to let off the rain that would settle in the basin,) oh, fear not Edie Ochiltree! fear him not! and yonder see the *porta dextra!* All is obvious—all is apparent and undeniable.

See, Pedestres, see—
See the huge battle moving o'er the heath;
Their spear-heads sparkle in the glittering sunbeam;
Their rude accoutrements, and ruder selves
March like the tumbling storm. And life or death
Sits on the careless turning of a die!

(*To be continued.*)

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## THE RETAINER'S SONG.

Fling out the old standard,
To flirt in the breeze;
No more shall be squandered
Our moments in ease;
Bring the steed from the stable,
The sword from its nail;
And, ye that are able,
On, on with the mail;
Our foot in the stirrup,
Our hearts on the prey,
A last cup to cheer up
Out hopes, and away.

Farewell, my heart's-heart; love,
A truce to your fears;
'Tis a poor way to part, love,
With whining and tears;
If thy hopes faint and waver,
Why, get to Priest Hugh,

Let him broach in our favor
An Ave or two.
But tears are for cravens;
Then dry up thine eyes;
When I'm food for the ravens,
Time enough, love, for sighs.

Then, come, my blithe vassals,
As erst, follow me;
And we'll make his old castles
Resound with our glee;
We'll beard, spite his anger,
The lord in his hold;
And a hand-shake with danger
Shall win us his gold;
We'll kiss his old lady,
If better we lack,
And at morrow be ready
To trace our way back.
Then, foot in the stirrup,
Our heart's on the prey,
A last cup to cheer up
Our hopes, and away.

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## DE L'ALLEMAGNE.*

PAR MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR C. M. FRIEDLAENDER,

MEMBRE CORRESPONDANT DE L'INSTITUT HISTORIQUE DE FRANCE, ETC. ETC.

### CHAPITRE IV.

MM. Goerres et Baader,

Et leur Mysticisme.

Il est évident, que le mysticisme, quelque part qu'on le rencontre, quelque forme qu'il revête, laissera toujours entrevoir, malgré toute son habileté à la dissimuler, une teinte plus ou moins foncée de mystification, et façonnée en système aujourd'hui usurpant le titre sacré de science ou de doctrine: il a paru en Allemagne et en Angleterre, à l'ombre de la religion, et ainsi protégé, il a grandi. Mais quelle peut être la mission du mysticisme? quelle influence dans l'avenir doit-il exercer? Sa mission, c'est de détourner l'esprit humain de la réforme religieuse de Luther et de ses successeurs: par son influence le Christianisme se précipitera de nouveau dans le chaos des images, des symboles; et entouré d'un cortège aussi absurde, il n'aura rien à envier aux fables du paganisme dont il aura copié les mythes. Le mysticisme est un dogme, si l'on peut appeler dogme ce qui n'a pas pour base un principe raisonnable, qui abuse de la société et de la religion, en les jetant l'une et l'autre dans un cercle d'erreurs métaphysiques, au milieu duquel elles doivent se mouvoir, sans jamais atteindre de but, sans jamais toucher au terme de leurs efforts inutiles. Loin de nous cependant l'intention maladroite de décrier les hautes capacités de M. Goerres et du fondateur de son école, Jacques Boehme, quoique le doute soit bien permis sur les visions du premier. Mais quand même nous consentirions à admettre que M. Goerres dans les revers d'une vie toute pleine d'orages, aurait appris ce qui fut révélé à Jacques Boehme gardant les troupeaux de son père, nous serions toujours d'avis que ces visions, si visions il y a eu, ne peuvent se transformer en système. S'il en était autrement, ne serait-ce pas consacrer l'absurde, et prononcer la destruction la plus complète de l'esprit humain; ne serait-ce pas renverser d'une main sacrilège, la réforme du seizième siècle, et oublier par une lâche ingratitude les bienfaits de Luther, que de confondre de nouveau de ridicules miracles avec les sentimens d'une religion toute riche de sa pureté et de sa forme simple?

Et cependant qui oserait dire que le mysticisme ne tend pas à opérer ce malheureux résultat. Il entraîne dans les réseaux d'un langage symbolique dont les moindres nuances sont souvent calculées, les esprits disposés à recevoir facilement des impressions; il les éloigne de la voie de la raison et de la religion, pour les lancer dans les espaces incommensurables, qu'une imagination désordonnée seule peut choisir pour son domaine.

Si Jeanne d'Arc cette pieuse bergère qui dans le silence de la solitude, non moins que dans les sublimes profondeurs d'une foi vive et sincère, s'est prise à se laisser aller de rêve en rêve, si par la force de sa croyance, elle est parvenue à accomplir des destinées qui nous frappent encore d'étonnement, ce merveilleux épisode de l'histoire d'un grand peuple peut-il se transformer en système, devenir une école, et cette puissance de foi, de méditations, de l'illustre héroine née aux champs incultes de Vaucouleurs, serait-elle une propriété qu'elle pourrait transmettre à des disciples comme le manteau mystérieux d'Eli le prophète? Jeanne d'Arc est un caractère à part, une nature exceptionnelle, une figure historique, qui ne s'est modelée à aucune école, qu'aucune école n'aurait pu modeler! de pareilles organisations ne peuvent pas former les autres à leur image, et celui qui tenterait de les imiter ne serait qu'un fou ou un imposteur.

Du mysticisme à la superstition il n'y a qu'un pas, et la superstition, on la reconnaîtra sans peine: n'est-elle pas contraire à toute croyance vraiment religieuse, contraire surtout à la réforme du catholicisme, qui pour se rendre inaccessible s'est entouré de formes mystiques, de symboles, et d'images, afin de mieux cacher sous les voiles nombreux d'oripeaux métaphysiques la majestueuse figure de Dieu, et la dérober à notre esprit, à la raison, pour mieux soumettre le monde chrétien à la volonté du saint siège, aux caprices et à l'intérêt sordide de sa phalange ecclésiastique, qui interprète Dieu et le ciel, comme les chambellans, les valets, et les femmes dépravées de St. Pétersbourg dirigent les audiences des empereurs de Russie.

Jean Joseph Goerres, né à Coblentz le 25

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* Continued from page 169.

Janvier 1776, est un homme de circonstance. Après avoir essayé en vain d'exploiter plusieurs entreprises, après avoir parcouru bien des carrières, il se voua à Dieu, sans doute parce qu'il crut n'avoir plus rien à espérer des hommes. Comme rédacteur de journaux politiques et littéraires, il se montra très libéral, même trop libéral pour l'époque et le pays où il vivait; aussi ses publications périodiques furent elles persécutées et supprimées. Plusieurs ouvrages scientifiques et politiques, ont révélé la grande portée de son intelligence et de son érudition. Lorsqu'il écrivit son livre, *Les visions et rélations avec l'église de Emanuel Swedenborg*, Emanuel Swedenborg, seine Visionen und sein Verhältniss zur Kirche, Strasburg 1827, le Roi de Bavière l'appela à Munich en qualité de professeur de littérature générale, et c'est là qu'il travailla de concert avec le philosophe Schelling et M. Baader à ranimer l'esprit religieux du moyen age, pour rappeler, s'il est possible, cette époque solennelle des persécutions et des meurtres commis au nom de Dieu; c'est là qu'il évoque, dans son admiration pour les siècles passés, les vieux systèmes politiques auxquels it paraît attacher, quoique l'opinion ait prononcé en dernier appel, la planche de salut qui doit sauver la société du naufrage: et c'est à ces sources que M. St. Marc est allé puiser les preuves qui l'ont amené à se réconcilier avec le catholicisme ante-Luthérien.

Le talent mystique de M. Goerres est fort brillant. C'est une justice à lui rendre. La forme de son style est séduisante, il entraîne facilement par la poésie dont il colore habilement ses images; le tour de sa phrase ne manque ni d'une certaine fraîcheur, ni d'une certaine vivacité; il déguise avec tant d'habileté la nature intime de sa philosophie, qu'à Munich, on se met déjà à genoux devant le portrait du roi Louis, pour implorer sa grâce, et l'on oublie que c'est à une image insensible que l'on s'adresse. Aussi Munich n'est plus aujourd'hui qu'un immense couvent, gouverné par le triumvirat de MM. Schelling le philosophe converti, de J. J. Goerres l'homme aux essais, et de François Xavier Baader né à Munich en 1765, et professeur à l'université philosophico-papale de la capitale de la Bavière. Baader dans ses égaremens fait preuve d'une sagacité rare. Vrai représentant du *Philosophus Teutonicus* Boehme, il embrassa le mysticisme avec chaleur, et sous le titre de *philosophie* il cherche à propager cette doctrine. Au reste on a tant abusé de ce titre sacré, il est devenu si contradictoire, qu'il ne faudrait pas trop s'étonner si bientôt l'on effaçait les inscriptions des maisons de fous, que l'on désignerait à l'avenir sous le nom *d'institutions philosophiques.*

Que les défenseurs du catholicisme fassent usage du mysticisme, on le conçoit sans peine, c'est pour eux un échaffaudage puissant, sans lequel leur autorité s'affaisserait, mais qu'il serve d'appui aux réformés! qu'il entre dans la réforme de Luther comme un système, comme partie intégrante du dogme! il y aurait folie à le croire, faiblesse à ne pas s'élever contre la tendance ridiculement prétentieuse de cet écho religieux, sonore il est vrai, riche dans sa forme, mais vide de raison et arrivant à l'humanité de notre époque comme une injure au bon sens et une fausse interprétation de la destinée de l'homme sur la terre.

Le protestantisme de Luther a renversé la toute puissance ecclésiastique dont Rome était le siège; il a brisé les chaînes d'un pouvoir mondain caché sous des auspices spirituels; il a délivré une partie des peuples de l'Europe de la confession et, il a sauvé la religion de toutes les dépravations auxquelles elle était exposée, parcequ'il a renversé, en parti au moins, le mysticisme, cette fausse direction de l'esprit humain. Le protestantisme est devenu une religion basée sur la raison; il a d'abord exercé son influence salutaire sur la pureté des mœurs tout en rétablissant l'indépendance des nations Germaniques qui gémissaient sous le joug du Saint-siège; et la religion est devenue une vérité par la raison. Et cette raison a repoussé les ornemens ridicules ou mensongers, les formes éblouissantes, les intrigues du conclave, et l'avidité et la corruption des couvens; il a repoussé aussi le livre des taxes, imprimé par ordre de la cour de Rome, livre où se trouve entre autres la phrase suivante: *ayez soin d'observer que les grâces et les dispenses ne s'accordent point aux pauvres, parcequ'ils ne peuvent pas payer. C'est pourquoi on ne peut les consoler. Et nota diligenter, quod ejus modi gratiæ et dispensationes non concedantur pauperibus, quia non sunt (solutori), ideo non possunt consolari.** La réforme a établi un culte plus sage, plus pure et plus humain. Gardez-vous donc de retomber dans le mysticisme: c'est le tourbillon qui entraînerait immanquablement vers l'idolatrie, qui dénaturerait la raison et marcherait par conséquent contre le salut du protestantisme.

Et cependant, nous voyons beaucoup de protestans en Angleterre se jeter, tête perdue, dans le mysticisme; suivre les visions de Boehme, que la fanatique *Jeanne Leade* a transformé en école, en formant en 1697, sa société de Philadelphistes. Malgré l'évidence en dépit de la vérité, nous voyons des protestans en Allemagne prendre cette direction si vicieuse notamment depuis le retour du roi de Prusse du Congrès de Vérone, direction qui a forcé le monarque à se défendre de l'inculpation de s'être fait catholique.

Le protestantisme a pendu à la société les bonnes mœurs, a rétabli les rélations de la famille et de l'état, enfin l'esprit de la civilisation, qui n'aurait pu se faire jour aussi long temps que le mysticisme religieux abaissant le faible l'aveuglait tandis qu'il fortifiait le pouvoir exorbitant du chef de l'église catholique: foulant aux pieds l'histoire du passé, les réformés se détachent de leurs familles, pour suivre non pas la religion sage du protestantisme, mais bien une religion chargée,

* Taxa Cancellariæ Apostolicæ, fol. 142, edit. 1553.

de symboles, et d'images. Séduits par une religion mystique en opposition avec les sentimens que Dieu a déposés en nous et qui sont ceux de l'amour chrétien, nous voyons les réformés se séparer de la société, mépriser les dons les plus précieux de la nature, pour suivre, à travers tous les égaremens de l'esprit humain, une religion qui conduit à la superstition et au fanatisme; nous les voyons dis-je en opposition avec la civilisation qui exige un rapprochement social, se déliant de leurs semblables et s'abandonner à une imagination, préoccupée de quoi! du mysticisme qui détourne l'homme de ses rapports directs avec Dieu, en le jetant dans les miracles, dans un chaos d'idées confuses.

En Allemagne on profite des dispositions poétiques de la jeunesse pour l'entraîner vers une religion visionnaire, afin de préoccuper son esprit, dompter l'ardeur de son développement intellectuel; on transforme les églises en chaires de philosophie, et les universités en couvents. Ceci entre parfaitement dans le plan politique des princes qui gouvernent l'Allemagne et s'accorde on ne peut mieux avec leur faire politique; car tout y est *mystère, mystification, mysticisme!* Mais l'Angleterre gouvernée par une constitution, l'Angleterre qui met de la franchise et de la justice dans ses actes, l'Angleterre devait repousser ces calculs honteux qui se jouent de l'idée sacrée de Dieu, comme ils se jouent des droits du citoyen. C'est elle qui seule en Europe pourrait se glorifier du titre de *pays protestant*, si elle n'était encombrée de sectaires qui détruisent la société Anglaise et la perdent par la religion, comme on divise et perd l'Allemagne par la politique. En Allemagne la politique s'est transformée en religion; en Angleterre la religion est devenue politique et on s'arme contre elle pour la combattre, tout comme on combattrait un système politique. A qui donc la faute? Aux sectaires qui ont affaibli sa force, en se détachant du grand corps, en méconnaissant l'esprit de l'unité, en marchant drapeau déployé contre la raison, puissante garantie à opposer à la corruption et à la désunion de la société. Or donc, tandis qu'en Allemagne le mysticisme a fortifié les intérêts des gouvernemens, le mysticisme en Angleterre les a affaiblis; mais en Allemagne les rapports de l'église et de la cour sont directs, tandis qu'en Angleterre, la constitution se trouvant entre les deux, la religion avait besoin de se consolider par l'union.

En Angleterre le mysticisme a pris un caractère purement religieux, il pouvait dégénérer plus facilement qu'en Allemagne, où il est présenté sous un forme philosophique; cette dernière forme est au demeurant aussi dangereuse pour la société Allemande que la forme religieuse peut l'être pour la société Anglaise, et nous recommandons à M. Saint-Marc Girardin d'avoir un peu moins d'enthousiasme pour Munich, pour MM. Goerres et Baader, et qu'il se garde bien de donner à la jeunesse de France les leçons entremêlées de symboles, d'allégories, et surtout d'interprétations philosophiques, que Grégoire VII. et Bossuet n'ont jamais vus dans le Catholicisme.

Le mysticisme est dans les mêmes rapports avec la religion, que le mensonge avec la vérité. Flexible et séduisant comme le vice, il emploie, comme lui, les détours, et cache sous le masque et trompe adroitement l'humanité qui dans sa confiance n'aperçoit pas le piège qu'on lui tend; tandis que la religion, fille de la vérité, se montre dans toute sa simplicité, telle qu'elle est sans déguisement aucun, sans arrière pensée et surtout sans cet esprit dominateur qui dirige notre attention vers le ciel, pour détourner nos regards de l'abîme que le mysticisme creuse sous nos pieds, pendant qu'il nous occupe de Dieu.

Goethe, dans son admirable ouvrage de *Faust*, place le mysticisme à l'endroit où il doit se trouver (scène du laboratoire de la sorcière: Hexenküche) et parle avec toute la sagacité et le mordant que nous lui connaissons. Je ne puis m'empêcher de citer ici un petit fragment qui se rattache à l'idée principale de ce chapitre.

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*Faust et Mephistopheles* (le philosophie mystique) se trouvent dans le cercle magique. La sorcière commence à lire avec beaucoup d'emphase dans son livre.

Tu dois comprendre,
A faire dix d'un,
Et laisser deux,
A rendre pair trois,
Alors tu es riche.
Perdre quatre,
De cinq et six,
Ainsi dit la sorcière,
Fait sept et huit;
C'est exécuté alors:
Et neuf est un,
Et dix n'est rien.
Voilà l'arithmétique des sorcières.

Du musst verstehn!
Aus Eins mach' Zehn,
Und Zwei lass gehn
Und drei mach gleich,
So bist du reich.
Verlier die Vier,
Aus Fünf und Sechs,
So sagt die Hex',
Macht sieben und Acht,
So ist's vollbracht:
Und Neun ist Eins,
Und Zehn ist Keins,
Das ist das Hexen-Einmal-Eins!

*Faust.*

me semble que la vieille est en délire.

*Faust.*

Mich dünkt, die Alte spricht im Fieber.

*Mephistopheles.*

Ce n'est pas tout encore,
Je le sais, son livre ne contient rien autre!
Combien de temps n'ai-je pas perdu avec lui,
Car une véritable contradiction
Reste également énigmatique pour les sages comme pour les fous.
Mon ami, cet art est vieux et neuf.
Ainsi fut de tous les temps,
De répandre par trois en un, et un en trois,
Des erreurs pour la vérité.
C'est ainsi qu'on bavarde, et que l'on enseigne sans empêchement:
Qui donc s'occuperait des fous?
L'homme croit ordinairement, en n'entendant que des paroles,
Qu'il doit pouvoir y trouver des pensées.

*Mephistopheles.*

Das ist noch lange nicht vorüber,
Ich kenn' es wohl, so klingt das ganze Buch!
Ich habe manche Zeit damit verloren,
Denn ein vollkommner Widerspruch
Bleibt gleich geheimnissvoll für Kluge wie für Thoren!
Mein Freund, die Kunst ist alt und neu.
Er war die Art zu allen Zeiten,
Durch Drei und Eins, und Eins und Drei
Irrthum statt Wahrheit zu verbreiten.
So schwätzt und lehrt man ungestört;
Wer will sich mit den Narr'n befassen?
Gewöhnlich glaubt der Mensch, wenn er nur Worte hört,
Er müsse sich dabei doch auch was denken lassen.

*La Sorcière continue.*

La haute puissance
De la science
Est cachée au monde entier!
Et qui jamais pense
On la lui donne,
Il l'a par l'insouciance.

*Die Hexe fährt fort.*

Die hohe Kraft
Der Wissenchafts,
Der ganzen Welt verborgen!
Und wer nicht denkt,
Dem wird sie geschenkt,
Er hat sie ohne Sorgen.

Il nous semble superflu d'étendre d'avantage nos observations sur un objet, dont la nature est assez clairement démontrée dans l'exposé rapide que nous venons de faire, nous pouvons donc continuer la marche que nous nous sommes proposée de suivre et reprendre l'examen des auteurs étrangers sur l'Allemagne et sa littérature.

## CHAPITRE V.

### MM. Benjamin Constant,* Ampere,† Lerminiers ‡

Nous avons réuni en ce seul chapitre trois différens auteurs et trois écrits différens pour ne pas trop étendre l'examen des productions Françaises et abuser de la patience des lecteurs; nous terminerons par cette revue la série des auteurs Français.

Parmi les écrivains modernes qui ont jeté de l'éclat sur la littérature politique, qui ont combattu dans les rangs des constitutionnels avec une persévérance vraiment rare, et qui ont su répandre en même temps des lumières sur la littérature étrangère, M. Benjamin Constant mérite d'occuper le premier rang. Orateur distingué, et jurisconsulte habile, il cultivait les lettres avec ardeur et se montrait presque toujours penseur profond et homme de goût. Jeune encore, le feu sacré qui brillait dans ses discours le fit remarquer, et ne manqua pas d'irriter contre lui l'esprit susceptible du premier consul. Il dût s'éloigner de Paris. Partageant ainsi le sort de Madame de Staël, il s'associa plus intimement à elle, et ils parcoururent ensemble divers pays, les yeux et les cœurs tournés vers cette belle France, vers ce paradis terrestre d'où l'ange flamboyant les avait chassés, pour avoir témérairement touché au fruit défendu. Quand ils se séparèrent, M. Benjamin Constant se rendit à Göttingue, pour s'y familiariser davantage avec la littérature Allemande, qu'il avait déjà cultivée lorsqu'il fesait ses études à Brunswick. Son voyage avec son illustre compatriote et son séjour à la cour de Brunswick, paraissent cependant avoir frappé d'une indulgence coupable l'imagination de M. Benjamin Constant; car que penser de ce ferme et loyal défenseur du droit public et de la liberté constitutionnelle, qui s'exprime en ces termes sur l'Allemagne et la liberté des Allemands!

"De cela seul que trente millions de sujets se trouvent répartis sous un assez grand nombre de princes indépendans les uns des autres, et dont l'autorité sans bornes, en apparence, était limitée de fait par la petitesse de leurs possessions, il résulte pour ces trentes millions d'hommes une existence ordinairement paisible, une assez grande sécurité, une liberté d'opinion presque complète, et la possibilité pour le parti éclairé de cette société, de se livrer à la culture des lettres, au perfectionnement des arts, à la recherche de la vérité."

Nous ne savons en effet si M. Benjamin Constant, admirateur sans bornes du talent de Madame de Staël, s'est tellement laissé intimider, qu'il n'osait la contredire; ou s'il craignait se contredire lui-même dans les éloges dont il a comblé sa compatriote; mais toujours est-il vrai que nous pouvons pardonner à Madame de Staël, qui écrivait sous l'inspiration de son ami M. de Schlegel; ce que nous ne saurons pardonner à M. Benjamin Constant, homme clairvoyant et plein de justesse, apte à juger par lui même, sans préoccupation aucune, comme il convient à son caractère et à sa carrière politique.

Nous avons donc d'abord à remarquer que l'indépendance des princes Allemands dont nous parle M. Benjamin Constant est aujourd'hui une véritable dérision, et même l'était

* Mélanges de littérature et de politique.
† Littérature et voyages.
‡ Au delà du Rhin.

déjà à l'époque où il écrivait son article. Tout petit état, associé à un grand, ne saurait être indépendant et doit infailliblement suivre les intérêts d'une puissance plus étendue que la sienne. Son exiguité le placera toujours vis-à-vis de son associé dans une position inférieure et gênante, telle que se trouve un pauvre vis-à-vis de son protecteur. Ce n'est donc ici qu'une flatterie assez maladroite, dictée par trop de délicatesse, par trop d'égards pour la cour de Brunswick, et digne d'un courtisan, mais indigne de l'homme indépendant, indigne de M. Benjamin Constant. Si nous poursuivons l'examen de la phrase, nous y trouvons encore une contradiction assez frappante; car nous ne saurions concilier cette indépendance des princes avec l'autorité sans bornes en apparence, et limitée de fait par l'exiguité des possessions. De deux choses l'une: ou il y a indépendance, et alors une autorité sans bornes, qui n'a pas de grande étendue par la seule raison que les possessions sont petites: ou il y a une autorité en apparence et point d'indépendance. Le pact fédéral de l'Allemagne est là, nous croyons donc pouvoir nous dispenser de toute explication relativement aux princes de la confédération Germanique; leur dépendance est assez évidente. Mais quand même nous admettrions cette partie de la phrase si singulière de M. Benjamin Constant, il nous serait toujours difficile, je dirai même impossible, de conclure qu'il en résulte pour les trente millions d'habitans: *une grande sécurité, une liberté d'opinions presque complète et la possibilité de rechercher la vérité.*

L'Allemagne n'offre aucune sécurité, car elle est à la merci de quelques hommes qui la gouvernent selon leur bon plaisir, leurs caprices, leur entêtement; la dénonciation d'un agent de police zélé prive le citoyen de sa liberté et quelques fois même de tous les moyens de défense, car il ne saurait recourir à aucune publicité; les tribunaux jugent à chambre close, et les journaux obéissent à la rigueur d'une censure extraordinairement sévère. La liberté d'opinion dans un pays, où l'on n'a d'autre liberté que d'obéir aveuglement et de payer sa cotisation au trésor paraît donc passablement dérisoire. Quant à la recherche de la vérité, elle peut se faire à *Spielberg, Glatz, Glogau, Spandau*, etc. Les élèves du professeur Gall peuvent s'y rendre pour y étudier les protubérances de la vérité et de l'indépendance, mais on chercherait en vain de la trouver ailleurs, et surtout de la trouver en sécurité. Nous ne pouvions passer sous silence une assertion si contraire à la vérité, si contraire aux lois et aux règlemens qui régissent l'Allemagne, une phrase de cette portée écrite par M. Benjamin Constant.

Examinons maintenant la partie de lettre de l'article, du Wallenstein Allemand, par Schiller, transformé en Wallenstein Français, par M. Benjamin Constant; nous verons si les excuses adressées à la littérature Allemande et les explications données à la littérature Française serontde nature à nous satisfaire.

Mr. Benjamin Constant convient que les Français ne peignent dans leurs tragédies, qui sont fondées sur l'histoire, qu'un fait ou une passion; les Allemands dans les leurs, peignent une vie entière et un caractère entier. C'est-à-dire qu'ils n'omettent aucun évènement important, pour donner au caractère de leurs personnages toute leur individualité. L'isolement dans lequel le système Français présente le fait qui forme le sujet et la passion qui est le mobile de chaque tragédie, paraît cependant à M. Benjamin Constant avoir d'incontestables avantages. Nous en conviendrions, sans difficultés, s'il nous était permis d'ajouter, que ces avantages doivent être individuellement appliqués aux Français, qui connaissent mieux l'histoire des passions que les passions de l'histoire; ils perdraient certainement par le système Allemand qui suppose des connaissances, la puissance des allusions aux évènemens et les beautés des détails qui se rapportent à l'histoire.

Tout en défendant les avantages du système Français, M. Benjamin Constant est conduit, quoique sous un autre point de vue, à se rallier à nous, et convenir que ce système est la suite de l'ignorance du public contre lequel le tragédien Français craint de heurter. "L'auteur des *Templiers*, dit-il, a dû ajouter à son ouvrage des notes explicatives, tandis que *Schiller*, dans sa *Jeanne D'Arc*, sujet Français, qu'il présentait au public Allemand, était sûr de rencontrer dans ses auditeurs assez de connaissances pour le dispenser de tout commentaire." La scène n'est point faite pour y étudier l'histoire, mais bien pour nous la rappeler, pour nous exposer un tableau vivant qui raffraichît notre mémoire, qui nous représente enfin d'anciennes connaissances, un tableau mis en action. Mais il est donc indispensable, pour saisir les détails de l'action, d'avoir préalablement des notions de l'histoire. Toute la différence entre le système Allemand et le système Français se résumerait alors par l'instruction d'un côté et l'ignorance de l'autre, et les avantages restent incontestablement du côté du système Allemand qui peut se hasarder à peindre et les passions et l'histoire, tandis que le système Français doit se borner aux passions. C'est là, aussi, où nous devons chercher les égaremens de la nouvelle école, qui croit que pour frapper juste il faut frapper fort; ces égarmens du goût qui ont remplacé, par des passions outrées, passions qui ne laissent à l'imagination qu'un souvenir d'horreur, cette poésie simple et entraînante qui jette tant de calme et tant de dignité dans nos âmes, et civilisent en adoucissant nos haînes.

Une autre preuve qui se rapporte aux connaissances historiques des Allemands et aux avantages du système Allemand, nous est fournie par la *trilogie de Wallenstein;* M. Benjamin Constant toujours préoccupé et engoué du système Français, s'étonne que les Allemands tâtèrent tantôt une pièce sans action: *Le camp de Wallenstein*; tantôt une pièce sans dénouement: *Les Piccolomini*; tantôt un dénouement sans exposition: *La mort de Wallenstein.*

Connaissant l'action et le dénouement des évènemens qui se rapportent à la guerre de

trente ans, les Allemands admirent dans le camp de Wallenstein, ce tableau d'après nature de la vie militaire de l'époque, tableau retracé avec toute l'habilité de l'artiste et la vérité de l'historien ; ils admirent les passions naissantes et l'orage qui paraît se rapprocher pour éclater sur la tête du héros dans *les Piccolomini ;* et la destinée fatale comme dénouement dans *La mort de Wallenstein.*

" En me condamnant à respecter toutes les règles de notre théâtre—dit M. Benjamin Constant—j'avais détruit, de plusieurs manières, l'effet dramatique." Sans doute. Wallenstein n'étant qu'un homme de destin, un homme de circonstance poussé aux derniers excès d'un esprit indomptable, par une ambition sans bornes, qui le dévorait sans cesse ; un homme sans grandeur, enfin un guerrier valeureux, avide de gloire et de puissance, comment pouvait-il nous intéresser, détaché des accessoires qui seuls lui donnent un caractère dramatique ? Or donc en réduisant le personnel de quarante-huit acteurs à douze, comme dans la pièce française, l'effet principal, le grand mouvement que s'opère autour de lui disparaît, et il ne reste de Wallenstein que des passions isolées privées du véritable effet dramatique. Par égard pour les susceptibilités contemporaines, M. Benjamin Constant a cru devoir supprimer ce penchant pour l'astrologie de Wallenstein, que Schiller a si bien mis en action, l'exposant dans un triste récit sans action : parceque l'on n'envisage guères en France la superstition, que sous un côté ridicule. Les restrictions de la scène Française auxquelles M. Benjamin Constant s'est soumis tout en regrettant le crime qu'il commettait envers Schiller, et le déguisement qu'il a du prêter à la peinture du moyen âge exposé dans cette trilogie, ont fait connaître aux Français une pièce nouvelle, sans caractère historique et sans action dramatique, une pièce enfin qui ne pouvait leur donner aucune idée de l'art dramatique des Allemands.

Nous ne saurions donc nous contenter des excuses de M. Benjamin Constant, car toute défiguration est inexcusable. Nous aurions préféré une traduction fidèle de la pièce, convaincu qu'elle eût été la plus parfaite possible, puisque M. Benjamin Constant connaissait à fond l'Allemand, et écrivait le Français avec pureté et élégance. L'article qui sert de commentaire à son imitation aurait également pu servir de préface, et les Français y eurent gagné en informations littéraires, sans que les Allemands eussent eu à regretter de voir leur Wallenstein, modelé à la Française, agir sur la scène Française, non pas comme les règles de leur système dramatique exigent qu'il agisse.

Ecoutons une autre accusation non moins accablante que les autres, que M. Benjamin Constant nous confesse avec autant de franchise que de regrets ; nous disons pas moins accablantes, car il a dû transformer l'idéal d'une femme Allemande en une femme telle que nous les rencontrons par milliers dans la vie réelle, privée de cette élévation poétique que Schiller a su créer avec tant de charmes.

" Mon respect pour nos habitudes et nos mœurs, dit-il, m'avait fait commettre une erreure plus grave encore. Le caractère de Thecla, fille de Wallenstein, excite en Allemagne un enthousiasme universel ; et il est difficile de lire l'ouvrage de Schiller, dans sa langue originale, sans partager cet enthousiasme ; mais j'avais craint qu'en France ce caractère n'obtint pas l'approbation du public. L'admiration dont il est l'objet chez les Allemands tient à leur manière de considérer l'amour, et cette manière est très différente de la nôtre. Nous n'envisageons l'amour que comme une passion de la même nature que toutes les passions humaines, c'est-à-dire ayant pour effet d'égarer notre raison, ayant pour but de nous procurer des puissances. Les Allemands voient dans l'amour quelque chose de religieux, de sacré, une émanation de la divinité même, un accomplissement de la destiné de l'homme sur cette terre, un lien mystérieux et tout-puissant entre deux âmes qui ne peuvent exister que l'une pour l'autre. Sous le premier point de vue, l'amour est commun à l'homme et aux animaux ; sous le second, à l'homme et à Dieu."

Je suis peiné de devoir répéter le compliment que M. Benjamin Constant adresse ici aux Français ; mais toute dure qu'elle est, cette vérité est incontestable et caractérise de la manière la plus frappante la différence de sentir et d'interpréter les sentimens qui distinguent les Allemands des Français. L'amour chez les Français est dépourvu de poésie ; c'est une passion convulsive, un délire, une rage, un instinct, un sentiment enfin qui est commun *à l'homme et aux animaux.* L'amour chez les Allemands élève l'âme, et opère souvent un changement complet de l'homme : le monde palpable disparaît devant cet amour ; les Allemands ne vivent plus qu'en lui, par lui, et pour lui ; leur amour devient tout pour eux, et ils sont tout amour ; c'est un sentiment que *l'homme partage avec Dieu.* Eh bien, et cette création Allemande si pure, si noble, si franche, si divine de Thecla ? M. Benjamin Constant en a fait une Française aux passions violentes, pour ne pas manquer aux règles et aux sentimens des Français.

" Plus prévoyant, ou plus hardi, j'aurais," dit-il, " évité la plupart des fautes que je viens d'indiquer dans mon propre ouvrage. J'aurais dû pressentir qu'une révolution politique entraînerait une révolution littéraire." M. Benjamin Constant s'est montré peu prévoyant, mais d'autant plus hardi ; car il me semble qu'il faut bien plus de courage pour massacrer une œuvre telle que Wallenstein, que pour la présenter au public telle qu'elle est, avec ses conceptions étranges mais originales, et portant le cachet d'une école plus large et plus élevée.

Quant à la révolution littéraire qui s'est opérée en France, elle ressemble malheureusement comme deux gouttes d'eau à la révolution politique de 1793. La guillotine littéraire ne se contente pas d'abattre les anciennes règles et les formes absurdes et rétrécies dont il fallait s'affranchir ; mais elle engloutit, par ses passions démesurées et sangui-

naires, la vérité, la vraisemblance, la nature, afin de provoquer des émotions accablantes qui sont aussi dramatiques que le spectacle hideux sous lequel gémissait la France à la mémorable époque de sa rénovation.

Les révolutions font naître de grandes passions, comme souvent les passions font naître de grandes révolutions ; mais il n'y a que le calme et la réflexion qui, succédant aux commotions violentes, projettent la lumière douce et brillante d'un avenir heureux. Les passions sont là, la révolution les a fait naître ; mais il faut à la France littéraire encore cinquante ans de lutte pour pouvoir fixer cet avenir calme et réfléchi qui éclairera sans incendier. Il nous reste encore quelques mots à dire sur les ouvrages de MM. Ampère et Lerminier.

*La critique est aisée, et l'art est difficile.*

Monsieur J. J. Ampère n'est pas de cet avis, et il a parfaitement raison : " Ni l'art ni la critique sont aisées, la perfection de l'une est au moins aussi rare que la perfection de l'autre ; je crois même qu'il y a dans le monde plus de grands artistes que de grands critiques. C'est qu'un critique pour être parfait devait avoir l'âme d'un poète et la pensée d'un philosophe." La tâche que nous nous sommes imposée devient donc d'autant plus difficile, que nous partageons entièrement cette opinion aussi judicieuse que vraie ; elle est scabreuse surtout vis-à-vis des personnes pour lesquelles nous professons ce respect qu'impose l'érudition, et serait scabreuse encore quand même nous nous sentions l'âme d'un poète et la pensée d'un philosophe.

M. J. J. Ampère nous est connu depuis long temps aussi bien par son ardeur pour les lettres, que par l'étendue de ses connaissances ; il nous est connu comme un homme qui réunit à l'érudition Allemande, l'élégance et la facilité Française. Ses constantes recherches et sa persévérance lui ont valu des richesses que l'on ne trouve rarement si harmonieusement associé que chez lui ; et cet homme si érudit, poète et philosophe à la fois, ne nous a enrichi que d'un ouvrage dont un volume consacré à la littérature du nord ressemble à tous ces voyages lettrés dont l'Angleterre est encombre, et qui n'ont jamais été d'une grande valeur pour la littérature, mais toute difficile qu'elle est, cette tâche nous la remplirons de notre mieux.

Notre but n'est pas seulement de faire un livre, mais bien de faire un livre utile. Il ne s'agit ni des notices détachées, ni d'esquisses à moitié achevées ; nous exposerons la marche de la littérature Allemande dans son ensemble, but qui reste encore à remplir, et dont la nécessité se fait sentir aujourd'hui plus que jamais. Les mélanges et les notices littéraires recueillies çà et là par les étrangers dépendent, le plus souvent, de la société que l'on a fréquentée, des premières impressions que l'on a éprouvées, des circonstances dans lesquelles le hazard où l'intérêt ont placé le voyageur ; et tout observateur qu'il soit, tout grand et puissant que puisse être sa perspicacité, il n'est pas donné à l'étranger de pénétrer dans sa marche rapide les intentions des personnes qui l'entourent et auxquelles il s'abandonne le plus souvent. M. Ampère, connaissant et la littérature Allemande et la littérature Scandinave, ne peut être compris dans le nombre de ces hommes superficiels. Nous lui reprochons seulement d'avoir parcouru si lestement l'Allemagne dans son livre pour nous gratifier d'un faible aperçu des productions Danoises.

Après un discours sur l'histoire de la poésie, prononcé à l'Athénée de Marseille en 1830, discours brillant et propre à répondre aux circonstances pour lesquelles il a été fait, nous voyons M. Ampère partir de Berlin pour Copenhague, sans que nous l'ayons vu ni arriver, ni séjourner dans cette capitale de Prusse, qui nous paraît aussi remarquable comme but de voyage que comme ville littéraire. La Norwège et la Suède occupent le reste du livre. Ce ne sont cependant que des impressions qu'éprouve l'âme du poète, quand il la promène par un beau clair de lune le long d'un fleuve. Les notices sur *Oelenschläger* (que M. Ampère fait prononcer dans une note *Eulenchléger*, de crainte que ce nom ne soit difficile à prononcer ne soit un obstacle à sa gloire en France), et sur *de Holberg*, le Molière du nord, renferment la partie la plus curieuse si non la plus neuve du livre ; elle jette quelques lumières, il est vrai, sur des productions littéraires ignorées par les Français, mais tellement familières en Allemagne qu'on ne saurait presque plus les séparer de la littérature de ce pays, à laquelle M. Ampère aurait du consacrer quelques momens de plus tout en persistant dans sa prédilection pour la littérature Scandinave, à laquelle *M. Hoering*, par son ouvrage *Reise durch Scandinavien*, avait peut-être donné une plus grande impulsion.

M. Ampère, écrivain supérieur au grand nombre des illustrations à l'ordre du jour, s'est donc abaissé à faire un de ces livres de boudoir, qui ne manque di de charmes ni de poésie, mais qui ne répond que faiblement à ce que nous pourrions en exiger ; nous attendons avec impatience l'exécution définitive d'un plan plus vaste, qui l'occupe depuis des années, pour effacer les regrets que nous avons éprouvés à le voir traiter avec précipitation un sujet qui demande plus de scrupule, et avant tout plus d'ensemble, que ne contient son livre—*Littérature et voyages.*

Le rapprochement politique des nations, par la chûte de Napoléon et surtout cet avenir politique de l'Europe qui se concentre en Allemagne, méconnu et négligé par le grand homme, a fixé l'attention des Français sur ce pays, d'où partait le coup mortel de sa suprématie. L'enthousiasme poétique de cette jeunesse ardente qui rompit d'une main de fer cette domination Européenne, établie sur la gloire d'une armée sans peur et sans reproche, a frappé de stupeur cette France habituée à porter des lois à la pointe de son épée. La paix lui a donné le loisir de se reconnaître soi-même, et de réfléchir sur les nations limitropes ; et l'expérience, ce grand maître de philosophie pratique, lui a servi

pour l'instruire à ses dépens dans la politique extérieure. Les grands changemens politiques ont entraîné des changemens dans les idées, et l'Allemagne du dix-neuvième siècle, en rappelant à la France son courage et sa gloire du siècle de Luther, est venue piquer la curiosité des lettres. On parlait alors pour la première fois en France de la littérature Allemande comme un objet digne de quelque attention, sans cependant s'en occuper; car le caractère Français ne supportant pas les crises dans les études, ce n'est que bien lentement et à travers des préoccupations et des difficultés innombrables, qu'elle est parvenue tant soit peu à s'y faire jour. D'un autre côté nous voyons des écrivains capables céder à la légèreté du caractère, et manquer ainsi à leur vocation; bien différent de ces hommes de lettres de l'Allemagne qui écrivent pour instruire plutôt que pour plaire, et qui imposent leur savoir au public souvent aux dépens de leur aisance et de leur fortune, plutôt que de se laisser imposer par son ignorance, ou de céder à la dépravation du goût, et former ce bavardage social si superficiel et si nuisible à la science et aux progrès de l'instruction.

Monsieur Lerminier s'est tracé un cercle plus rétréci: il ne voulait parler que des derniers dix-neuf ans, et il en parla avec un peu plus d'ensemble et avec assez de connaissance, si nous lui passons un peu trop de poésie dans ses vues politiques, et trop de politique dans ses poésies. Nous avons lu cet ouvrage avec plaisir, et nous le croyons un des meilleurs que possède la France jusqu'ici. Il est préférable à l'Allemagne de Madame de Staël, car il est écrit avec moins de préoccupation; il est préférable aux notices de M. Saint-Marc-Girardin, car il y a plus d'unité et il embrasse un champ plus vaste; il est préférable aux voyages enfin de M. J. J. Ampère, car il parle de ce que celui-ci devait nous dire. M. Lerminier n'a cependant pas toujours réussi dans ses traductions; nous fesons cette remarque non pas dans l'intention de déprécier son ouvrage, mais seulement de rendre l'auteur plus exacte dans ses travaux.

Dans les vers de Faust, seconde partie: Euphorion paraît avec Hélène et Faust, il n'écoute les remonstrances ni de Faust ni d'Hélène; il entre dans le chœur de jeunes filles et les entraîne à la danse. Il leur dit: Je suis le chasseur et vous êtes la proie, et le chœur de jeunes filles répond:

Willst du uns fangen,
Sey nicht behende;
Denn wir verlangen
Doch nur am Ende
Dich zu umarmen,
Du schönes Bild.

Et voici la traduction: "*Veux tu nous prendre, ne sois pas si pétulant, car nous désirons, mais seulement à la fin, t'embrasser toi bel enfant.*"

M. Lerminier n'a pas compris le vers: *Doch nur am Ende*, en le traduisant par: *mais seulement à la fin.* On supposerait par cette traduction, à la fin de la danse; ce qui est loin de l'idée de l'auteur. La phrase serait bien plus claire et l'idée plus saillante, si nous disons, comme le vers l'exprime: "*Veux tu nous prendre* (nous jeunes filles), *ne montres pas trop d'empressement; car au fond nous ne demandons pas mieux que de t'embrasser, toi, bel enfant.*" Allons plus loin:

*Euphorion.*

Nur durch die Haine
Zu Stock und Steine:
Das leicht Errungene
Das widert mir,
Nur das Erzwungene
Ergötzt mich schier.

Voici la traduction de M. Lerminier: "*Ah! seulement la haine! le combat et la lutte! Ce qui s'obtient facilement me répugne, ce qui s'arrache me délecte.*" Je ne sais où M. Lerminier a trouvé que

Nur durch die Haine
Zu Stock und Stiene,

peut se traduire par la haine, le combat et la lutte. Serait-ce peut-être la ressemblance de *Haine* avec haine? et puis que signifie: *ah! seulement la haine! le combat et la lutte?* Comment s'expliquer cette exclamation *d'Euphorion* qui veut jouer à la chasse avec les jeunes filles? Veut-il provoquer la *haine* et le *combat* pour se faire aimer? L'Euphorion de M. Lerminier ne manque pas de franchise dans ce cas, puisqu'il annonce ouvertement ses intentions. Mais essayons de démontrer son erreure par une traduction plus exacte, nous verrons si la réponse d'Euphorion de Goethe ne sera pas un peu plus claire. Il veut jouer cache cache, et chasser les jeunes filles à travers la forêt; il l'annonce en disant, *je ferai le chasseur et vous la proie.* Sur la réplique piquante des jeunes filles: *Willst du uns fangen?* il répond: *Allons, courons à travers les forêts, par-dessus les troncs et les pierres: ce qui s'obtient facilement me répugne.* Il n'y a *ni haine, ni combat, ni lutte;* ces passions sont de pure invention de M. Lerminier, mais pas la plus heureuse.

Nous citerons encore une phrase, qui nous rappelle la belle traduction de Faust par M. Gérard. J'y ai trouvé entre autre: *Er schlägt das Buch auf*, (il est question de Faust qui ouvre son livre de magie,) it traduit: il frappe sur le livre. M. Gérard a pris la particule du verbe pour la préposition, et il a traduit comme s'il y avait: *er schlägt auf das Buch.* M. Lerminier vient de faire une traduction moins maladroite sans doute, mais plus sensible pour ceux à qui la chose regarde, en citant des phrases détachées de Goethe.

*Die Sentimentalität der Engländer ist humorisch und zart, etc.* M. Lerminier a confondu le mot *zart* avec *hart*, et il a traduit: la sentimentalité des Anglais "est humoristique et *dure*" au lieu de "humoristique et *délicate*," ce qui exprime précisément l'idée contraire de l'auteur.

Ces petits erreurs ne sont pas de haute im-

portance sans doute; mais je crois que M. Lerminier, qui dit avoir étudié à fond l'Allemand, nous donne une étrange preuve de sa cience.

Nous ne pousserons pas plus loin nos observations sur les productions Françaises; le prochain chapitre traitera des ouvrages Anglais, et terminera la série critique des auteurs étrangers.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE EXPIATION.

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

"HEREAFTER!" all-embracing word! Man's glory and his dread—yet, to how few a glory, to what countless myriads a dread! Hereafter! awful meditation!—avoided whilst health permits us to be gay, and too often accompanied by the affectation of doubt when disease leads the shrinking soul, in spite of herself, into the shadowy realms that conscience tells us are replete with eternal realities. The hereafter—how have I prepared myself for it? Yes—I have greatly sinned. Even here, my crime has been weighed against me. The phantom of my guilt has walked by my side, the companion of my steps through terrible years of remorse. With me it will enter the everlasting portals, and turning upon its cherished associate, become my accusing demon.

I am weary of my life, and I call upon my soul to tell me where I may repose, and she answers—"Beyond the grave." But there is a voice that sounds, as it were, in the hollowness of my heart, that bids me live, and doubt, and tremble. Abjectly I obey.

Sin! thou glorious enchantress! In thy fresh youth, the darkness of thy countenance seemeth the excess of light, and, in the morning loveliness of thy face thou art dreadful as a blood-stained maiden, elate and fresh from victory; defiance sits enthroned in thy daring eye, and pleasure and wantonness course each other in smiles over thy sunny cheeks. This, Sin, is thy glowing youth—captivating—terrible—irresistible. Arrayed in these factitious splendors, I met thee in my early days among the aromatic solitudes of the southern groves; there, whilst my young pulse throbbed in rapture to the witcheries of thy silver voice, I mistook thee for a goddess, and fell down and worshipped.

Sin! I know thee now. In thy youth thou wert an enslaving companion, in thy womanhood a stern mistress—a crushing tyrant—but still, some remnants of thy former beauty hung about thee—thy flowing tresses had not then stiffened—thy robes were still majestic; —but now—what art thou *now* in thy detested age? A loathsome skeleton clothed in silks and ermine. I looked upon thy countenance and behold only the fleshless, eyeless skull, crowned and mocked with a diadem—for even in thy hideousness thou art regal. Thou takest precedence of the King of Terrors. Before death was, thou wert, and I fear me, when Death himself shall have died, thou still wilt be.

Too fascinating monster, I have struggled with thee. Thy bony hand I feel is yet upon my bosom—but I no longer walk with thee willingly, no longer find thy paths "the paths of pleasantness," and none ever found them "the paths of peace." Repentance is a glorious champion against thee, but not all-sufficient. It weeps over the debt that it cannot always pay. Expiation is the only conqueror—but it is a rigid exacter—how rigid, let the ineffable blood of the Divinity testify! I have sinned—I have repented—have I expiated? May I hope that the life-stream that flowed on the Mount of Calvary will mingle with my tears of contrition, and blot out the record of my guilt for ever?

What am I now? At the age of fifty, look upon this decrepit—but let me pause—anticipation is agony—the present is torture. Let me travel back to the days of my youth, when the blessed sunshine of heaven shone, not only on my brow, but through my heart, when I was all light, and life, and love.

Upon taxing my memory for its remote offering, it gives me no earlier recollection than a miserable and short voyage on board of a small ship, with some vague, very vague flittings of balconies, verandahs, and sunny walls. In due time, I found myself at a boarding school, from whence I went, in the usual vacations, to spend a month or six weeks at three houses in rotation, the owners of which, I afterwards found, were the correspondents and commercial agents of my father, who, though an Englishman, was an affluent Spanish merchant, with establishments both at Barcelona and Madrid. It may be presumed that a stone, so movable as myself, had no time to gather much of the moss of affection.

At twelve years of age I went to a grammar-school at Norwich, under the control of a master, who would have been famous for his erudition, had he not been more famous for his discipline: and the severity of whose discipline would not have been tolerated, had it not been for the fame of his erudition. I staid at this seat of learning until I had attained my seventeenth year. Nothing remarkable characterized this long period. I used, once every three months to receive two letters with tolerable regularity, one from my honored father, redundant with good counsel, the other from my loving mother, shorter, but glowing with ardent prayers for my health and prosperity; but all these good wishes were conveyed in very bad English.

During my scholastic days I had had but very little religious instruction, and I may truly say that I had picked up a most heterogeneous sort of faith, compounded from all the various materials that had been placed before me in my classical reading, in sermons from the pulpit, and lastly, and most importantly, from the holy Scriptures.

When at school at Norwich, I still paid my

periodical visits to my father's correspondents, and then I could, by long practice, almost tell whether the rates of exchange were favorable or not to this country, by the degree of cordiality or reserve with which I was received and entertained.

After I left Norwhich I would have said that my character had begun to develope itself, were I not conscious that, at that time, I had no character at all. Apparently, I was a compound of negatives. If I were *not* clever, I certainly was *not* dull. If *not* handsome in physical appearance, certainly *not* unprepossessing. As yet, I had evinced no decided bias for any one pursuit. Amidst the joyful I was joyous, sad amongst the sorrowful, and seemingly alive only to the present impressions. Though I had no vices, as yet, I had not warmed to the loveliness of virtue: at that time, I was correct from habit, and good from a compulsion that I neither understood nor saw. I was then often compared to a figure of wax—but neither those about me, nor myself, knew, that this yielding, impressible substance, to which I had been compared, was but as an outward coating over all the elements of latent fire—wax, if you will have it so, without, but nitre, sulphur, and bitumen within.

When nearly eighteen, I was placed as a clerk in the firm of Barnaby, Falck, Perez, and Co., the principal correspondents of my father. I was, of course, domesticated with the family of that portion of the firm, the Falcks, that resided in Lothbury. The house was certainly rather old, and the situation extremely dark. Indeed, through the winter months, we were necessitated to burn candles all the day on those desks of our counting-house that were not directly under the windows. The Falcks were a thriving race, for the old gentleman was blessed with five sons and five daughters. The sons were, like myself, common-place characters—the daughters shared among them every description of feminine characteristic: but all merely shadowed out, not filled up.

In this place I acquired a tolerable knowledge of the foreign exchanges, and a perfect initiation into the mysteries of book-keeping, Indeed, I was growing punctilious, and a magnifier of trifles. I prided myself upon the excessive neatness of those portions of the ledgers that were entrusted to me; my red-ink lines were invariably at mathematical right angles, with the line of perpendicular of the account book; my handwriting, though stiff, seemed, from its neatness, to have proceeded rather from the engraver than the penman; and I had as much horror of a blot upon my pages, as a waning spinster has of one upon her reputation.

Yes, I was growing a solemn trifler. With the principals of the firm I was a good young man, with my brother clerks a finical fop, with the young ladies of my acquaintance, and they were very numerous, a particularly nice young man, with a classical and romantic cast of countenance,—these terms being used according to the particular reading of my describer. This is all very dull: I mean it to be so—I mean fully to convey to the reader the Lethean monotony of my then creeping stream of life—that he may contrast and shudder when he contrasts it with that awful period when, leaping over the precipice, to become, as a fall of roaring and of mighty waters—a torrent devastating wherever it rushed, until it was precipitated into the vast abyss that is shrouded by all but the mists of death.

During my clerkship I regularly received the paternal and maternal letters; and another correspondent, about this time, was added to my parental ones. It was from my sister Honoria, whom, at that time, I had never seen. The letters were written evidently under the surveillance of her preceptors—they were extremely formal in their composition, and execrably bad in their English. If I had, at this time, any one feeling more predominant than another, it was curiosity to know what this little lady was like. I had not this feeling with respect to my parents, though I had totally forgotten their persons. But this curiosity disturbed not the even tenor of my life, and its paroxysms lasted no longer than two or three days after the receipt of one of the unintelligible little missives that caused it.

Thus I passed my eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth year, gliding by unscathed those happy periods, though so replete with temptation, so often destructive, so often fatal. Sometimes, when the dark mood is upon me, I look back upon this state of prim innocence with disdain, and brand it with the epithet of contemptible; nor can I even now comprehend, how, at that time, an awkward fold in my neckerchief, or an ill-arranged curl upon my brow, could possibly have discomposed my mind, when, in after life, I could have stood unmoved at, and almost unconscious of the laceration of my flesh, so stern or so apathetical had my nature become. It might be amusing, but it would be foreign to my purpose, to recount the insignificant littleness of my counting-house life—the stoical indifference with which I passed through the five ordeals of the masked advances of the five Misses Falck, and the still better directed tactics of their good mother, and the magnanimous self-denial of their father, that more than asked me to woo, in solemnly condemning all such manœuvring as ungentlemanly and mean, and always finishing with, "But take care, my dear fellow, for I think that Agatha may become too susceptible of your merits."

Now, respecting Agatha, the eldest daughter, who had red hair, but was really handsome withal, though five-and-twenty, down to little Mira, who was extremely small and pretty, notwithstanding the obliquity of the glances of her bright black eyes, the same language was held forth to me, with the only difference of the name of the fair, as each, in her turn, was presumed to be my favorite. In the nature of things, I must perforce have fallen to the lot of one of these dear ladies, for they were really all amiable, and who, I

firmly believe, had a true, though not a passion-born, affection for me—which affection I returned them all, in a staid and sober manner. Perhaps, in time, I should have been the enslaved of Mira, for I was beginning to think it an agreeable occupation, that of endeavoring to catch the fleeting glances of a lady who squinted, when she was otherwise exceedingly pretty—and so innocent too, as it reminded me of the time when, as a child, I used to flash the sunbeams from a broken piece of looking-glass upon the wall, and amuse myself with the vain endeavors of my playfellows to catch it.

I wanted but three months to complete the time when the law benignantly permits us to write something more manly to our names than "infant." But I remember me, that as yet I have not made the reader acquainted with the name I then bore—it was "Ardent Troughton." I know not why the baptismal name of Ardent was given me, excepting it may be accounted for by the prevalence among the Spaniards of the custom of calling their children by some adjective, such as Pious, Faithful, Blessed, or any other word denoting some quality that they wish, or that they suppose their children may possess. Such, however, was the name that I had received at the font; and, at the time, when I was, according to law, no more than the infant, Ardent Troughton, my first name, seemed to be in ludicrous opposition to my nature. Much small wit was expended upon it, such as, I must, if I tried ever so little, be always an ardent lover, an ardent admirer, &c., till at last my persecutions that way terminated in a quite opposite direction, and I found peace and content in the *sobriquet* of Quiet Troughton.

And I *was* quiet. There was a calmness and a sustained staidness about me, that Miss Agatha Falck was pleased to call the dignity of repose. I was in my amity with myself, and with all mankind. I had witnessed bursts of passion, but I could understand them only upon the supposition that they were aberrations of the intellect. Indeed, morally, so torpid was I at that time, that I found the sublime rhapsodies of Milton unnatural, and the gigantic struggles of passion in Shakspeare, disgusting. I was almost sinking into the insignificance of frivolity and imbecility, for I was beginning to grow *genteel*, and to pride myself upon it.

Among my own set I was regarded as a miracle of accomplishments, and Quiet Troughton had but to open his mouth and speak, and his opinions were always listened to deferentially. The Spanish language was my mother tongue, and a Spanish master prevented my forgetting what I had learnt so early, in my native land. I spoke French tolerably well, *à l'Anglaise*, and had imbibed enough of classical learning, to make it requisite that I should diligently forget, for some years, in order wholly to deprive myself of the advantage. As to my personal appearance, at this time, it was rather advantageous. I had inherited from my mother a sufficiency of Spanish, perhaps Moorish blood, to taint my complexion with a clear bronze, and to crisp up my black hair into very enviable curls, and enough of the Saxon from the English, to make my cheek ruddy, and my form large and athletic. The ladies did me the honor to say of me, that I should have been a dangerous man, were I not so quiet. Well, this quiet, genteel young man, was rapidly advancing in gentility—and in a quiet way, however, for he had already the acquaintance of a second-rate actor, and had ordered one suit of clothes from Stultz. For some months past I had all my gloves and hats from Bond Street. These aspirations were all managed in my usual quiet way, and no one ever augured ill to me either from my new friend or my new clothes. It appeared like a solecism of ideas to suppose me capable of an excess.

The mercantile intercourse between his agent and my father had never been suspended during the war that Godoy the Prince of Peace had entailed upon Spain against this country. Neutral and smugglers did that in a more extensive and circuitous manner, which the fair trader was soon to do. At length, when the European peninsula declared against the aggressive and encroaching policy of Napoleon, Godoy was banished, and Ardent Troughton, commonly named the Quiet, was recalled. The paternal mandate bidding me to return to the house of my father, naturally, as might have been expected, fell among us like a thunderbolt. The five Misses Falck fainted in succession. The respectable lady, the mother, went off incontinently into hysterics, and, when she thought fit to recover, she exclaimed, the tears streaming over her full round cheeks, "that she was undone," though in what manner, I was totally at a loss to comprehend. Mr. Falck almost rubbed the glasses out of the rims of his spectacles, perusing and reperusing the important document; but rub as he would, the fatal words were there, and he felt that he had lost a son-in-law. "Such a connection," he could not help exclaiming, loudly.

This recall caused a great sensation in every bosom of the family but my own. Even the servants had begun to look upon me as the future son-in-law, and always called me, much to the annoyance of the young gentlemen, the five Messieurs Falck, juniors, "their young master." I had so trained myself from habit, to look upon all things with indifference, that even the thoughts of again seeing my father and mother caused scarcely any pertrubation in my bosom. The idea of embracing my little sister certainly was, I could not tell why, more exciting. I had, to my imagination, painted very complete pictures of my parents, but I wanted both form and color wherewith to paint Honoria. I trembled lest she should have red hair, like that of Agatha Falck, lest her complexion were swarthy, like that of Miss Tabitha, that her eyes were light grey, like those of Miss Eudocia, that her figure was loose and dowdy, like that of Miss Eleanora; and notwithstanding the

pleasure I took in chasing the jack o' lanthorn glances of Miss Mira's black eyes, I trembled lest she should squint, like that lively and pretty little girl. I think that I have now expressed all the emotions that I experienced at the thoughts of rejoining my own family. At that period I was Quiet Troughton.

I prepared every thing for my departure in my usual calm and methodical manner. My worthy host and principal could not understand it or me. He said I wanted animation, as he fell into a passion with some little arrangement that I was quietly superintending for my voyage. Mrs. Falck said I wanted taste, as her eye ran down the graduated scale of her five daughters; the sons said with a sneer, that I wanted soul, and the daughters with a sigh that I wanted heart.

'Tis the eve of my departure. The whole thirteen, unlucky number, are seated together at the last lugubrious supper. Every one appeared dreadfully effected excepting myself. I am like Lance's dog, imperturbable. The young ladies' eyes are red, and their faces pale, and Mrs. Falck does not attempt to conconceal her intermittent sobs, whilst Mr. Falck looks excessively grave, and eats with a savage vigor, as if he intended to wreak the wrath of some unexpressed chagrin upon every one of the various dishes on the table. There was something quite touching in his voracity. But even this way of expressing grief, grand though it be, must have a termination. At length, when his heart, and the region of his animal economy a little below it, were perfectly full, he thrust from before him, with an oratorical flourish, and a deep, sigh, his knife, fork, and plate, and extending his arm he spoke, "My dear Ardent, this may be, nay, probably is, the last supper that we shall ever partake together." It was a hot one, for hot suppers were the fashion in Lothbury.

The young ladies sighed audibly: it was quite moving, the more especially as there was an indistinctness in the utterance of the old gentleman that seemed not unlike pathos, though it actually proceeded from his not having completely swallowed his last mouthful of hot apple-pie. He continued:

"Mrs. Falck, I'll trouble you for the brandy. Here, my dear Ardent, in the bosom of my family, my affectionate wife, my blooming daughters, my—my—my industrious sons sitting round my hospitable board, the *props* and *stays* of my old age; here in the midst, in the very pride of my domestic felicity, I will disburthen my heart of its grief,—I will open the flood-gates of my sorrows."

"Now, dont'ee, don'tee," sobbed aloud the fat Mrs. Falck, whilst Miss Agatha handed the eau de Cologne, according to seniority, to all her sisters, down to Miss Mira.

"I will, I will: I'll open my bosom before my more than son, and pour out the volume of my woe before him——in one word, as I can never rise before nine in the morning,—I will bid Mr. Troughton good-bye to-night."

"Ah," simpered Miss Agatha, "there is something indescribably heart-rending in the parting with an old and dear friend. I am sure papa has expressed all our feelings; an expression that nothing but maidenly reserve prevents coming from our own lips. But, believe me, Mr. Ardent, as the glorious ancient exclaimed,—all that father has said, we feel."

I bowed to Miss Agatha, and quietly observed that, in all probability, I should soon return.

"Never," said Mr. Falck oracularly, "never! You are going into the land of all manner of abominations; into a land of trials and temptations; a land of papists, a land of courtesans, a land of assassins. I see it—I see it—a land of ruin for a quiet, well-behaved, young man like yourself. In one day they will filch your religion from you—in one week your heart—in a forthnight your life. Quiet, and I may say without offence, yielding and weak as you are, you will rapidly lose, in that detested hot-bed of vice, your faith, your health, and your life."

I bowed my acknowledgments.

"I don't think he's yielding," said Agatha timidly.

"Why?" said the father sternly, for he did not like to be contradicted. Agatha blushed and held down her head, but other answer made she none.

"I am sure he is not weak," said the pretty squinting Mira.

"And pray, Miss," said her father, "what do you know about it?"

"Mr. Ardent took me up the other day like a doll in his arms—and—and"

"What?" said a half dozen voices at once, the maternal treble gaining the ascendant.

"He very quietly put me down again," said she, all confusion.

"Quiet Troughton," said Mr. James Falck, with his usual sneer.

"Oh, ho!" said the mother, "perhaps Ardent may return after all."

Then the good man of the house commenced giving me a plenitude of that wholesome advice of which age is so lavish a dispenser, youth so sieve-like and so unwilling a recipient. At length, it was time that we separated. The formal leave-taking was yet to go through. Perhaps old Mr. Falck really had a little affection for me. We all arose and stood, with our heads hanging down, in a confused circle round the fire, the father in the middle. No one liked to say first the mournful word, "farewell." At last Mr. Falck spoke.

"My dear Ardent, it is my duty to say, that since you have been domesticated under my roof you have been a most exemplary, a most virtuous young man. You have neither blotted my ledger, nor tried to turn the heads of my daughters."

Then turning with a severe look to the spot where his five sons had huddled themselves together, acting, perhaps, the proverb of the bundle of *sticks*, indicative of their strength; he continued, "You, Ardent, have never exceeded your stipend, never stayed out late at

night, never smoked, and never, no never, called me either to my face or behind my back, the "old boy." You have given the servants no trouble, and me always great satisfaction; you have been constant in your attendance, with my family, at church: the first to appear every morning in the counting house, the last to depart. You are a just and upright character—you never made dinner wait:—there are those qualities about you that indicate the elements of real greatness. You will die worth a plumb; and if you continue your career as you have commenced it, it may not be presumption in you to hope to see yourself, one day, Lord Mayor of this metropolis. You will return to us, Ardent, and again be unto us as a son, and an example to those young men who are hardly worthy to be called your brothers. Mind you, Ardent, come weal, come woe, the doors of my house shall be ever open to you; the smile of welcome ever ready, and the worse you may be off, the welcome shall be the warmer. I must retire, but I feel that before I go, if I did not give you my blessing I should not to-night enjoy the sleep of peace.—(Here the old gentleman's eyes glistened.) Be good, be wise, be prudent: adhere to your religion, yet honor your mother. Ardently espouse the interests of your father, as you have done mine: and now good night and farewell. May the blessing of God be always upon you, and don't my dear Ardent, forget to impress upon your father the necessity of allowing our firm a further discount, say three-fourths per cent., upon the last shipment of wine, for you know it did not tally to sample."

Here my guardian was quite overcome; he wrung my hand, and with the tear upon his cheek, he left the room. The five sons now shook hands with me, and told themselves off one by one. The most trying scene of all remained to be enacted,—the parting with the mother and the five daughters fair. I wished it hurried over: they seemed to delight in the misery they averred they experienced. Miss Agatha came first; she begged me to accept from her a keepsake. It was a locket containing a small portion of her golden hair. I had a purse from Miss Tabitha, a watch-guard from Eudocia, and a pocket-book for the next year from Miss Eleanora, but little Mira held back.

"And," said I, piqued as much as my staid feelings would permit me to be, "Is my little playfellow, Mira, the last in her love as well as in her birth?"

"I have nothing to give you, Ardent; but perhaps you will take this letter for your sister, for I am sure she is pretty, and quiet, and good, like—"

"Me," said I. I caught her up in my arms, and in virtue of her childishness, gave her twenty kisses and a warm blessing that somewhat shamed my *sobriquet* of Quiet; but I certainly redeemed my character by the decorous manner in which I touched, with my lips, the offered cheeks of the other sisters. The train at length slowly departed, the weeping mother leading it, the silent and drooping daughters following; Mira was the last. She turned sharply round, and gave me one of her inexplicable glances with her bright eyes. It certainly was exposing me to a *cross* fire, which all tacticians know to be the most galling and subduing. I made one step forward to seize her white little hand, but my natural or my induced coolness stopped me, and the step was only the precursor to a low bow as she vanished through the door-way. The next morning early I was on board the brig Jane, bound to Barcelona, but then lying in Gravesend reach.

I had all my luggage stowed away with the regularity and neatness that had now become a part of my character, and the bloated, blustering master had already set me down in his estimation as a finikin milksop, and was, at first, inclined to treat me contemptuously, though his old and ill-found vessel had been chartered by my own father. My location on board this craft was the first real annoyance in my life; however, it did not overcome my usual placidity. True it was that the master had given up to me what he was pleased to call his state-cabin, but all the state that I could perceive that belonged to it was, its state of filthiness, and that was a very decided one truly. By the time that we had reached the chops of the channel, I found that Tomkins was nothing better than an ignorant, brutal, drunken swab, and that the valuable cargo under his care, of dry goods, was in imminent danger of getting a permanent wetting, and myself in extreme jeopardy of being drowned. His mate was a better sailor, but as sulky and morose as his commander was brutal and drunken. The seamen were ragged skulking fellows, that appeared to have been hired, as a cheap lot, by Tomkins, and the bargain to have been struck at the hospital. The only companionable animal that I could discover in the vessel was a large Newfoundland dog; and with him, for certain very prudential reasons, his expertness in swimming not being the least important, I immediately entered into the strictest bond of amity. No sooner had we lost sight of the Land's-end, than I began to cogitate upon my own, for a shattering gale arose, and I found that I had nothing to trust to but a crazy vessel, a weak crew, a drunken master, the dog Bounder, and Providence. Before two hours had elapsed, notwithstanding the trusts that I have just mentioned, I heartily wished that I was then perched upon the high stool in the counting-house of Messrs. Barnaby, Falck & Co. ruling red-ink lines at the bottom of the columns, that showed so plainly in very neatly-turned figures the "tottle of the whole."

(*To be continued.*)

# THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.*

## WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

In justice to all the legal and other parties connected with the trial of this young man, who certainly merited a better fate, it is but fair to state that no persuasion could induce him to swerve from the resolution he had on his committal taken, namely, to utter not a word in his own defence, more than barely to assert his innocence. At the period he was executed, the agents of the Bank of England were peculiarly active, making a merit, and claiming praise from their employers, for each victim they brought out to be sacrificed to the paper system; paid (hired) agents were employed to discover offenders, who knew in every case they got up for trial, they would either be complimented or censured, as the evidence was more or less complete or defective. This mode of reaching offenders, when the town is rife with crime, may perhaps be defended under the plea of necessity; but this is no reason why, on the other hand, the evils of the system should not be stated.

Caleb, the man who lost, and passed the forged notes in question to our innocent sufferer, was originally a boy who marked the game at a billiard table in the Strand, near the Spotted Dog, now more respectably conducted. At this place, which for many years was a den for the meeting of a very large body of men who in various ways lived upon the cross, Caleb early in life, to use a common phrase in the circle of rogues, became acquainted with all the moves upon the board (tricks of the town). As he grew up he connected himself with those of like knowledge; but being naturally cold-hearted, dishonest, and devoid of the common policy of behaving justly towards his own fraternity, he was abandoned and cast out from the ring as an unworthy associate, and for several years afterwards got his living as a cad to a common informer; subsequently he became a *bonnetter* to a travelling E. O. table, and in this capacity saw an opportunity of passing forged notes as he journeyed through the country, or could meet with an inebriate or incautious person wanting change for genuine large notes. After several hair-breadth escapes during a three or four years' campaign in the country, he finally settled in London, daily and nightly attending the gambling-tables, to await opportunities for passing his fictitious notes; and in order to do this with more security to himself, he formed an intimacy with the attorney's (I will not say the Bank of England's) agents for the Bank, aiding and giving them information as it suited his purpose. I have never been able to discover in what manner the Bank agents, or the officers, in every case of forgery brought under my consideration, obtained their information; but in a vast number I have: that is to say, from Caleb and other such characters, who, in the hopes of winning good and genuine, when they lose, pass their own fictitious, notes; and afterwards, for a *douceur*, inform the Bank attorney's agent where they might find a man passing, or having about his person, forged notes, after which the party, of course, would be watched until the evidence of uttering was more complete against him, the law uniformly presuming a guilty knowledge of a forged note, when the possessor or passer of it is in no regular way of trade, and such are the majority of those who are found at a gaming-table.

Guilty knowledge is also always imputed to those who happen to be of the class of the poor, or in poverty for the time being; against these prejudices, that of the judges, and the opinions current in that day among citizens, viz. that in the absence of a small-note circulation of bank notes, trade could not be carried on, and that if men were not occasionally executed for meeting with a few forged ones, the country would be inundated with them. I say, under these prejudices had the young man, who suffered, to contend: this is the more necessary to state, as the times are so much changed, but neither then nor in the present day, will a mere declaration of innocence avail the accused at the Old Bailey session-house, or, indeed, in any other court: alleged facts must be met with counter evidence and disproved, or if true, all the circumstances connected with their occurrence should be ably, fully, and in a forcible manner laid before the jury, to remove the guilty or felonious intention, on which, and not the acts or facts themselves, does the fate of any prisoner standing at the bar depend.

I should not perhaps have stated this particular question so much at length had I not in view the leaving upon record, after I am no more, my opinion corrected and altered by experience upon one of the most important questions, in my estimation (considered in a legal point of view) ever brought under the consideration of our legislature, viz. "Why should the ignorant, timid, obstinate, and quarrelsome litigants be allowed the advice and personal assistance of the most able counsel they can select, upon all the minor and petty questions of dispute which arise in social life, even down to the ownership of a blind puppy dog only a day old, whilst the man accused of an offence which affects his life, liberty, and property, nay, the welfare

* Continued from p. 182.

of his posterity, (for the sins of the father are literally in the present age visited upon the children,) is thrown upon his own mental resources, and that at a moment when all the considerations for himself and his family render his nervous condition such, that if the evidence of any honest medical professor were taken, he must declare upon oath, the natural incapacity of any man under the circumstances of fright and terror, to defend himself advantageously against practised talent, hired, paid, and exercised too, (in the absence of any fears for himself,) against the accused, whose life it is his interest to exact at the hands of the law? Why, I ask, under all these considerations, should the accused be denied all assistance whatsoever? Let England not boast, but blush, for her laws, which hold our country up to the world, in matters of legislation, as one of monstrous anomaly and injustice in the construction of the criminal code, also uncertain and altogether wicked, and mischievous in operation. If, I say, in the case above stated, a counsel had been permitted to detail the whole of the facts of the case, the prisoner's connection with his schoolfellow, from their meeting in Piccadilly, and had shown that it was the first time he was in a gaming-house, and that on the second occasion he was forced by the same friend, connected with circumstances which would have offered an excuse for the judge himself who tried him, had he been found there. Again, had the earthquake-like dissolution of his father's house, his uniform conduct through life, &c. &c. been all fairly and ably laid before a British jury, can it be believed that such an outrage upon justice could have been perpetrated in a country which wears so fair a face, and affects so much decorum in all her legal ceremonies? No! it is only necessary that the jury should be enlightened, and have a fair view of both sides of a question, to guard against all the other errors of the law. But can a nervous, irritated, ignorant, frightened man do this for himself, so well as one cool, learned, and practised? The question itself carries absurdity with it. I observe, that in our House of Parliament, whenever this question has been discussed, none of the members have shown sufficient experience upon the subject to justify us in supposing they understand the question: they for a long series of years could recognise a principle which nothing but a government in the last stage of imbecility and idiotism would tolerate; namely, the discharge of thousands of guilty culprits from prison for want of a dot upon an *i*, or the tail of a *g* or *q*, doubtfully executed in its turn upwards: but questions appertaining to moral guilt or innocence, whether considered absolutely, or in shades or gradations, they have no soul to comprehend.

Take the case of the man who cut his child's head off: when brought into court, it was not a question whether a child had been murdered, or who was the murderer, or whether there was the absence or presence of legal guilt; that is to say, whether the prisoner was sane or insane at the time; neither was it a question when or where the foul deed of taking the life of innocence was perpetrated; but whether a name could be found for the child, and if so, how it should be orthographically written, and whether, when so written in the indictment, the pen had neatly and perfectly executed a certain *r*, so that by no possibility a person might mistake it for another letter. As on minute inquiry it turned out that a letter was in part truncated or curtailed of its fair proportion by something like the dimensions of a point, it was thought highly proper that the murder of a child should pass unexpiated.

I am now old, but would not be thought prolix and over garrulous upon the question; sooner or later truth comes home to all minds, and justice, I imagine, in the end, will work her own way; as, however, she is said to be lame as well as blind, it is but civil of us as we go along on our journey to give her some little help. When these opinions are before our world I shall have taken my departure to another; I would, therefore, while I may, call upon you all to assist Mrs. Justice on her hobbling way to the Old Bailey court-house, and this will be best done by calling upon the legislature to provide a counsel for all prisoners accused of any crime whatsoever. Until such a measure be passed, as said in another page, should justice ever get into the court she will never be able to get out again.

Reverting again to the other facts immediately connected with my own experience, I must relate a singular case which occurred August 17, 1814. Had it not been witnessed by thousands of persons it would not perhaps have been credited; it happened, too, upon the first occasion of the Rev. Mr. Cotton's officiating at an execution. There were six men to suffer that morning; namely, William Henry Lye, for burglary; John Michell, for forgery; Francis Sturgess, for highway robbery; Michael Mahoney, for highway robbery; John Field *alias* Jonathan Wild, for burglary; and John Ashton, for highway robbery. Long before seven o'clock on the morning of execution, there were as many persons assembled as the streets, avenues, and adjacent houses could contain. From the moment the order came down for their execution, Ashton became insane: when he was brought out in the press-yard his features were most horribly distorted; he ran with rapidity up the scaffold, and having gained the summit, he kicked and danced, often exclaiming, "I'm Lord Wellington," clapping his hands as freely as the rope would allow him; two men were called to hold him, but he still continued to call out, "Look at me, I'm Lord Wellington!" In consequence of the trouble he gave, it was nearly half-past eight o'clock before all was ready. When the two men who held him released him for the Lord's prayer to be read, he again danced, and vociferated to the populace; presently the signal was given, and the platform fell.

Scarcely, however, had the men dropped, before, to my astonishment and that of all beholders, Ashton rebounded upwards from the rope, and was instantaneously seen dancing near the ordinary, and crying out very loudly, and apparently unhurt, "What do ye think of me, am I not Lord Wellington now?" He then danced, clapped his hands, and huzzaed, till my man went upon the scaffold and pushed him forcibly from the place where he stood, after which it was soon all over with him. Often since that day I have, when thinking of these matters, wondered, upon what principle our wise ones could be justified in frightening a man out of his senses and then hang him in a state of raving madness; while the parson, to make the scene still more absurd, preached of salvation, if he would only be passive, and say he believed in the doctrine he preached. The history of this Ashton is now well known, and could it have been laid before the court, or at the second trial, as I call it, that is, at the council, there is no doubt but he would have been spared, and the farce of hanging madmen been played once less at the Old Bailey. It is written that man is of a perverse nature, but this is nowhere so strikingly exemplified as at the Old Bailey Session Court House; every attempt made in that Court to prove a prisoner insane, is viewed with a jealous and a prejudiced eye, under the notion that it is an effort to cover guilt by urging a natural defect of the understanding. If, however, we take an impartial view of these cases, it is palpable to sense, that the prejudice should run in the opposite course, and that we are bound in almost every case of guilt, (excepting only among the professional thieves,) to presuppose the culprits bereft of their senses, and be disposed to patiently hear evidence of the fact, instead, as they have hitherto done, opposing this course. Still, however, it is my belief, that had poor Ashton been a rich man's son, and been guilty of the same offence, that he would have got off; such deference do the city judges pay to property—a feeling which is the city's curse throughout all its corporate or municipal administration of affairs.

(*To be continued.*)

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## WHEN EARTH WAS YOUNG.

When Earth was young, pure Love and Joy
One sacred isle in concord kept,
And Sorrow, wayward weeping boy,
Deep 'neath the distant billows slept.

Within that isle, 'mid banks of flowers,
(Sweet shelter from the noon-day glare,)
Beauty was wont to pass the hours,
And raised her shrine and altar there.

Once at the crimson close of day,
When Beauty wore her sweetest smile,
A gilded bark sailed in the bay,
And moored beside the happy isle.

A youth furled up the purple sail,
And to the altar trembling stept;
He breathed a vow, he told a tale,
And Beauty heard that tale, and wept.

Unhappy maid! she caught the boy,
And clasped him to her panting breast;
She thought 'twas Love, she thought 'twas Joy,
While sorrow to her heart she pressed.

G. Douglas Thompson.

# THE METROPOLITAN.

No. LXI.

FOR MAY, 1836.

## SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.*

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER X.

In which is explained the sublime mystery of keelhauling—Snarleyyow saves Smallbones from being drowned, although Smallbones would have drowned him.

It is a dark morning; the wind is fresh from the northwest; flakes of snow are seen wafting here and there by the wind, the avant-couriers of a heavy fall; the whole sky is of one murky grey, and the sun is hidden behind a dense bank. The deck of the cutter is wet and slippery, and Dick Short has the morning watch. He is wrapped up in a Flushing pea-jacket, with thick mittens on his hands; he looks about him, and now and then a fragment of snow whirls into his eye; he winks it out, it melts and runs like a tear down his cheek. If it were not that it is contrary to a man-of-war custom he would warm himself with the *double shuffle*, but such a step would be unheard of on the quarter-deck of even the cutter Yungfrau.

The tarpaulin over the hatchway is pushed on one side, and the space between the combings is filled with the bull head and broad shoulders of Corporal Van Spitter, who, at last, gains the deck; he looks round him and apparently is not much pleased with the weather. Before he proceeds to business, he examines the sleeves and front of his jacket, and having brushed off with the palm of his hand a variety of blanket-hairs adhering to the cloth, he is satisfied, and now turns to the right and to the left, and forward and aft—in less than a minute he goes right round the compass. What can Corporal Van Spitter want at so early an hour? He has not come up on deck for nothing, and yet he appears to be strangely puzzled: the fact is, by the arrangements of last night, it was decided, that this morning, if Snarleyyow did not make his appearance in the boat sent on shore for fresh beef for the ship's company, that the unfortunate Smallbones was to be *keelhauled*.

What a delightful morning for a keelhauling!!

This ingenious process, which, however, like many other good old customs has fallen into disuse, must be explained to the non-nautical reader. It is nothing more nor less than sending a poor navigator on a voyage of discovery under the bottom of the vessel, lowering him down over the bows, and with ropes retaining him exactly in his position under the kelson, while he is drawn aft by a hauling-line until he makes his appearance at the rudder chains, generally speaking quite out of breath, not at the rapidity of his motion, but because, when so long under the water, he has expended all the breath in his body, and is induced, at last, to take in salt water *en lieu*. There is much merit in this invention; people are very apt not to be content with walking the deck of a man-of-war, and complain of it as a hardship, but when once they have learnt, by experience, the difference between being comfortable above board, and the number of deprivations which they have to submit to when under board and overboard at the same time, they find that there are worse situations than being on the deck of a vessel—we say privations when under board, for they really are very important:—you are deprived of the air to breathe, which is not borne with patience even by a philosopher, and you are obliged to drink salt water instead of fresh. In the days of keelhauling, the bottoms of vessels were not coppered, and in consequence were well studded with a species of shell-fish which attached themselves, called barnacles, and as these

* Continued from p. 188.

shells were all open-mouthed and with sharp cutting points, those who underwent this punishment (for they were made by the ropes at each side, fastened to their arms, to hug the kelson of the vessel) were cut and scored all over their body, as if with so many lancets, generally coming up bleeding in every part, and with their faces, especially their noses, as if they had been gnawed by the rats; but this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient if he was not quite drowned, and the consequence was, that one out of three, it is said, have been known to recover after their submarine excursion. The Dutch have the credit, and we will not attempt to take from them their undoubted right, of having invented this very agreeable description of punishment. They are considered a heavy phlegmatic sort of people, but on every point in which the art of ingeniously tormenting is in request, it must be admitted that they have taken the lead of much more vivacious and otherwise more inventive nations.

And now the reader will perceive why Corporal Van Spitter was in a dilemma. With all the good-will in the world, with every anxiety to fulfil his duty, and to obey his superior officer, he was not a seaman, and did not know how to commence operations. He knew nothing about foddering a vessel's bottom, much less how to fodder it with the carcase of one of his fellow-creatures. The corporal, as we said before, turned round and round the compass to ascertain if he could compass his wishes; at last, he commenced by dragging one rope's end from one side and another from the other; those would do for the side ropes, but he wanted a long one from forward and another from aft, and how to get the one from aft under the cutter's bottom was a puzzle; and then there was the mast and the rigging in his way:—the corporal reflected—the more he considered the matter, the more his brain became confused; he was at a nonplus, and he gave it up in despair: he stood still, took out a blue cotton handkerchief from the breast of his jacket and wiped his forehead, for the intensity of thought had made him perspire—any thing like reflection was very hard work for Corporal Van Spitter.

"Tousand tyfels!" at last exclaimed the corporal, and he paused and knocked his big head with his fist.

"Hundred tousand tyfels!" repeated the corporal, after five minutes' more thought.

"Twenty hundred tousand tyfels!" muttered the corporal, once more knocking his head; but he knocked in vain; like an empty house, there was no one within to answer the appeal. The corporal could do no more; so he returned his pocket-handkerchief to the breast of his jacket, and a heavy sigh escaped from his own breast. All the devils in hell were mentally conjured and summoned to his aid, but they were, it is to be presumed, better employed, for although the work in hand was diabolical enough, still Smallbones was such a poor devil that probably he might have been considered as remotely allied to the fraternity.

It may be required why, as this was *on service*, Corporal Van Spitter did not apply for the assistance of the seamen belonging to the vessel, particularly to the officer in charge of the deck; but the fact was, that he was unwilling to do this, knowing that his application would be in vain, for he was aware that the whole crew sided with Smallbones; it was only as a last resource that he intended to do this, and being now at his *wit's* end, he walked up to Dick Short, who had been watching the corporal's motions in silence, and accosted him,

"If you please, Mynheer Short, Mynheer Vanslyperken give orders dat de boy be keelhauled dis morning;—I want haben de rope and de way."

Short looked at the corporal and made no reply.

"Mynheer Short, I haben tell de order of Mynheer Vanslyperken."

Dick Short made no reply, but leaning over the hatchway, called out, "Jemmy."

"Ay, ay," replied Jemmy Ducks, turning out of his hammock and dropping on the lower deck.

Corporal Van Spitter, who imagined that Mr. Short was about to comply with his request after his own Harpocratic fashion, remained quietly on the deck until Jemmy Ducks made his appearance.

"Hands," quoth Short.

Jemmy piped the hands up.

"Boat," quoth Short, turning his head to the small boat hoisted up astern.

Now as all this was apparently preparatory to the work required, the corporal was satisfied. The men soon came up with their hammocks on their shoulders, which they put into the nettings, and then Jemmy proceeded to lower down the boat; as soon as it was down and hauled up alongside, Short turned round to Coble, and waving his hand towards the shore, said,

"Beef."

Coble, who perfectly understood him, put a new quid into his cheek, went down the side, and pulled on shore to bring off the fresh beef and vegetables for the ship's company, after which Dick Short walked the deck and gave no further orders.

Corporal Van Spitter perceiving this, went up to him again.

"Mynheer Short, you please get ready."

"No!" thundered Short, turning away.

"Got for dam, dat is mutiny," muttered the corporal, who immediately backed stern foremost down the hatchway, to report to his commandant the state of affairs on deck. Mr. Vanslyperken had already risen; he had slept but one hour during the whole night, and that one hour was so occupied with wild and fearful dreams that he awoke from his sleep unrefreshed. He had dreamed that he was making every attempt to drown Smallbones, but without effect, for, as soon as the lad was dead he came to life again; he thought that Smallbones' soul was incorpo-

rated in a small animal something like a mouse, and that he had to dislodge it from its tenement of clay, but as soon as he drove it from one part of the body it would force its way back again into another; if he forced it out by the mouth after incredible exertions, which made him perspire at every pore, it would run back again into the ear; if forced from thence, through the nostril, then in at the toe, or any other part; in short, he labored apparently in his dream for years, but without success. And then the "change came o'er the spirit of his dream," but still there was analogy, for he was now trying to press his suit, which was now a liquid in a vial, into the widow Vandersloosh, but in vain. He administered it again and again, but it acted as an emetic, and she could not stomach it, and then he found himself rejected by all —the widow kicked him, Smallbones stamped upon him, even Snarleyyow flew at him and bit him; at last, he fell with an enormous paving-stone round his neck descending into a horrible abyss head foremost, and as he increased his velocity, he awoke trembling and confused, and could sleep no more. This dream was not one to put Mr. Vanslyperken into good humor, and two severe cuts on his cheek with the razor as he attempted to shave, for his hand still trembled, had added to his discontent, when it was raised to its climax by the entrance of Corporal Van Spitter, who made his report of the mutinous conduct of the first officer. Never was Mr. Vanslyperken in such a tumult of rage; he pulled off some beaver from his hat to staunch the blood, and wiping off the remainder of the lather, for he put aside the operation of shaving till his hand was more steady, he threw on his coat and followed the corporal on deck, looked round with a savage air, spied out the diminutive form of Jemmy Ducks, and desired him to pipe "all hands to keelhaul."

Whereupon Jemmy put his pipe to his mouth, and after a long flourish, bawled out what appeared to Mr. Vanslyperken to be—all hands to *be keelhauled*, but Jemmy slurred over quickly the little change made in the order, and, although the men tittered, Mr. Vanslyperken thought it better to say nothing. But there is an old saying, that you may bring a horse to the pond, but you cannot make him drink. Mr. Vanslyperken had given the order, but no one attempted to commence the arrangements. The only person who showed any activity was Smallbones himself, who, not aware that he was to be punished, and hearing all hands piped for something or another, came shambling, all legs and wings, up the hatchway, and looked around to ascertain what was to be done. He was met by the bulky form of Corporal Van Spitter, who, thinking that Smallbones' making his appearance in such haste was with the intention of jumping overboard to avoid his punishment, immediately seized him by the collar with the left hand, turned round on a pivot towards Mr. Vanslyperken, and raising his right hand to his foraging cap, reported "The prisoner on deck, Mynheer Vanslyperken." This roused the lieutenant to action, for he had been walking the deck for a half minute in deep thought.

"Is all ready there, forward?" cried Mr. Vanslyperken.

No one replied.

"I say, boatwain, is all ready?"

"No, Sir," replied Jemmy: "nobody knows how to set about it. I don't any how—I never seed any thing of the like since I've been in the service—the whole of the ship's company say the same." But even the flakes of snow, which now fell thick, and whitened the blue jacket of Mr. Vanslyperken, could not assuage his wrath—he perceived that the men were refractory, so he summoned the six marines—who were completely under the control of their corporal.

Poor Smallbones had, in the mean time, discovered what was going on, and thought that he might as well urge something in his own defence.

"If you please, what are you going to do with me?" said the lad, with a terrified look.

"Lead him forward," said Mr. Vanslyperken; "follow me, marines:" and the whole party, headed by the lieutenant, went before the mast.

"Strip him," cried Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Strip me, with the snow flying like this! Ain't I cold enough already?"

"You'll be colder when you're under the bottom of the cutter," replied his master.

"Oh, Lord! then it is keelhauling a'ter all; why what have I done?" cried Smallbones, as the marines divested him of his shirt, and exposed his emaciated body to the pitiless storm.

"Where's Snarleyyow, sir—confess?"

"Snarleyyow—how should I know, sir? it's very hard, because your dog is not to be found, that I'm to be dragged under the bottom of a vessel."

"I'll teach you to throw paving stones in the canal."

"Paving-stones, sir!" and Smallbones' guilty conscience flew in his face. "Well, sir, do as you please, I'm sure I don't care; if I am to be killed, be quick about it—I'm sure I sha'n't come up alive."

Here Mr. Vanslyperken remembered his dream, and the difficulty which he had in driving Smallbones' soul out of his body, and he was fearful that even keelhauling would not settle Smallbones.

By the directions of Mr. Vanslyperken, the hauling ropes and other tackle were collected by the marines, for the seamen stood by, and appeared resolved, to a man, to do nothing, and, in about half an hour, all was ready. Four marines manned the hauling line, one was placed at each side rope fastened to the lad's arms, and the corporal, as soon as he had lifted the body of Smallbones over the larboard gunnel, had directions to attend the bow-line, and not allow him to be dragged on too fast: a better selection for this purpose could not have been made than Corporal Van Spitter. Smallbones had been laid without his clothes on the deck, now covered with

snow, during the time that the lines were making fast to him; he remained silent, and as usual, when punished, with his eyes shut, and as Vanslyperken watched him with feelings of hatred, he perceived an occasional smile to cross the lad's haggard features. He knows where the dog is, thought Vanslyperken, and the desire to know what had become of Snarleyyow overcame his vengeance—he addressed the shivering Smallbones.

"Now, sir, if you wish to escape the punishment, tell me what has become of the dog, for I perceive that you know."

Smallbones grinned as his teeth chattered—he would have undergone a dozen keelhaulings rather than have satisfied Vanslyperken.

"I give you ten minutes to think of it," continued the lieutenant; hold all fast at present."

The snow storm now came on so thick, that it was difficult to distinguish the length of the vessel. Smallbones' naked limbs were gradually covered, and, before the ten minutes were expired he was wrapped up in snow as in a garment—he shook his head occasionally to clear his face, but remained silent.

"Now, sir," cried Vanslyperken, "will you tell me, or overboard you go at once? Will you tell me?"

"No," replied Smallbones.

"Do you know, you scoundrel?"

"Yes," replied Smallbones, whose indignation was roused.

"And you won't tell?"

"No," shrieked the lad—"no, never, never, never!"

"Corporal Van Spitter, over with him," cried Vanslyperken, in a rage, when a sudden stir was heard amongst the men aft, and as the corporal raised up the light frame of the culprit, to carry it to the gunnel, to the astonishment of Vanslyperken, of the corporal, and of Smallbones, Snarleyyow appeared on the forecastle, and made a rush at Smallbones, as he lay in the corporal's arms, snapped at his leg, and then set up his usual deep baying, "bow, bow, bow!"

The re-appearance of the dog created no small sensation—Vanslyperken felt that he had now no reason for keelhauling Smallbones, which annoyed him as much as the sight of the dog gave him pleasure. The corporal who had dropped Smallboness on the snow, was also disappointed. As for Smallbones, at the baying of the dog, he started up on his knees, and looked at it as if it were an apparition, with every demonstration of terror in his countenance; his eyes glared upon the animal in horror and astonishment, and he fell down in a swoon. The whole of the ship's company were taken aback—they looked at one another and shook their heads—one only remark was made by Jansen, who muttered, "De tog is no tog a'ter all."

Mr. Vanslyperken ordered Smallbones to to be taken below, and then walked aft; perceiving Obadiah Coble, he inquired whence the dog had come, and was answered that he had come off in the boat which he had taken on shore for fresh beef and vegetables. Mr. Vanslyperken made no reply, but with Snarleyyow at his heels, went down into the cabin.

## CHAPTER XI.

**In which Snarleyyow does not at all assist his master's cause with the widow Vanderaloosh.**

It will be necessary to explain to the reader by what means the life of our celebrated cur was preserved. When Smallbones had thrown him into the canal, tied up, as he supposed, in his winding-sheet, what Mr. Vanslyperken observed was true, that there were people below, and the supposed paving-stone might have fallen upon them: the voices which he heard were those of a father and son, who were in a small boat going from a galliot to the steps where they intended to land, for this canal was not, like most others, with the water in it sufficiently high to enable people to step from the vessel's gunnel to the jetty. Snarleyyow fell in his bag a few yards ahead of the boat, and the splash naturally attracted their attention; he did not sink immediately, but floundered and struggled so as to keep himself partly above water.

"What is that?" exclaimed the father to his son, in Dutch.

"Mein Gott! who is to know?—but we will see;" and the son took the boat-hook, and with it dragged the bread bags towards the boat, just as they were sinking, for Snarleyyow was exausted with his efforts. The two together dragged the bags with their contents into the boat.

"It is a dog, or something," observed the son.

"Very well, but the bread bags will be useful," replied the father, and they pulled on to the landing stairs. When they arrived there they lifted out the bags, laid them on the stone steps, and proceeded to unrip them, when they found Snarleyyow, who was just giving signs of returning animation. They took the bags with them, after having rolled his carcass out, and left it on the steps, for there was a fine for throwing anything into the canal. The cur soon after recovered, and was able to stand on his legs; as soon as he could walk he made his way to the widow Vandersloosh, and howled for admittance. The widow had retired; she had been reading her book of *prières*, as every one should do, who has been cheating people all day long. She was about to extinguish her light, when this serenade saluted her ears; it became intolerable as he gained strength.

Babette had long been fast asleep, and was with difficulty roused up and directed to beat the cur away. She attempted to perform the duty, arming herself with the broom, but the moment she opened the door, Snarleyyow dashed in between her legs, upsetting her on the brick pavement. Babette screamed, and her mistress came out in the passage to ascertain the cause; the dog not being able to run

into the parlor, bolted up stairs, and snapping at the widow as he passed, secured a birth underneath her bed.

"Oh, mein Gott! it is the dog of the lieutenant," exclaimed Babette, coming up the stairs in greater dishabille than her mistress, and with the broom in her hand. "What shall we do—how shall we get rid of him?"

"A thousand devils may take the lieutenant, and his nasty dog, too," exclaimed the widow, in great wrath; "this is the last time that either of them enter my house: try, Babette with your broom—shove at him hard."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Babette, pushing with all her strength at the dog beneath the bed, who seized the broom with his teeth, and pulled it away from Babette. It was a struggle of strength between the girl and Snarleyyow—pull Babette—pull dog—one moment the broom, with two-thirds of the handle disappeared under the bed, the next the maid recovered her lost ground. Snarleyyow was first tired of this contention, and to prove that he had no thoughts of abandoning his position, he let go the broom, flew at Babette's naked legs, and having inserted his teeth half through her ancle, he returned growling to his former retreat. "Oh, dear, mein Gott," exclaimed Babette, dropping her broom, and holding her ancle with both hands.

"What shall we do?" cried the widow, wringing her hands.

It was indeed a case of difficulty. Mynheer Vandersloosh, before he had quitted this transitory scene, had become a personage as bulky as the widow herself, and the bed had been made unusually wide; the widow still retained the bed for her own use, for there was no knowing whether she might not again be induced to enter the hymeneal state. It occupied more than half of the room, and the dog had gained a position from which it was not easy for two women to dislodge him; and, as the dog snarled and growled under the bed, so did the widow's wrath rise as she stood shivering—and it was directed against the master. She vowed mentally, that so sure as the dog was under the bed, so sure should his master never get into it.

And Babette's wrath was also kindled, now that the first pain of the bite had worn off; she seized the broom again, and made some furious lunges at Snarleyyow, so furious, that he could not regain possession with his teeth. The door of the room had been left open that the dog might escape—so had the street-door; and the widow stood at the foot of the bed, waiting for some such effect being produced by Babette's vigorous attack; but the effects were not such as she anticipated; the dog became more enraged, and at last sprang out at the foot of the bed, flew at the widow, tore her only garment, and bit her in the leg. Frau Vandersloosh screamed and reeled—reeled against the door left half open, and falling against it, slammed it to with her weight, and fell down shrieking. Snarleyyow, who probably had intended to make off, seeing that his escape was prevented, again retreated under the bed, and as soon as he was there he recommenced an attack upon Babette's legs.

Now, it appears, that what the united courage of the two females could not accomplish, was at last affected by their united fears. The widow Vandersloosh gained her legs as soon as she could, and at first opened the door to run out, but her night dress was torn to ribbons in front. She looked at her situation—modesty conquered every other feeling—she burst into tears, and exclaiming, "Mr. Vanslyperken! Mr. Vanslyperken!" she threw herself in an ecstacy of grief and rage on the centre of the bed. At the same moment the teeth of the dog were again fixed upon the ancles of Babette, who also shrieked, and threw herself on the bed, and upon her mistress. The bed was a good bed, and had for years done its duty; but you may even overload a bed, and so it proved in this instance. The united weights of the mistress and the maid coming down upon it with such emphasis, was more than the bed could bear—the sacking gave way altogether, and the mattrass which they lay upon was now supported by the floor.

But this misfortune was their preservation—for when the mattrass came down, it came down upon Snarleyyow. The animal contrived to clear his loins, or he would have perished; but he could not clear his long mangy tail, which was now caught and firmly fixed in a new species of trap, the widow's broadest proportions having firmly secured him by it. Snarleyyow pulled, and pulled, but he pulled in vain—he was fixed—he could not bite, for the mattrass was between them—he pulled, and he howled, and barked, and turned himself every way, and yelped: and had not his tail been of coarse and thick dimensions, he might have left it behind him, so great were his exertions: but, no, it was impossible. The widow was a widow of substance, as Vanslyperken had imagined, and as she now proved to the dog—the only difference was, that the master wished to be in the very situation which the dog was now so anxious to escape from—to wit, tailed on to the widow. Babette, who soon perceived that the dog was so, now got out of the bed, and begging her mistress not to move an inch, and seizing the broom, she hammered Snarleyyow most unmercifully, without any fear of retaliation. The dog redoubled his exertions, and the extra weight of Babette being now removed, he was at last able to withdraw his appendage, and probably feeling that there was now no chance of a quiet night's rest in his present quarters, he made a bolt out of the room, down the stairs, and into the street. Babette chased him down, threw the broom at his head as he cleared the threshold, and then bolted the door.

"O the beast!" exclaimed Babette, going up stairs again, out of breath; "he's gone at last, ma'am."

"Yes," replied the widow, rising up with difficulty from the hole made with her own centre of gravity: "and—and his master shall go too. Make love indeed—the atomy

—the shrimp—the dried up stock-fish. Love quotha—and refuse to hang a cur like that. O dear! O dear! get me something to put on. One of my best chemises all in rags—and his nasty teeth in my leg in two places, Babette. Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see—I don't care for their custom. Mr. Vanslyperken, you'll not sit on my sofa again, I can tell you;—hug your nasty cur—quite good enough for you. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken."

By this time the widow had received a fresh supply of linen from Babette: and as soon as she had put it on she rose from the bed, the fractured state of which again called forth her indignation.

"Thirty-two years have I had this bed, wedded and single Babette!" exclaimed the widow. "For sixteen years did I sleep on that bed with the lamented Mr. Vandersloosh—for sixteen years have I slept in it, a lone widow—but never till now did it break down. How am I to sleep to-night? What am I to do, Babette?"

"'T'was well it did break down, ma'am," replied Babette, who was smoothing down the jagged skin at her ancles; "or we should never have got the nasty biting brute out of the house."

"Very well—very well. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken—marriage, indeed, I'd as soon marry his cur."

"Mein Gott," exclaimed Babette. "I think, madame, if you did marry, you would soon find the master as cross as the dog; but I must make this bed."

Babette proceeded to examine the mischief, and found that it was only the cords which tied the sacking which had given way, and considering that they had done their office for thirty-two years, and the strain which had been put upon them after so long a period, there was not much to complain of. A new cord was procured, and in a quarter of an hour all was right again; and the widow, who had sat in a chair fuming and blowing off her steam, as soon as Babette had turned down the bed, turned in again, muttering, "Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken—marriage indeed. Well, well, we shall see. Stop till to-morrow, Mr. Vanslyperken;" and as Babette has closed the curtains, so we will close this chapter.

## CHAPTER XII.

**In which resolutions are entered into in all quarters, and Jemmy Ducks is accused of mutiny for singing a song in a snow storm.**

What were the adventures of Snarleyyow after this awkward interference with his master's speculations upon the widow, until he jumped into the beef boat to go on board of the cutter, are lost for ever: but it is to be supposed that he could not have remained the whole night without making himself disagreeable in some quarter or another. But, as we before observed, we know nothing about it; and, therefore, may be excused if we do not tell.

The widow Vandersloosh slept but little that night, her soul was full of vengeance; but although smarting with the imprints of the cur's teeth, still she had an eye to business; the custom of the crew of the cutter was not to be despised, and as she thought of this, she gradually cooled down. It was not till four o'clock in the morning that she came to her decision; and it was a very prudent one, which was, to demand the dead body of the dog to be laid at her door before Mr. Vanslyperken should be allowed admittance. This was her right, and if he was sincere, he would not refuse; if he did refuse, it was not at all clear that she should lose the custom of the seamen, over the major part of whom Vanslyperken then appeared to have very little control; and all of whom, she knew, detested him most cordially, as well as his dog. After which resolution the widow Vandersloosh fell fast asleep.

But we must return on board, where there was almost as much confusion as there had been on shore. The re-appearance of Snarleyyow was considered supernatural, for Smallbones still distinctly told in what manner he had tied him up in the bread bags, and thrown him into the canal. Whisperings and murmurings were heard all round the cutter's decks. Obadiah Coble shrugged up his shoulders, as he took an extra quid—Dick Short walked about with lips compressed, more taciturn than ever—Jansen shook his head, muttering, "Te tog is no tog"—Bill Spurey had to repeat to the ship's company the legend of his coming on board over and over again. The only persons who appeared not to have lost their courage were Jemmy Ducks and poor Smallbones, who had been put in his hammock to recover him from his refrigeration. The former said, "that if they were to sail with the devil, it could not be helped, pay and prize money would still go on;" and the latter, who had quite recovered his self-possession, "vowed that dog or devil, he would never cease his attempts to destroy him—if he was the devil, or one of his imps, it was his duty as a Christian to oppose him, and he had no chance of better treatment if he were to remain quiet." The snow storm continued, and the men remained below, all but Jemmy Ducks, who leaned against the lee side of the cutter's mast, and, as the snow fell, sung, to a slow air, the following ditty, it probably being called to his recollection by the state of the weather.

'Twas at the landing-place that's just below Mount Wyse,
Poll leaned against the sentry's box, a tear in both her eyes,
Her apron twisted round her arms, all for to keep them warm,
Being a windy Christmas day, and also a snow storm.
And Bet and Sue
Both stood there too,
A shivering by her side,

They both were dumb,
And both looked glum,
As they watched the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts before in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You have sent the ship in a gale to work,
On a lee shore to be jammed,
I'll give you a piece of my mind, old Turk,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

*Chorus.*—We'll give you a piece of our mind, old Turk,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Who ever heard in the service of a frigate made to sail
On Christmas day, it blowing hard, with sleet, and snow, and hail?
I wish I had the fishing of your back that is so bent,
I'd use the galley poker hot unto your heart's content.
Here Bet and Sue
Are with me too,
A shivering by my side,
They both are dumb,
And both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You've got a roaring fire I'll bet,
In it your toes are jammed,
Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

*Chorus.*—Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

I had the flour and plums all picked, and suet all chopped fine,
To mix into a pudding rich for all the mess to dine;
I pawned my ear-rings for the beef, it weighed at least a stone,
Now my fancy man is sent to sea, and I am left alone.
Here's Bet and Sue
Who stand here too,
A shivering by my side,
They both are dumb,
They both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.
Poll but her arms a-kimbo,
At the Admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You've got a turkey I'll be bound,
With which you will be crammed,
I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound,
Port Admiral you be d——d.

*Chorus.*—I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

I'm sure that in this weather they cannot cook their meat,
To eat it raw on Christmas-day will be a pleasant treat;
But let us all go home, girls, it's no use waiting here,
We'll hope that Christmas-day to come, they will have better cheer.
So Bet and Sue
Don't stand here too,
A shivering by my side,
Don't keep so dumb,
Don't look so glum,
Nor watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the Admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
So while they eat their raw salt junk,
With dainties you'll be crammed,
Here's once for all my mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

*Chorus.*—So once for all our mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

"Mein Gott, but dat is rank mutiny, Mynheer Shemmy Tucks," observed Corporal Van Spitter, who had come up on the deck unperceived by Jemmy, and had listened to the song.

"Mutiny, is it?" replied Jemmy, "and report this also,

I'll give you a bit of my mind, fat thief,
You, corporal, may be d——d."

"Dat is better and better—I mean to say, worser and worser," replied the corporal.

"Take care I don't pitch you overboard," replied Jemmy in wrath.

"Dat is most worst still," said the corporal, stalking aft, and leaving Jemmy Ducks to follow up the train of his own thoughts.

Jemmy, who had been roused by the corporal, and felt the snow insinuating itself into the nape of the neck, thought he might as well go down below.

The corporal made his report, and Mr. Vanslyperken made his comments, but he did no more, for he was aware that a mere trifle would raise a general mutiny. The recovery of Snarleyyow consoled him, and little thinking what had been the events of the preceding night, he thought he might as well prove his devotion to the widow, by paying his respects in a snow storm—but not in the attire of the day before. Mr. Vanslyperken was too economical for that, so he remained in his long threadbare great coat and foul-weather hat. Having first locked up his dog in the cabin, and entrusted the key to the corporal, he went on shore and presented himself at the widow's door, which was opened by Babette, who with her person barred entrance; she did not wait for Vanslyperken to speak first.

"Mynheer Vanslyperken, you can't come in. Frau Vandersloosh is very ill in bed—the doctor says it's a bad case—she cannot be seen."

"Ill!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "your dear, charming mistress ill! Good heavens, what is the matter, my dear Babette?" e.

plied Vanslyperken, with all the pretended interest of a devoted lover.

"All through you, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied Babette.

"Me!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Well, all through your nasty cur, which is the same thing."

"My dog! I little thought that he was left here," replied the lieutenant; "but, Babette, let me in, if you please, for the snow falls fast, and——"

"And you must not come in, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied Babette, pushing him back.

"Good heavens! what is the matter?"

Babette then narrated what had passed, and as she was very prolix, Mr. Vanslyperken was a mass of snow on the windward side of him before she had finished, which she did, by pulling down her worsted stockings, and showing the wounds which she had received as her portion in the last night's affray. Having thus given ocular evidence of the truth of what she had asserted, Babette then delivered the message of her mistress; to wit, "that until the dead body of Snarleyyow was laid at the porch where they now stood, he, Mr. Vanslyperken, would never gain re-admission." So saying, and not feeling it very pleasant to continue a conversation in a snow storm, Babette very unceremoniously slammed the door in Mr. Vanslyperken's face, and left him to digest the communication with what appetite he might. Mr. Vanslyperken, notwithstanding the cold weather, hastened from the door in a towering passion. The perspiration actually ran down his face and mingled with the melting snow. "To be or not to be"—give up the widow or give up his darling Snarleyyow—a dog whom he loved the more, the more he was, through him, entangled in scrapes and vexations—a dog whom every one hated, and therefore he loved—a dog which had not a single recommendation, and therefore was highly prized—a dog assailed by all, and especially by that scarecrow Smallbones, to whom his death would be a victory—it was impossible. But then the widow—with such lots of guilders in the bank, and such a good income from the Lust Haus, he had long made up his mind to settle in possession. It was the haven which, in the vista of his mind, he had been so long accustomed to dwell upon, and he could not give up the hope.

Yet one must be sacrificed. No, he could part with neither. "I have it," thought he; "I will make the widow believe that I have sacrificed the dog, and then, when I am once in possession, the dog shall come back again, and let her say a word if she dares; I'll tame her, and pay her off for old scores."

Such was the determination of Mr. Vanslyperken, as he walked back to the boat. His reverie was, however, broken by his breaking his nose against a lamp-post, which did not contribute to his good humor. "Yes, yes, Frau Vandersloosh, we will see," muttered Vanslyperken; "you would kill my dog, would you? It's a dog's life I'll lead you when I'm once secure of you, Madame Vandersloosh. You cheated me out of my biscuit—we shall see;" and Mr. Vanslyperken stepped into his boat and pulled on board.

On his arrival he found that a messenger had come on board during his absence, with the letters of thanks from the king's loving cousins, and with directions that he should return with them forthwith. This suited the views of Vanslyperken; he wrote a long letter to the widow, in which he expressed his willingness to sacrifice every thing for her—not only to hang his dog, but to hang himself if she wished it—lamented his immediate orders for sailing, and hinted that on his return he ought to find her more favorable. The widow read the letter, and tossed it into the grate with a "Pish! I was not born yesterday, as the saying is," cried the widow Vandersloosh.

(*To be continued.*)

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## BEAUTY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! tell me not of cheeks, that wear
  The rosy freshness of the morn,—
Of Hebe lips and flowing hair;
  True love is not of such things born:
They have their value but to me,
As flowers, if nothing more I see.

I could as soon bow soul and knees
  To some bright shade of Titian's art,
Or statue of Praxiteles,
  As beauty, without mind or heart:
For why? because it seems to me,
Like casket without jewelry.

I care not what the color be
  Of beauty's eye,—if jet or blue,
So every glance speak sympathy,
  With what is kind, and good, and true:
Eyes have their value but to me,
  As in their light a soul I see.

I heed not if the cheek be pale
  As monumental marble, so
A modest blush doth there prevail,
  When fit occasion bids it glow:
Cheeks have their value but to me,
As types of inward purity.

I mind not if the lips be red,
  And full, as infant bud of rose,
So gay good temper round them shed
  The sunshine of the mind's repose:
Lips have their value but to me
When clothed with sweet amenity.

Yet neither lips, nor cheeks, nor eyes,
  Though all that I have now portrayed,

Could shake my peace, or wake my sighs,
Unless they love for me displayed:
Their chiefest beauty still must be,
To breathe of love, and love for me.

But if I see in beauty's eye,
Affection's glance when I appear,
And on her cheek and lip, espy
The tokens of a love sincere;
Then eyes, and cheeks, and lips, to me
Do wear their true divinity.

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## THE NEW MANUAL OF ELOQUENCE.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those ingenious persons called projectors, who have always on hand some undertaking, partly for the public good and advantage, and partly for the improvement of their own private fortunes. Having witnessed with much satisfaction your unremitting exertions to promote every well-directed plan for the better diffusion of useful information, and presuming more especially upon your zeal for the advancement of literature, I now venture to solicit that you will insert in your excellent miscellany the following notices of a work of great merit and utility, to be entitled, "The New Manual of Eloquence." A prospectus of the work and subscription papers will, in a short time, be lodged with all the principal booksellers, and the printing will commence as soon as fifty thousand subscribers, at one guinea each, shall have come forward to encourage the publication. If this request is complied with, it is probable that you may hear from me again, and that I may be induced to draw forth from the repositories in which they have long slumbered, a number of schemes and lucubrations well worthy of the public attention. In the meantime, relying upon your patronage and approbation, I beg leave to subscribe myself, Mr. Editor,

Your very obedient humble servant,

SPECULATOR.

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Every judicious reader must be aware of the great advantages that have resulted from the use of images somewhat obscure and of terms that are rather ill-defined, whether for the purpose of indicating a profound and philosophical mode of thinking, or of attaining true perfection in that ambitious and grandiloquent style, which is usually called fine writing, or fine oratory. But grandeur of every sort is apt to be monotonous, whether it consist in pomp of phrases or in outward show and magnificence; and the love of variety is so natural, that, whether in books or in oratory, a constant recurrence of the same images, or of the same words, cannot be endured without weariness and disgust, even though they should be so obscure and ill-defined as to convey no distinct idea to the mind. Too often we see all the effect of a profound and imposing mistiness entirely lost through the want of attention to vary and diversify a little, and there are multitudes who seem utterly unable to exceed the range of some few phrases and embellishments which have got into fashion, and are put to every sort of service while they continue in vogue. If the reader is old enough to remember the orators of the French convention, I take it for granted that he must often have been put out of all patience by incessant repetitions of the words organ and organizing, and by others of that nation who went on germinating and developing in the same merciless way. The word 'monster' seems also to have been reckoned upon as particularly serviceable for producing an impression upon the sovereign people. Every man might then announce himself as the organ of something or other—of fraternal unanimity, of pure civism, or of a regenerated epoch: or sound an alarm that the monster Federalism, or the monster Superstition, was busy here or there, organizing its monstrous conceptions, hatching some catastrophe which should engulf in its jaws the virtuous Sans-culottes of the 10th of August, the enlightened patriots of the 1st of September, and the entire republic one and indivisible.

But to descend from these stormy declamations to phrases and flourishes of our own native growth. I have myself perused two very sizeable quartos, the work of a certain genius, whose productions might be easily recognised and identified as belonging to the same author, solely by our meeting at every turn with such sentences as the following:—a most pregnant era,—a most pregnant moment,—a mind every day engendering new miracles,—exquisite digression, pregnant with imagery and sentiment,—offensive manners, engendered by dishonesty and intemperance,—duels pregnant with apprehension,—matter generating visible images. Devil another metaphor the filthy pedant has from beginning to end of his two quartos! or, if by accident one of a different sort does sometimes intervene, it makes no more figure than some stray specimen of the lesser weeds, in a waste overrun with nettles and ragworts.

The word 'devoted' is at this present time (April, 1836) in exceeding great favor and popularity. With romance writers it saves the trouble of coloring over and excusing all sorts of immoralities. An action may be neither fit, nor just, nor religious, nor suitable to a rational and accountable being, it may even be neither decent nor honest, but call it devoted, and it becomes quite a high-souled affair, which forthwith soars too high to be measured by the ordinary rules that confine the general herd. A man may be devoted to his neighbor's wife, a woman to her neighbor's husband, for it matters not how absurdly and mischievously placed this same feeling of devotedness may be, provided only that ti shall be so managed as to produce its proper

quantity of sentiment and stage effect. Nor is this all: besides its popularity with the fanciful and romantic, this word is of the greatest utility to that worldly-minded generation who are engaged in squabbling with and circumventing each other for the good things of this life. When a man of this stamp talks of having a friend who is devoted to him, or of his having devoted himself to some desirable patron, it serves to intimate, in the genteelest manner, that he has acquired a useful cats-paw, or hooked himself to a convenient dupe.

The word 'people' has worked excellently, and is not likely to be soon worn out. By advertising a book for the people, it is possible to sell enormously-piled up reams of nonsense; and under color of talking or writing in the people's cause, any one may very patriotically vent as much insolence, envy, malice, and disloyalty as he pleases.

In our days, too, every body has been nauseated by the talk about a fetid moral atmosphere, morbid moral symptoms, and morbid moral anatomy. Next in succession came marches and evolutions, both very fashionable, as, for example, the march of investigation, the evolutions of intellect, or the march of Hume over the field of history, &c. &c. These last were supposed to contain much deep and philosophical meaning; but such is the mutation attached to all sublunary things, that the fashion even of tropes and figures is subjected to vicissitude, and it has become a standing joke to pelt the celebrated march of intellect with incessant derision. Another instance of the same ill-temper has come down to us from the days of the great Doctor Samuel Johnson—"Powers, that villanous word powers," excited by its constant recurrence the spleen of critical and discourteous readers, "and yet it is an excellent good word too," when used with moderation, which it has been, ever since the word 'gifts' has been seized upon and subjected to the same intolerable drudgery.

The word 'foot' was also in great reputation about a century ago, when people talked not only of placing things upon a right foot, or standing upon a foot, but even of cultivating a foot. Every one knows the wonderful resources which, in every emergency, have been found in the four monosyllabic exclamations—ah! oh! yes! what!—as also the excessive prettiness and prepossessing qualities of the word 'little,' insomuch that, if we mean to be interesting, we must apply this epithet to every thing. If a lady bends over her harp, it is to sing a little romance, or a little air; or if our dramatis personæ should happen to be devout peasants, they must read from a little Bible, which reposes on a little shelf; their lamp must be a little lamp, their loaf a little loaf, and they must drive their cows into a little field. But, alas! it is to be feared that these prettinesses, like many others which have preceded them, may soon fail to make an impression, and that the next generation may listen to them, as we do to a tune that has been whistled about the streets till every body is tired of it. And even the ah! oh! yes! what! which had such prodigious force and success in the school of Jean Jaques Rousseau, and is now more laudably employed in edifying the religious public, in a multitude of tracts and theological discussions, may cease to produce any sensation.

Nor is this all. Besides this indiscreet frequency, and incessant wearing out of particular words, some have addicted themselves to a few sorry alliterations, while others have a fancy for one particular termination, such as, classify, ramify, modify, diversify, or, mutuality, totality, universality. But it would be useless to multiply examples.

That persons who affect a grand, strutting, and redundant flow of language, should fall into such unaccountable poverty, will appear the more astonishing, when we consider that the community of authors, like the community of rooks, make no scruple to build their nests with their neighbor's sticks, or, to speak without a metaphor, to borrow or appropriate whatever they may have occasion for. And from the very liberal use that has been made of this general privilege of pilfering without remorse or acknowledgment, we may certainly infer, that it does not proceed from any fastidiousness on this point, and that many would willingly increase their stock of fine terms and rhetorical flourishes, if they only knew how or where to help themselves. Actuated, therefore, by pure benevolence to my brethren of the quill, and to many worthy gentlemen who make sermons and speeches, I have, by means of an excellent pair of scissors, together with a needle and thread, compiled, or rather, so to speak, manipulated and constructed a work of singular utility, from which they may select at pleasure such new phrases, and such flowers of eloquence, as they may deem fit to be transplanted into their compositions and discourse. That such a work has long been very much wanted, I suppose there is nobody so unreasonable as to dispute, and it is confidently anticipated, that it will be welcomed with universal plaudits by the entire republic of letters, and outshine in reputation, even the celebrated rhyming dictionary of Mr. Byshe.

But that the reader may sufficiently estimate the merit and usefulness of this performance, it is necessary to insert a few short extracts, from which he may be enabled to understand something of its plan and materials. The work is nearly in the dictionary form, for the convenience of being more easily consulted; but the specimens have been selected without any regard to alphabetical arrangement, from some of the many chapters into which so great a variety of matter naturally divided itself.

Chapter 17th treats of curious furniture, implements, and utensils; such as,

The key that opens the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

The key of art, for tuning the ears of persons who are going to make verses. Pope had his ears tuned by this key. It must be held in the hand of Nature.

The great wheel of sublunary bliss.

The wheel of Fortune, which in its perpetual revo-

lution round the axis of uncertainty, scatters from its circumference vicissitudes among the sons of men.
The hammers of perpetual discussion.
The nails and pins of prejudice.
That most powerful air-pump, adversity, which ejects from the mind all that gas, that comes under the denomination of nonsense.
The torch of exposure.
The sling of eloquence.
The empty shell of philosophy for holding the sound of arguments in.
The mysterious magnet of friendship attracted only by invisible atoms of sympathy.
The pillars of sentiment and imagination for the spirit to repose on. Milton had them—Cobbett had them not; therefore he ran away to America.
The vocal looking-glass. To give our ideas voice and accent is, according to Lord Shaftesbury, the vocal looking-glass, &c. &c. &c.

Chapter 18th is of trinkets and wearable articles, such as,

The black brood of ignorance.
The cloak of sadness.
A mantle of love, to cast over faults.
The mantle of impunity.
The cloak of common sense. No woman, says the novel, must stir without it.
The chaste habiliments of eloquent persuasion.
The gems of virtue.
The signet of the stage, for making impressions with, when the heart is melted by the scene, &c.

Chapter 19th treats of vessels with their tackling; such as,

The barge of Fate, with its Carte du Voyage.
Dr. Bell's intellectual steam engine.
The mainsail of imagination. This mainsail eats —"half its food is poison."
The rudder of sound discretion, &c.

Chapter 19th is particularly interesting to politicians, who may find in it an inexhaustible fund of talk, about steering and navigating the vessel of the state.

Chapter 20th, the sons and the daughters; as, for example,

The long-eared children of Credulity.
The airy sons of Speculation.
The undeviating sons of Propriety.
The steady sons of Circumspection.
The giddy daughters of Indiscretion.
The mournful daughters of Misfortune.
The sons of Confusion.
Sprightly and vivacious sons of Joy, &c.

Besides sons, daughetrs, handmaid, and nurslings, Chapter 20th includes the parentage and degrees of relationship subsisting between ideal beings of every sort, with the best examples for extending this kind of consanguinity to inanimate objects; as,

The sons of the Forest, (viz. tall trees.)
Tempests, the sons of Equinox.
Gentle hills, nurslings of the Peak, &c. &c.

In Chapter 21st, on personifications, will be found very minute and ample directions for dressing all sorts of allegorical personages, Pride in purple, Joy in rose colors, and Woe with black wings, &c. &c.

There is also a chapter appropriated to the line, the walk, the circle, and the sphere. One upon the word 'interesting,' upon the word 'strains,' upon rays diverging from, or verging towards, a point, both extremely useful ingredients in swelling, extending, and lengthening out a paragraph, and which have ever been mixed in such quantities as to form no inconsiderable part of some pretty sizeable volumes. There are seven chapters of similes, all finely alliterated, or finely compounded. One upon strange beasts; such as,

The tiger of Orangeism.
The anti-colonial tiger.
Mr. Lytton Bulwer's war-horse, Newspaper Stamp Repeal, &c.

And another of singular plants and vegetable substances. Take, for example,

The weeds of disregard.
The fungus of abuse, with which, in our times, the commonwealth is overrun.
The intellectual fibre in all its varieties of growth.

In this section great attention has been paid to give the locality, with the discoverer's names, as far as such particulars can be ascertained.

This work will also include a collection, which may be styled fasciculi, or little bundles, consisting of vocables of similar sound and length, cut even like a bundle of herbs, and paraded in a string. A collection of Frenchified and other exotic embellishments, chiefly gastronomic, for the use of persons *un peu roturier*, who are desirous of passing for vastly genteel; and a collation of rambling terminations, with transmutations in is, and ist, and ism, whereby the most common and familiar words being changed from adjectives into nouns, and from nouns into adjectives, acquire an erudite and pompous exterior. As, for example, tutorial instruction, professional dignity, pictorial powers, melodic powers, Edenic beauties, Prioric talents, hermetical solitude, Miltonic plaints, and so on.

For the convenience of those who may wish to construct a cosmogony, or other learned system, a collection of such necessary philosophical tackling as the great chain of being, force of circumstances, primordial law, determining principle, has been carefully got together. And if with these one cannot construct a universe, with its inhabitants, the deuce is in it. Likewise numerous examples of the arrangement of words into sentences, which seem, at first sight, to convey some meaning, though upon a nearer examination, Œdipus himself would be unable to unravel it.

There are chapters of exclamations, interrogations, inversions, augmentatives, and diminutives. For the satisfaction of the curious, there is a treatise upon unfashionable metaphors, which, though now exploded, saw good service in the ponderous tomes of the seventeenth century; where we read of the *primum mobile*, with its attendant orbs, of mental digestion, bad mental concoction, which maketh an unwholesome chylas, and a sentence sets off with a simile concerning Periander the wise man, or Solon the Athenian, Alexander the Great, his humility, or

the sun, when he entereth upon the first sign Aries.

In this section of antiquated metaphors will be included specimens of the far-fetched, with the use of the two little syllables, *as* and *so*; by which simple machinery any odd scrap of learning, or any piece of information, was rendered available. Take, for example,

As the little fish which marcheth before the whale to lead him through the waters, lest his unwieldiness should dash him against the rocks, so, &c.

Or,

As the stone which resteth when it has arrived at the centre of the earth, so, &c.

Or,

As the panther which so loveth the herb henbane, that he leapeth and frisketh about it, when placed somewhat out of his reach, till he falleth down with weariness, and dieth upon the place, so, &c. &c.

Such things are not the taste at present. Egotism has superseded pedantry; and it certainly is much pleasanter and much easier to talk of one's-self, than of the herb henbane, Periander the wise man, or Solon the Athenian.

But to return to our intended publication. It is needless to go into further detail. Suffice it to say, that instead of imitating those impertinent theorists, who are possessed by a mania for generalizing and system-building, and who insist upon accounting for every effect by the operation of some one general principle, the object of this work is to indicate and point out the great variety of means and resources that may be made available for the improvement of a fine and grandiloquent style of writing. He who knows not this style knows nothing—not even how to pen an ordinary hand-bill. For all the common purposes of life it has superseded every other. Our newspapers are full of it from beginning to end. Narrative, advertisements, speeches, every thing is done in it. Every orator, in our days, is bursting with his feelings. Every unfortunate dog of a public performer must be entirely overpowered with emotion, at every the least symptom of public encouragement. What an unconscionable expense of sensibility is a man put to, when he goes to a public feast, and makes a speech after dinner? If, by way of local information, we are treated with a description of some remarkable personage, instead of saying, as a man would say if he spoke the sober truth, that in such a town or district there lives an old fellow who makes sorry verses, that he is short or tall, brown or fair, we are told that he has a facial expression, which announces that he has looked upon high hills, and tended cows, or sheep perchance, or geese, in his youth; and that the bumps on his forehead, ragged hairs, and other phrenological symptoms, indicate that this said old fellow is a much greater genius than the world takes him to be. If a carrier's wagon is overset in a slough, with a couple of country wenches in it, the paragraph maker, being one of those, whose favorite embellishment is alliteration, an opportunity so suitable for rising to an elevated style is not to be resisted, and the fair passengers are rescued from peril by the prowess of a passing pigman. One shopkeeper announces that he has been sedulous, and emulous, and strenuous, in his exertions to merit a continuation of the flattering and distinguished patronage he has hitherto received. Another, with much polite and respectful courtesy, invites "the connoisseurs in pickled herrings," to inspect certain casks that have lately come to hand. What more remains to be said, but that it is cultivated by peruquiers, by the venders of cosmetics and shoe-blacking, by the dealers in nicknacks and curiosities, and, in short, by all who find it convenient to talk of their matters in a grave and general way, without descending to be too plain or explicit; and more especially, by those who have occasion to excuse themselves for some shabby mean action, or notable roguery. It is true there are cynical persons in the world, who are ready to jeer at all men's good parts; and who, of course, never fail to carp at such exhibitions of talent. But if the multitude exclaim, "What clever, first-rate writing!" or, "what superior oratory!" it does not signify though two or three obscure folks in a corner should mutter out between their teeth, "What vain nonsense! what unprofitable babbling!"

A. L.

*Modern Athens.*

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## ITALY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON WOMAN," THE "SAXON'S DAUGHTER," &C.

Italia! land of arts and arms,
Where Nature spreads her richest charms,
Haloed by Glory, voiced by Fame,
Who burns not at thy magic name?

Long wandering northern climes, where chill
The breezes blow on Sweden's hill;
Deafened by Danube's falling floods,
Now lost in dark Germania's woods;
Then climbing, shivering, faint and slow,
Alp's everlasting hills of snow:
Who, when he sees thy landscape sweet,
Laughing in beauty at his feet;
Thy dimpling lakes, thy olive bowers,
Thy viny steeps, and meads of flowers;
While fragrance loads the silk-winged gale,
And music melts in every vale,
And spreads o'er all a violet sky,
Soft as the light in Beauty's eye;

Feels not inspired by scenes so fair?
Nor glows with classic rapture there?

Mother of heroes! mighty land!
Since Romulus unsheathed his brand,
And saw the black-winged vultures tower,
Prognostic of thy future power,
What deeds of glory hast thou seen,
While earth in shackles hailed thee queen!—
Though Rome's great soul hath passed away,
She awes in death and grand decay;
Though chains clank o'er Venetia's isles,
Still commerce hums, and beauty smiles.
But Florence, with her queenly towers,
O'erlooking groves and vintage bowers;
And Naples, by the glittering sea,
All splendor, life, festivity,
Are still, O Italy! thy pride,
Where taste refines, and arts preside;
Where Pleasure sheds her brighest ray,
And Music pours her sweetest lay;
Where time, on downy pinion, flies,
Beauty is sunny as her skies,
And all is met from pole to pole,
That feasts the eye and charms the soul.

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## THE CHARITY SISTER.*

### A TALE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Affairs were in this situation, when, on the Wednesday morning, after breakfast, Rosabelle's heart beat to observe the carriage of her mother-in-law advancing up the avenue. Fanchette could plainly see in it Miss Altamont and Mrs. Milicent—William was on horseback beside it.

The carriage drew up to the door, and Miss Altamont and her attendant alighted: they proceeded up stairs, and the servant in waiting formally announced Miss Altamont, as he threw open the door of the apartment. Lady Altamont rose from her chair, but did not advance; she coldly waved her visitor to a seat, and Mrs. Milicent took one at the further end of the room.

Miss Altamont hesitated, for she was not quite prepared for this style of reception; she expected tears, and complaints, and explanations, but she was deceived. Lady Altamont calmly awaited the object of her visit.

"The task I am about to undertake," at length said Miss Altamont, "is a most painful one: would that it could have been entrusted to any other than myself! but my mother declines it, and I have no alternative. You cannot but be aware, Lady Altamont, that certain reports have been spread during our winter residence in town, regarding the sentiments of the Count de Beauvilliers towards you, of a nature, which however complimentary they may be considered in your country, are justly condemned in ours."

She paused, and seemed to expect some observation, but none was made.

"These reports were, I am sorry to say, confirmed by many circumstances, especially by the testimony of your own confidential servant, Fanchette, who rather seemed to boast of what she ought to have been so thoroughly ashamed."

Lady Altamont looked at Fanchette; the girl buried her face in her hands, and wept.

Miss Altamont proceeded: "The Count de Beauvilliers did not himself deny the truth of the assertions that were made; so much the reverse, that it appears he suffered certain inuendos concerning a visit he intended making you here, to escape him, in the absence of your husband, to whom the conversation was faithfully reported. The visit was made; I need not detail under what circumstances—I blush to recall them. My brother was informed of all that occurred; he and his friend proceeded to Calais, and there met the Count and Lord Henry Beauclerk——"

The firmness of Rosabelle began to give way. "And there!" she suddenly exclaimed.

"There, a duel has taken place."

"My husband!" she wildly shrieked.

"Is slightly wounded; but the Count—I regret to say"—Miss Altamont paused.

"Is dead!" said Rosabelle, with unnatural calmness. Miss Altamont bowed her head.

"O, God!" exclaimed Rosabelle, starting from her seat, and joining her hands in agony—"has it come to this! the blood of my near kinsman on the hand of my husband! and *I* the cause! Cruel Altamont! what time, what penitence can ever wash that stain away! Unjust, unworthy husband! though all the world believed me guilty, how couldst *thou*? thou, that knowest every thought of my heart, couldst deem thy Rosabelle so false, so thankless, so impure! But it is done, and though that heart should break, I will root thine image from it: henceforth thou hast no wife, and Rosabelle no husband! Poor Albert!" She sank back in her chair, and the big tears forced their way through the slender fingers that strove to conceal them.

Miss Altamont was confounded; she was inwardly convinced that Rosabelle was innocent, but she meanly checked the conviction, and the evil of her nature successfully opposed the good, when, turning towards Mrs. Milicent, she exclaimed, "Her ladyship forgets her wounded husband, and weeps only for her guilty paramour."

The blood of the De Courcis quickened through every vein of the injured Rosabelle; the same spirit that prompted the look which silenced for ever the lawless passion of Beauvilliers, flashed once more from her eyes. She stood, and pointed to the door: Miss Altamont arose, and without trusting herself with a second glance, hastily moved towards it; Mrs. Milicent drew her bonnet more

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* Continued from page 203.

closely over her face, and followed with a speed, which at any other time she would have considered indecorous.

Lady Altamont rang, and ordered his lordship's servant, William, to appear before her; the man entered, and, standing close by the door, bowed respectfully: "Was the Count de Beauvilliers dead when you left Calais?"

"No, my lady, but the surgeon said he could only live three or four hours at the furthest."

"Who sent you here, and what was your commission?"

"The day before, my lord had ordered me, whatever happened, to leave immediately, and take the information to my lady dowager."

"Your lord was wounded?"

"Yes, madam, slightly in the shoulder."

"Had you any conversation with him after the duel?"

"Not any."

"Was he preparing for his departure?"

"He was with the count, and seemed to have no intention of leaving him until he died."

"Who was your lord's second?"

"Mr. Cavendish."

"Very well—leave the room;" and William departed.

During the whole of this time Fanchette had cowered in a corner, with her eyes fixed on her lady, and her mouth open; awe and astonishment strongly expressed in her countenance. She could scarcely believe that her young mistress stood before her; her figure seemed enlarged, and was haughtily thrown back, her brow was contracted, her lips compressed, her eye steady and severe; her tears were dried, and not a trace of weakness remained; the flush of indignation itself was gradually fading away, and a marble paleness was replacing it upon her brow and cheek. When William retired, Lady Altamont stood for some time immoveable, scarcely seeming to breathe: after a few minutes, Fanchette raised herself upon her knees, and extended her arms towards her; the movement attracted the attention of the lady, who had evidently forgotten her.

"O, my dear mistress!" cried the distressed Fanchette, "pray forgive me! I will tell you all *I* ever said, and nothing very bad either. I am sure, I am sure I never intended to do you harm; I only wished to show these scornful English that you might, if you had chosen, have married a much grander and handsomer man in your own country."

"To-morrow," replied Rosabelle, calmly, "I will hear whatever you may have to say; to-day I must not be intruded on by any one." She retired into her dressing-room, which communicated immediately with her bedchamber, and locked herself in.

Throughout the establishment of Moorlands the most unbroken quiet reigned that day; the servants moved about like ghosts, making signs, or conversing in low whispers. Dinner was served as usual for her ladyship, and when the butler announced it at her dressing-room door, she desired that some slight refreshments might be brought up; and coffee was served at a later period in the afternoon. On both these occasions the housekeeper attended with a waiting-maid; they reported that Lady Altamont looked very calm and composed, but exceedingly pale: it would appear she had the air of a person who had come to what was deemed a necessary, but painful decision.

At nine o'clock she ordered the house to be closed, and the principal keys to be brought to her, (a prevailing custom at that period,) as she wished to retire to rest.

On the following morning, (Thursday,) Fanchette waited anxiously for her lady's summons. Ten o'clock arrived, and getting alarmed, she knocked at her door; there was no answer: she tried the lock, and to her surprise found that it was not secured; the shutters were partly open; the dressing-room had a certain air of confusion about it, as of a person who had been selecting things for packing; the heart of Fanchette sank within her—she hastily burst into the bed-chamber; her lady was not there, nor did the bed appear as though it had been slept in.

Fanchette looked round in despair, and called in vain on the name of her mistress; then rushed down stairs and alarmed the servants. Search was made in every direction; Lady Altamont was nowhere to be found, and, so soon as the fact was fully ascertained, the intelligence was carried to the manor-house.

Lord Altamont and his friend had been forced, from mere fatigue and exhaustion, to remain for twenty-four hours at Dover; and his lordship was so unwell the following morning, that his proceeding even then was considered imprudent; but no entreaty or expostulation could detain him an instant longer, and travelling gently, they reached Moorlands on the Friday evening.

As the carriage once more passed the opening before mentioned, from which his residence could be seen, Lord Altamont eagerly bent forward to catch a glimpse of it, with very different sensations than on a former occasion: it was all dark, and shut up, not a light to be seen: a sickening foreboding of some dreadful event stole over him—he gasped with apprehension. In a few minutes they were met by servants with torches, requesting they would proceed to the manor-house, the ladies having something important to communicate.

The scene need not be described. Lord Altamont's self-reproach, grief, and rage amounted almost to madness; no voice could soothe him but that of his mother, and not even her's, till on her knees she besought him not to endanger by his rashness, (for he was tearing the bandages from his wound,) the life which she had given, and in which her own was involved: the sight recalled him to his senses: he submitted with a stern, almost a ferocious sadness, to all they required; but on one point none could control him: he insisted that his sister should leave his pres-

ence, and never again venture in it. A strong opiate was administered, and his mother watched by him during the night, as she had done in the days of his infancy.

The next morning he rose more composed, but in a state of deep dejection and great bodily weakness. By his order his letters were brought to him, and among them was the unfortunately delayed letter of Rosabelle, giving an exact and lively account of her cousin's visit; truth, artlessness, and innocence breathing in every line, while her expressions of fondness to himself, and her eager wishes for his return, struck like arrows to his already lacerated heart. He kissed the writing, while his scalding tears dropped on it, folded, and laid it to his bosom.

Although scarcely able to move, Lord Altamont insisted on being driven to his house; and was accompanied by the whole party, excepting Miss Altamont. On his arrival, the house-keeper presented to him the key of Lady Altamont's dressing-room, which apartment had been purposely kept in the same state in which she had left it.

On examination it was found that she had taken a few changes of her plainest wearing apparel, a silk cloak, and the straw cottage-bonnet, in which she had been accustomed to walk about her own grounds; the jewels which had belonged to her before her marriage she had likewise taken, together with the money in her own private purse, which it was supposed amounted to between three and four hundred pounds; to these had been added the miniature portrait of her husband, and the gold chain attached to it. Lord Altamont vainly looked round for a scrap of writing, or any clue to her intentions. Fanchette was examined, but amid her sobs and tears, and confessions of her own imprudence, nothing was elicited but what is already known: her description, however, of the scene between Lady Altamont and her sister-in-law, although imperfectly narrated, made a deep impression, especially on its being confirmed, and more clearly detailed by Mrs. Milicent. William, and the other servants, likewise gave in their testimony.

After having collected every information in their power, Mr. Cavendish took Lord Altamont aside: "I have no doubt," he said, "that after all, Lady Altamont has but gone to her father in Paris, listening to her resentment only in the first impulse of the moment. You, my dear lord, are too ill to move—nay, nay, you need not shake your head, and stamp your foot, but listen to what I have to propose. I and your servant, William, will set off instantly, within the next hour, for Paris; I have no doubt we shall trace her even during our journey. I will write by every post, and depend upon it, no time or trouble shall be spared. Do not think of accompanying us—you will only defeat your own object."

Lord Altamont thanked his kind and zealous friend; and, after a little inward struggle, accepted his proposal. Instant preparations were made, and Mr. Cavendish and William departed.

As soon as they were gone, the strong mental excitement, which had hitherto upheld Lord Altamont, sank at once: fever came on; further medical advice was called in, and for some days he lay dangerously ill. His most efficacious medicine was Mr. Cavendish's first letter; it was from Calais, saying that he had clearly traced Lady Altamont thus far, and that she was, without a shadow of doubt, a passenger in the packet they had been on the point of boarding when coming into Dover in their fishing-boat.

Mr. Cavendish, being quite convinced that he should find Lady Altamont at her father's, journeyed to Paris with all speed, and without making much further inquiry on the way. He proceeded immediately to the mansion of the Marquis de Clairville, and found, to his dismay, that it was decked with all the insignia of mourning. An old confidential servant conducted him into a parlor: "I am surprised, sir," he said, "that you are not acquainted with the death of the marquis; his funeral took place yesterday; his illness and death were very sudden: to be frank with you, sir, my poor master deceived himself into the notion that he had not grown older during the last forty years; he caught a sudden attack of cold in coming out at four o'clock on a very chilly morning, from the heated ball-rooms of the Duchess de S——; inflammation succeeded, and he was carried off in twenty-four hours."

"Had he been made aware of the death of his nephew?" inquired Mr. Cavendish.

"No, sir; the news of the duel and its consequences, thank Heaven! did not reach Paris until the day of his illness, and of course was concealed from him. Now, sir, will you give me leave to ask *you* a question? where is *miladi* Altamont?"

"Here, is she not?" exclaimed Mr. Cavendish.

"She has been here, sir," was the reply; "but is here no longer." The old servant shook his head: "Ah, sir! I have a strange tale to tell! I am not apt to be superstitious—O no sir! we have lived too much in the *grand monde* not to have got over all vulgar prejudices—and yet—but I will tell you how it happened, sir, and you shall judge for yourself.

"It was about eleven o'clock at night; the marquis had received extreme unction, had become, as we believed, insensible, and every moment we expected him to breathe his last: some of his friends and ourselves were standing round his bed, in great affliction, for he was a kind friend and master; and I had just whispered to M. l'Abbé, that it was a pity *miladi*, his dear daughter, whom he had mentioned several times during the day, could not be with him at his last hour. Well, sir, the words were scarcely out of my mouth, when pit-pat came a light foot upon the stairs, (my old heart goes pit-pat now to think of it,) the door unclosed softly, and who should enter but *miladi* Rosabelle herself! We were all fixed in astonishment, while she, or what seemed to be her, hastily threw off a cloak

and bonnet, and stood all in white, her black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her cheek as pale as marble. She took no notice of any of us, but glided towards the bed, and bending over the marquis, said in a tone that thrilled through us all, 'My father!' Well, sir, would you believe it? the spirit of the old man seemed checked in its flight, and stirred within him at the sound; he moved his head, and grappled with his hands, as though he strove to reach her; she threw her arm gently round him, and kissed his forehead, and laid her cheek to his; and a smile passed over his features—and so, he died. And when it was clear that he was dead, she raised herself up and closed his eyes: then she went into a corner and knelt down to pray; she did not weep, no, not a single tear. And we arranged the corpse, and perfumed and lighted the chamber, and did all that is customary: and when we had finished, she turned herself round, and made a sign that we should all leave the room; and somehow no one thought of disobeying her, or asking her a question, but we went away, and she remained alone with her dead father.

"The next morning, an hour after daybreak, myself and some others ventured to proceed to the chamber. We knocked, and hearing no reply, unclosed the door. The shrouded form of the departed lay as we had left it; the grey light of the morning had crept in, and the tapers were dying in their sockets; I shuddered as I looked round for the mysterious daughter: I do not know why, I almost dreaded to see her seated at the bed's head. She was our master's daughter, certainly, whom we had attended and loved since infancy, and yet so very unlike her! our terror was increased by astonishment, for whatever she might be, whether body or spirit, she was no longer there! she had disappeared, and from that moment we have never seen or heard of her.

"Lady Altamont," observed Mr. Cavendish, with as much composure as he could assume, "must have been well acquainted with the various egresses from her father's house, and in that night of melancholy confusion, it is probable the usual cautions were not exactly observed. Her objects appear to be evasion and concealment; she of course would take advantage of all circumstances likely to ensure them."

"Ah, sir!" said the old servant, shaking his head: "I beg your pardon—I mean no offence—but that English husband and his English family have killed our poor young lady, and her foreign grave could not hold her while her father's spirit passed—they have gone together!"

These particulars were all forwarded to Lord Altamont, and the effect they produced on him may be imagined. Mr. Cavendish sent William to Provence, and he himself continued his inquiries in Paris and other parts: both of them without success, and, at the expiration of three months, they returned to England.

They found Lord Altamont and his mother at one of the watering-places, his health considerably recruited, but with a stern and settled dejection of spirits, that nothing appeared for a moment to alleviate.

By his orders, acting in the name of Lady Altamont, the establishment at Paris was broken up, and the servants well provided for. Every attention was paid to the estate in Provence, whither Fanchette was sent, to repent her share in the mischief, and to declaim against the brutality of English husbands.

As Lord Altamont persevered in refusing to see his sister, and as her situation had become in many respects unpleasant, she accepted an old offer of marriage, which she had hitherto slighted, in the hope of meeting with something better; and accompanied her husband, a middle-aged country gentleman, to his seat in the north.

In the course of the ensuing winter Lord Altamont attended his duties in Parliament; and to all that required his care, whether public or private business, he sedulously devoted himself, but to society he was inaccessible, and in the midst of a luxurious metropolis he led the life of a hermit.

Early in the spring, after having accompanied his mother on her return to Moorlands, he set off for the Continent and carefully explored the northern and middle provinces, of France, visiting every convent, and not suffering the poorest village to pass without the strictest examination, but all in vain.

He returned to London in the winter, and passed it precisely as he had done the former one; then set out again the ensuing spring, and pursued his search in the Netherlands and along both banks of the Rhine with the like ill success.

The third summer he decided on exploring the southern provinces of France and Switzerland.

He arrived in Provence. How withering, how desolating were the feelings with which the well-remembered approach to the chateau de Clairville oppressed him! The season was the same as that when, four years since, he had first beheld its towers brightening in the beams of noon and the blue sea glancing beyond them. He dismounted at the same spot, and walked through the same flowery lane in which he had first met his Rosabelle; he recognized the very aperture in the hedge through which, all glowing in youth, in health, and beauty, she had rushed in her pursuit of the butterfly. Memory brought the whole scene so close that he gazed around as though possessed with the wild hope that she would suddenly start to sight; he repeated her name aloud, and the lone echo mournfully returned it. Alas! the field-flowers bloomed and the wild roses clustered, the air was filled with the songs of birds and perfumed with the scent of violets:—all these were here, but where was Rosabelle!

In spite of all the good he had done the tenantry, he was received but coldly. Fanchette pretended to be ill, and it was alto-

gether so far from agreeable, that with difficulty he prevailed upon himself to remain a couple of days in order to settle some matters of business, and to give such directions as circumstances required.

He pursued his journey slowly and with unwearied watchfulness through Provence, Dauphiny, and Savoy, and arrived in the Catholic canton of the Valais.

His melancholy visit at Clairville and the gloomy hopelessness that began to settle on his mind contributed to produce a morbid state of feverish anxiety, which his sole and faithful attendant William beheld with alarm. They had arrived at a beautiful secluded vale in the Valais, environed by lofty mountains, watered by a clear broad stream, and rich in pasture and vegetation. There was no regular village, but the farm-houses and cottages were scattered here and there, surrounded by their pretty gardens and backed by orchards laden with fruit. For twenty miles round, the fruit, vegetables, flowers, eggs, poultry, and milk of this happy valley bore higher prices than from any other part; the inhabitants were clean and comfortable, industrious and contented. In glancing over it from the eminence round which wound the principal road, three buildings more striking than the rest immediately met the eye: one was the parish church, with its light spire springing up from among the thick and beautiful foliage that surrrounded it together with the neat residence of the pastor. The second was the inn, situated in the centre of the valley, and reckoned the best house of accommodation in the Valais; it was a large irregular building, with its stables, out-houses, courts, poultry-yard, kitchen-garden, &c.; in the front it had a spacious green lawn sloping to the river, furnished with benches and rude tables under spreading trees: this was the favorite afternoon retreat of the great men of the valley; here they smoked a pipe, enjoyed their cup of wine or ale, and talked over their own affairs and those of other people. This lawn, too, was the occasional holyday resort of their wives and daughters, and had witnessed many a merry dance and many a rustic game. The third building was a long low range on a wooded eminence; its neat white walls and green lattices peeped through the trellis-work festooned with flowers and the curling vine; it apparently stood in the centre of a highly-cultivated garden, here and there shaded by magnificent trees. On inquiring from a peasant he met on the road, Lord Altamont was informed that it was the residence of the Charity Sisters of this district.

"Well, my lord," said William, "I cannot help thinking that this is a beautiful place, and yon inn looks for all the world like a country inn in England. I should be very glad indeed if your lordship would rest a few days here and recover a little from your fatigue. Indeed, my dear master, you look as though you wanted repose."

"You have forestalled me, William," replied his lordship: "the same idea struck me the moment I beheld this secluded and romantic valley."

They arrived at the inn, and were received by the landlady, a shrewd bustling woman, who, in answer to Lord Altamont's inquiry whether he could have accommodation for a few days, showed him into the best parlor, freshly washed and sanded, with a dark polished round table in the middle, the spacious hearth filled up with green boughs and a large boquet of beautiful flowers, white dimity curtains, a bird-cage at each of the two windows, and a portrait of William Tell worked in worsted: adjoining was an exceedingly neat and comfortable little bed-room. Lord Altamont was quite satisfied, and William was delighted: he took care, while the evening repast was preparing, to impress on the landlady that his master was a great *milord Anglais* travelling *incog.* and as rich as *milords Anglais* usually are or ought to be. The news was carried to the lawn, and from thence was caught up and re-echoed from one end of the valley to the other.

Lord Altamont, contrary to his expectation, spent a restless night, and rose late and unrefreshed. His breakfast was laid on the aforesaid round table in the sitting-room, and if any thing could have tempted him, its homely cleanliness, its fresh eggs and butter, fine preserves, rich cream, and well-made coffee, would certainly have done so. He was attended by an intelligent and pretty girl about ten years old.

"Whose child are you?" asked his lordship.

"The landlady's, sir," she replied, and dropped a curtsey.

"And what is your name?"

"Annette."

"Have you learned to read and write, Annette?"

"Yes, sir, Sister Louise teaches me, and a great many more little girls."

"And who is Sister Louise?"

"Dear me, sir, have you never heard of Sister Louise—the charity sister, that does such a deal of good—the lady in the mask?"

"The lady in the mask!" repeated Lord Altamont, whose attention was immediately roused. At that moment the landlady entered, hoping that *milord* approved of his breakfast, and at the same time telling Annette to tie on her bonnet and trudge off with her books, or she would be too late for Sister Louise.

"Pray, ma'am," said Lord Altamont, "why does your little daughter call Sister Louise the lady in the mask?"

"Because, sir, she is under a vow always to wear a mask."

It is to be observed, that such a circumstance in itself did not create the same surprise at that period that it would now. Vows of a similar nature were then frequent, and in the course of his pursuit Lord Altamont had been occasionally arrested by mysteries of this sort.

"Is it known who she is?" continued Lord Altamont.

"No, *milord*, not at all; people do say this, and that, and the other, but there is no knowing any thing for a certainty, except that she is more like an angel than a woman, and has done more good hereabouts than any one else ever did, be they who they may, lady or nun, priest or layman."

"Then she must have money?"

"She had some left her three years since; about that time too she had a terrible illness, and we thought we should have lost her; but, the saints be praised! she came amongst us again, looking smaller and thinner, with her voice much weakened, but, if possible, more kind and more useful than ever."

"About three years since?" repeated his lordship; "then how long has she been with you altogether?"

"Ten years, *milord*, this midsummer: she was with me when my little Annette was born."

"Ten years!" exclaimed Lord Altamont, with his accustomed sigh of bitter disappointment, when, as in this instance, a hope had been started only to be destroyed.

After breakfast, he ordered his horse and rode out alone; the weather was cool, but he felt hot and thirsty, and stopping at a cottage, asked for water: an old blind woman sat in the little front garden; she desired her grandson, who was working in it, to fetch some water for the stranger. While he was gone, a girl came up the road, and entering the little garden, took from her arm a pretty basket filled with fruit and flowers.

"My good dame, here is a present for you."

"I heard you coming," replied the old woman, who possessed the usually quick senses of the blind, "and I smelt the fruit and flowers before you were in at the gate, and," she continued as she passed her hand over them, "I know whom they come from too."

"From Sister Louise," said the messenger.

"From *Saint* Louise rather," solemnly replied the old woman, as she turned upwards her sightless eyes; "there are none here worthy to call her sister; may the blessing of the blind and afflicted rest on her head as the dew from heaven!"

"This Louise," exclaimed Lord Altamont, as he pursued his ride, "this masked charity-sister, haunts me."

After a dinner as neatly served, as excellent in its kind, and as little partaken of as his breakfast, Lord Altamont, resolving not to give way to the feverish languor that oppressed him, took a favorite author and strolled down to the river-side, carefully avoiding the lawn, which, on this afternoon, was unusually well tenanted. He had established himself at the foot of a tree, and was striving to fix his wandering thoughts, when he felt himself gently pulled by the sleeve, and, on looking round, found little Annette.

"If you would like to see Sister Louise," she whispered, "you can do so now; she is at a cottage behind here, with a poor old man who is very, very ill."

Lord Altamont rose, and taking the hand of his young conductress, accompanied her to the door of a hut, which was open: an aged man, apparently near his end, lay upon a poor but clean bed; a young woman, probably his daughter, was kneeling at the foot with her head buried in the bed-clothes; by the side of the sufferer, with her back towards the door, knelt Sister Louise; she was arrayed in the black camblet dress of her order, with a collar of plain, fine, white linen; her head-dress was of the same material in very light folds, but made high and square. She was praying: her voice was gentle and sweet, but the tones somewhat muffled in consequence of her mask; her figure was very slight and youthful; and, as she knelt, a foot and ancle of exquisite beauty were revealed. Annette, in her simplicity, wished Lord Altamont to enter and join in the prayers; this he declined, but remained for a few minutes, almost involuntarily, gazing on the scene before him. Once Sister Louise slightly moved her head towards the weeping girl at the foot of the bed, and Lord Altamont caught a side and momentary glance of her mask. Becoming sensible, however, that his presence might be attributed to impertinent curiosity, he retreated to his seat, accompanied by Annette.

"I will go back again," said Annette, "and when she comes out of the hut I will bring her to talk with you;" and without waiting a reply, away she ran.

In about twenty minutes she returned with a look of disappointment.

"I fear, Annette, you have failed," said Lord Altamont; "you cannot prevail on Sister Louise to come and talk with a stranger, at which I am not at all surprised."

"I thought she would have come," said Annette, "for she knows who you are; I copied your name from the card on your portmanteau, and took it to her this morning."

"And what did she say just now when you asked her to come?"

"She said," replied Annette, after a pause, and speaking very slowly, as trying to recollect the exact words, "she said, that the great, and the rich, and the happy, had nothing in common with Sister Louise; that if you were in sickness, poverty, or misery, you might send for her, and *then* she would not fail you."

That night Lord Altamont went early to bed, and in the hope of producing composure and sleep, took a small quantity of laudanum; this proved injurious, his fever increased, and a sort of light-headed doze came on, in which he fancied the apertures of his bed-curtains were filled with masks of all shapes, colors, and sizes; some with immense long noses nearly touching his own, some with that feature broad and turned up, with wide grinning mouths; others had tongues, and lolled them at him, and others with large glassy eyes pursued his wherever they turned.

The next morning he was unable to rise, and medical assistance was immediately procured. The doctor, after having prescribed, ordered a charity sister to be sent for,—an order he never gave except when he thought a case so serious as to require great care and good nursing.

"Let them send the lady in the mask," said the patient.

"She will attend in her turn," gravely replied the doctor.

On awaking towards the afternoon from a feverish doze, still laboring under a slight degree of delirium, Lord Altamont inquired whether the charity sister had come.

"She is by your bed-side, my lord," whispered William.

He instantly drew aside the bed-curtain, and beheld a meagre elderly lady, with a sedate and rather vinegar aspect.

"O! you are not the lady in the mask?"

"That you may easily perceive—pray be composed, sir."

"But why did they not send Sister Louise?"

"She will come in her turn."

"And when is her turn?"

"Next to mine?"

"That is a comfort; and when do you go?"

"Be composed, sir."

She rose, and pouring out a glass of lemonade, presented it to him: he drank it eagerly, and, for a time, the recollection of Sister Louise seemed weakened.

It was midnight: a pale lamp burned in his chamber; there was a whispering and rustling by his bed-side, a retreating footstep, then all again was still.

"William," said Lord Altamont faintly, "give me water!"

William had gone to rest; but the curtain was gently withdrawn, and a cup of cooling beverage was presented; he seized the hand that held it, and looked up: a muffled form and a black mask met his view.

"You have kept your word," he exclaimed solemnly: "I am in sickness and in sorrow, and you have not failed me."

The charity sister made no answer, but gave him the cup and smoothed his pillow.

"You will not leave me?"

She shook her head and whispered, "Not to-night."

"Nor to-morrow either!" he wildly replied. "Give me your hand, and then I shall be sure of you; you shall not run away and leave me as *she* did! Did you never see her? O yes, you saw her in her winding-sheet by her father's corpse. Here, take back your hand—I thought it had been hers, it is so smooth and small—take it away, for I have sworn never to touch the hand of woman more!—You are weeping, are you? I hear you sob—ha! ha! it is very well you wear a mask to hide your crocodile tears. Women can weep and weep—they can smile too, and stab while they smile. I dare say, you and your cousin murdered your husband."

"Horrible!" ejaculated the sister. His mutterings gradually became unintelligible, and, still under the influence of a powerful narcotic, he again sank to sleep.

About seven in the morning the patient awoke. William was moving gently about the room, and there was a very audible and unusual sound at the bed-side.

"William, for Heaven's sake, tell me what noise this is close to me here."

"It is the charity sister, my lord, snoring," replied William, at the same time shaking her without much ceremony. "Awake, mistress, if you please; you disturb my lord."

A fat, healthy, good-humored looking woman awoke *en sursaut*: "Only think of my sleeping at my post!" she said, drawing back the bed-curtain, and presenting her "*shining morning face*" to Lord Altamont; "what would Sister Louise say to me! How do you feel yourself, sir, this morning?"

"Was it a dream?" exclaimed Lord Altamont; "has she not then been here—that lady in the mask?"

"No dream at all," replied Sister Marie; "I relieved her about an hour since; and, for your comfort, I can tell you, she has gone to ask our superior leave to allow her to nurse you altogether: such a request is against the rules, but Sister Louise can do what she pleases with our lady."

About mid-day the masked sister returned to take up ner station at the inn. She found her patient better, free from delirium, the fever abated, and very thankful for the exertion she had made in his favor.

"If," said he, "you will pass an occasional hour with me during the day, it is all I ask."

She bowed her head in token of acquiescence; but as Lord Altamont was in a state of extreme weakness, she prohibited all further conversation.

Sister Louise, therefore, spent several hours each day with her patient, watchful, zealous, and studying his comfort in all things, but never officious or intrusive; she had the air of a person who was simply performing her duty, but performing it in the true spirit of charity, gently, easily, and kindly.

"How shall I ever repay you?" Lord Altamont would exclaim in the warmth of his gratitude.

"By getting well," she would reply, "and by never failing to remember, that what I do for you, I would do for the poorest, the meanest, the most ignorant, and the most thankless of my fellow-creatures."

Sometimes Louise would bring her painting or embroidery into the sick chamber, and converse with her patient while so employed; at others she would read to him. Every day Lord Altamont became more and more interested in his mysterious nurse—smile not, gentle reader! love had apparently nothing to do in the affair on either side: perhaps you are one of those who cannot believe that pure friendship can exist between persons of a different sex—I only reply, that if you find it impossible to believe in such friendship, you are clearly not worthy to enjoy it.

Lord Altamont was convalescent, and was able to be removed in his easy chair from his bed-room to his sitting-room. He was just entering into that delicious state which succeeds illness; in which every sense, relieved from unnatural oppression, becomes imbued with an unusual power of enjoyment; in which

even the freshness of the breeze, and the fragrance of a flower, unlock a secret source, not of pleasure only, but of happiness.

One day Louise was working very industriously at her embroidery frame near the window of the little sitting-room. Lord Altamont was idly sketching some patterns for her work; gradually he dropped his pencil, and his eyes and thoughts became unconsciously rivetted on the object before him. Her mask was a domino, not covering the mouth and lower part of the face; but over these fell a broad, full frill of black lace: the beautiful but fragile form, the thin white hand, the extreme fairness of the throat, the exquisite loveliness of the mouth and teeth, which could only be deeply shaded not entirely concealed by the dark folds of lace, by turns attracted his silent admiration. The contour of the lower part of the face wanted roundness, and she was evidently very pale; her head-dress entirely concealed her hair, and all that could be observed of her eyes was, that they were large and dark, but not bright.

"What strange fatality," thought Lord Altamont, "could have brought this young creature (for in spite of her ten years' residence here she is certainly very young) into this singular and doubtful situation?" Several ideas crossed his mind, all of which he rejected. He was startled from his reverie by her suddenly raising her head, and saying,

"In another fortnight, my lord, you will be quite off our sick-list, and well enough to pursue your journey."

"So," he replied, "the moment I am well I am to be despatched about my business?"

"I do not know," said Louise, smiling, "whether your journey be on business or pleasure; but neither, I should think, would be forwarded by a longer residence in our valley: you have found health here, and that is as much as in reason you can expect."

"Ah, Louise!" Lord Altamont replied, "you know not that the world and I have shaken hands and parted: we are nothing to each other. In my country I have still some *duties* left, both public and private, and except when these duties call me there, there is no spot I would rather retreat to than this."

Louise sat in silence and apparently in thought for a few minutes, then said timidly,

"My lord, you have often been pleased to express yourself warmly for the few services which, in the course of my calling, I have been enabled to render you, and have often asked me if it were not possible to make me some return; and now, I *have* a favor to ask."

"Name it, Louise!" cried Lord Altamont, eagerly.

"And yet," she continued, "I fear you will think my request both singular and impertinent."

"Fear no such thing, my kind andg ente nurse, but name it at once."

Louise paused, as if to gather courage; at length she said:—"During the first night of your illness, my lord, you were in a state of slight delirium, and allowed certain expressions to escape, which I cannot suppose were merely the effects of your wandering imagination. Your deep melancholy, your desire for seclusion, and even what you have just now said, produce in me a strange anxiety to learn the nature of the grief that oppresses you." As Lord Altamont made no reply, she continued: "I do not attempt to justify my motives for making this request; indeed, I should find it difficult to explain them: woman's curiosity, a friendly interest towards yourself, and a sympathy which, unhappy as has been my own destiny, I naturally feel towards the unhappy."

"Say no more, Louise; your request, from whatever motives arising, shall be granted. I cannot but feel gratified at the interest it implies; give me till to-morrow, and I will tell you *all*—fear no half-confidence."

"Thank you, my dear lord," said Louise warmly; "and now we will talk of something else."

The morrow came: Lord Altamont could not help feeling some surprise at the request of Louise, and some pain in granting it; but his resolution was taken. "She is a singular being," he observed; "who knows but she may find, or, perhaps, has already found, some clue to the object of my search."

When, therefore, Louise was seated, as usual, at her work, and had, by a gesture, ventured to remind him of his promise, he began at once his melancholy tale without hesitation or preface.

In the course of it he condemned no one but himself; he was full of generosity and delicacy towards the erring and ill-fated Beauvilliers; he passed slightly over the conduct of his sister; and Rosabelle herself he represented as only being too perfect to live in a misjudging and sinning world. "Had her mind," he exclaimed, "been less pure, her conduct would have been more guarded. We were all incapable of appreciating the high tone of her moral worth; Beauvilliers himself understood it best; for he dared not use against her the opportunity her confiding simplicity had afforded him."

Louise never once interrupted Lord Altamont; she listened with the most profound attention. He could now and then perceive the color rise and suffuse even the marble whiteness of her throat; and once or twice he thought a tear forced its way. As he approached the conclusion he became exhausted, and his agony, when describing the loss of his injured Rosabelle, and his long and now almost hopeless search, was evidently too much, and Louise became alarmed. When he had finished, he expressed a wish of being conveyed back to his room, and refused to see any one during the remainder of that day.

On the following he was more composed: Louise did not herself venture to renew the subject, but Lord Altamont was impatient to do so; and seemed to feel a mournful gratification in opening his heart upon it, and in drawing forth the soothing observations of his friend, her hopes, and her schemes.

"My lord," said Louise, after listening to a fit of self-condemnation, "you are too severe upon your own conduct. All around you were in some degree to blame, not even excepting, (I know I am speaking high treason,) not even excepting Lady Altamont herself. *Your* great error lay in not having sifted the truth by every means within your power, before throwing a stain upon the reputation of your wife, and attempting the life of a fellow-creature. This precaution you certainly did not observe to its full extent, for to that wife herself you ought to have appealed; a few minutes of personal explanation with her would probably have prevented all this fatal mischief."

"But in what," asked his lordship impatiently, "do you think Lady Altamont was to blame?"

"The whole of her conduct was *imprudent*," replied Louise; "it was her duty generally to have studied and conformed to the manners of the people among whom she was to live; it was her duty particularly to have avoided all intimate intercourse with a man who had *once* presumed to address her in the language of forbidden passion. I agree with you in attributing her very faults to the purity of her mind and the goodness of her heart, yet still those faults existed; and I should speak more accurately were I to trace them, less to the excess of her virtues, than to the deficiency of one in particular, without which, as in this instance, good itself is in danger of degenerating into evil: the self-watching and all-regulating principle, (prudence, discretion, call it as you will,) was absent—and how frequently is it absent from the most noble and highly-gifted minds! its presence might, perhaps, render those minds too elevated and powerful. In this, therefore, as in all its dispensations, Providence is wise and just.

"I blame Lady Altamont again, in not waiting your return after the fatal duel, and hearing from your own lips the motives that urged you to a step so rash and decisive." Louise paused, and as Lord Altamont made no answer, she resumed: "But what can have become of her? Did you not say that she took your portrait?"

"Yes," replied Lord Altamont.

"Have you no likeness of *her*?"

"No, I wish I had—it would have been at least a consolation; it might even have been useful in tracing her; but I never could prevail upon her to sit for her portrait."

Louise appeared thoughtful for a short time, then said: "You know, my lord, that I draw and paint a little; you have only seen me practising on flowers, but I consider myself a greater adept in heads and figures: you have described Lady Altamont so accurately, and her image is so strongly impressed on my imagination, that I think, with your assistance and correction, I might be enabled to produce a sketch sufficiently resembling to be interesting to you, and perhaps, as you have hinted, to be useful in tracing her."

Lord Altamont instantly seized on the idea, and to work they immediately went. He soon perceived that Louise was more of an artist than he imagined; he could not, however, help smiling at her first rough sketch, which was almost a caricature; but by degrees an exact outline was gained. He described the costume *en paysanne*, in which he had first seen Rosabelle at Clairville, and the expression was to suit that dress and that moment.

"Let me gaze upon her as she was before I came as a blight upon her happiness and beauty! O Rosabelle! what art thou now? I should fear to look on thee—a wan and withered flower, if not already trampled to the grave!"

"Now" said Louise, laying down her pencil, "I think my idea is complete; if I find it gets confused, I will again apply to you; but if not, you shall not see the portrait until it is finished, which I will take care it shall be by the time you are ready to depart."

On the following day Lord Altamont was able to go out a little on horseback, and his restoration to health soon became rapid and decisive; with health came hope once more, and though it seemed to have little or no foundation, it still clung round his heart more tenaciously than ever. He spent the greater part of the day in out-of-door exercise, exploring the romantic scenery in every direction; and the visits of Louise became confined to an hour in the evening, usually accompanied by Annette. She had returned to her accustomed routine of duties, and her unoccupied time was devoted to the portrait.

A fortnight thus passed away, and the day was at length fixed for Lord Altamont's departure. He obtained leave to pay a visit at the residence of the Charity Sisters on the morning before. It was there he was to receive the portrait, and there to take leave, for the present, of the interesting and mysterious Louise. He had determined, in this last interview, to entreat for a return of the confidence he had placed in her, and to penetrate, if possible, the secret of the mask; not (at least so he assured himself) to gratify an idle curiosity, but to put it in his power to render her such lasting and essential services as her situation might admit of.

The morning arrived. William was appointed to distribute among the poorer cottagers very substantial marks of his lordship's bounty. Of the rector and physician of the parish, both excellent men, who had shown him every attention, he took personal leave, assuring them that he should soon again visit their valley: he then proceeded to the residence of the Charity Sisters. Here he had never yet been, and was much struck

by the quietness, neatness, and rural beauty, that were conspicuous in the dwelling of this useful association. He was received at the gate by sister Marie and Annette, and at the entrance door by the superior and several attendant sisters. They told him that Louise was in her studio, employed in the last finishing touches of a painting which she had promised him, and that she had begged them to amuse his lordship for half an hour, by showing him through their residence and its little domain. Lord Altamont accordingly accompanied the sisters through their luxuriant garden and orchard, dairy, poultry yard, &c.: all was shown with excusable pride, for all was in perfect order and good taste. The interior arrangements of the dwelling equally excited his interest: the chapel, (on whose altar his lordship took care to place a donation of considerable value,) the refectory, the small but neat and separate dormitories, and the apartments for invalids. The party having finished their circuit, assembled in the parlor, where a tempting collation was spread, mingled with the finest fruits, and decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the season. Lord Altamont expressed himself, as he really felt, most grateful for the kind attentions shown him: he ventured to hope that Sister Louise would join them at their repast, and Annette was despatched to invite her. The little messenger returned to beg Lord Altamont would proceed to the studio, and that Sister Louise would accompany him back to the parlor. He immediately understood that he was summoned to receive the portrait; he apologized to the assembled sisters for detaining them for a few minutes, and taking Annette's hand, left the parlor; but, as he did so, he could not avoid observing on every face a suppressed smile. "These good ladies," thought he, as he proceeded, "fancy, I suppose, that Louise and I are in love." Annette pressed the hand she held in both her's, looked up in his face, and laughed, and jumped about in irrepressible glee.

"And pray what amuses *you*, Annette, may I ask?"

"O, you will see!" replied the delighted child.

They reached a door at the end of a gallery, which Annette opened with one hand, while she held Lord Altamont tightly with the other, as if she feared he would escape, and led him into the room. It was rather higher than the rest of the apartments, a moderate-sized square room, lighted only from the top, and had been formerly used as a penitentiary. Its walls were white-washed, and decorated with a few paintings on devotional subjects from the hands of the first masters; some busts and unfinished drawings, all the implements of drawing, and a few books, were carelessly scattered about; towards the upper end a white muslin curtain was suspended in thick folds. Lord Altamont looked round for Louise, but she was not in the room.

"Now," said Annette, "do you see this little circle of white chalk? You are to stand *here*, exactly here, because it will give you the picture in the best light."

"But where *is* the picture?"

"Ah! said Annette, "that is the secret I have kept so well all the way from the parlor here. Instead of a little bit of a picture as large as my hand, which you expected, sister Louise has painted for you a large, large picture in a beautiful frame, and it is behind that curtain; but, she says, you must not move from this spot, and the curtain will be undrawn presently."

"I will do whatever Louise desires," replied Lord Altamont, in a tone of disappointment, for he doubted the capacity of Louise to paint a good picture on a large scale; and even admitting her capacity, time had been wanting for such a work, as well as a sufficiently accurate knowledge of her subject. "A miniature sketch, such as I could have worn in my bosom, would have been invaluable; but a full-length portrait, painted in a fortnight, of a person she knows only by description!" Lord Altamont shook his head and sighed. While these thoughts were passing in his mind, Annette had glided from the room; the muslin curtain began to wave; his lordship was all attention—it drew up.

Lord Altamont remained rooted within the little magic circle where Annette had placed him. The rising of the curtain did indeed display, set in a magnificent frame surmounted by a baronial coronet, a full-length portrait of his lost Rosabelle! The resemblance was perfect, that is to say, it was such as she might have *now* appeared; the idea of her present melancholy state had, perhaps, pervaded too strongly the mind of the artist; she had represented Rosabelle as somewhat thin and pale; the smile, and the expression of the eyes, "*riding on the balls of his*," were true to the life, but both were deeply tinged with melancholy; she looked like one of Gessner's pensive shepherdesses: her dark hair, parted from the forehead, fell in luxuriant curls over her neck and shoulders; a broad straw hat, tied with blue ribbons, was placed very back on the head, having the appearance of almost falling off; her black pointed boddice was laced with crimson, over a white chemisette, with its short wide sleeves and light frilling shading the bosom; the full blue shirt curtailed just enough to display the snowy stocking and little black shoe, completed the dress. The back-ground of the picture was a draped crimson curtain; Rosabelle was represented as seated, and before her a small table, supporting a vase of flowers: one arm leant on this table the hand holding a miniature, attached to a gold chain which hung round her neck. The execution of the painting produced the impression of nature itself, and, therefore, must have been the perfection of art.

For full five minutes Lord Altamont stood breathless and immoveable; his eyes wandered over the picture with eager delight, and a sort of incredulous astonishment: at length it rested on the chain which appeared to sus-

pend the miniature: he suddenly recollected that he had never described this chain to Louise; it was of rare and singular workmanship, yet there it was exactly imitated. He trembled—he grew pale—he moved from his position; the perspective of the picture appeared to deepen extraordinarily; he approached yet nearer—his heart beat audibly the blood rushed back to his brow—his eyes dilated—he gasped for breath—a moment's pause—a wild exclamation—and then one sudden spring, that carried him right through the picture frame! The little table, with its vase of flowers, was dashed down in a way that left no doubt of its being a real and separate substance—and he has caught in his arms —what? a piece of painted canvass? no, a breathing form, trembling and glowing with life and love! he feels the falling tears upon his cheek—he feels the arms timidly clasping round his neck—he feels through every throbbing nerve the warm and living lips that impress on him the kiss of peace, of forgiveness, of unchanged and unchangeable affection!

That moment—years of misery were repaid in that single moment! Unable even to speak from excess of joy and astonishment, he held her folded to his heart, and seemed almost fearful to move lest the charm might break, the illusion vanish, and he be left once more desolate and broken-hearted. Not even when his senses became somewhat composed, could he, without great difficulty, comprehend the identity of Louise and Rosabelle, till extricating herself from him, she hastily threw over her dress her black gown and white collar, and donned her coif and mask: —"It *is* Louise!" he exclaimed; "the wise—the pious—the charitable—my watchful nurse—my gentle friend! And yet it cannot be—Louise has been ten years in this valley!"

She could scarcely get him to listen while striving to explain that she had arrived at this secluded spot, a disguised wanderer, just at the close of the virtuous and useful life of the real Sister Louise, who, in atonement for an early error, had condemned herself to the penance of a mask, concealing for ever a beauty which had once proved her bane. Rosabelle divulged her name, and related her story to the superior, earnestly beseeching her permission to assume the disguise of the departed sister; it was granted. The real Louise was privately buried, Rosabelle took her place, and so well did she fill it, that the inhabitants of the valley firmly believed her to be the same, attributing to her recent severe illness whatever alteration they found in her voice and appearance.

Merrily did the bells of the valley ring that day! young and old, rich and poor, dressed in their holiday suits, assembled to congratulate the happy pair on this their second wedding day. Reports in every variety of shape were floating about; but, on one point, all were clear, that their beloved Sister Louise was happily reunited to a long absent husband; their curiosity to see her unmasked, and their astonishment at her youth and beauty were very amusing. When, at last, Lord and Lady Altamont, accompanied by the superior and several of the sisterhood, had arrived at the inn, they found their apartments decorated. The hostess had prepared her very best dinner, over which the good pastor said grace, and, at the same time, implored a blessing on the young couple thus providentially restored to each other. In the evening the villagers assembled on the lawn, and never did it witness a merrier dance.

Lord Altamont lost not an hour in despatching the intelligence to his mother; and the following morning he and his Rosabelle, accompanied by little Annette, of whose fortunes they took charge, departed from the "Happy Valley," as they ever after named it, and which they frequently revisited. They took Clairville on their way home, and were just in time to present Fanchette with her wedding *trousseau*. At length, Rosabelle found herself once more at Moorlands, where happiness awaited her in every shape, saddened only by the recollection of her ill-fated cousin. Her beauty soon brightened even beyond its former lustre, and if she could not be more virtuous, she was more wise, and therefore more happy.

Gentles, my tale is said.
* * * *
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover true,
What can I wish but lady true?
* * * *
To my listeners all, a fair good-night,
Pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

MARMION.

*Rio de Janeiro.*
*Oct.* 1835.

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## DIARY OF A BLASÉ*

### CHAPTER XXVI.

May, 1836.

EXPEDITION TO RASSEIN CONTINUED.

ALTHOUGH on friendly terms with the chief of Naputah, he was a person of such weight in that part of the country, that it was advisablo, if possible, to identify him with us, so that he should never again fall off, and oppose us, in the contingency of a reverse, on the Irrawaddy. The next day we sent for him, informing him that it was to make him a present in return for his civility the day before. The last and best piece of plate which my chest had contained was displayed; but before I presented it to him, I had a point to

Continued from p. 165.

gain with him. I stated my intention of dropping down the river to reduce the two Gold Chatta chiefs who still held out; and that, as I did not exactly know where their towns were situated, I wished for some of his people to go with me. To this first proposition, after some hesitation, he consented. I then pointed out that my men were not accustomed to work in the sun, and were often ill; that, as we were now friends, I wished him to allow me some of his boats to assist the ship in the river. To this also he consented. In fine I brought forward my last proposition, which was, that he should supply me with six or eight war boats, well manned, and that I would pay the men and officers at the same rate per day as we paid our own men; stating the sum I would give, and that I expected if he was really sincere in his friendship and goodwill, that I should not be refused. Now, among the Burmahs who were with him, there were many whose relations were detained to join the army—a consultation ensued, the chief was pressed by his own people, and, at last, gave his consent. I then presented him with the piece of plate, upon which his eyes had constantly been turned, and he went away, promising me that the men and boats should be alongside by daylight the next morning.

This chief adhered to his promise, and we weighed anchor the next day, and made sail down with the war-boats, and three or four despatch canoes, pulled by four or five men. These little canoes, when put to their speed, dashed through the water at such a rate, that they threw off from each bow one continued little fan-shaped *jet d'eau*, which had a very beautiful appearance, the sunbeams forming them into rainbows. As for our Burmah force, they were at one time pulling against the vessel sailing; at others, hanging on, and the people climbing about the rigging, and ascending the mast-head of the vessel; but they soon all congregated to the stand of muskets, for that was the great object of attraction. In the afternoon we had ball practice with the small arms; and the Burmahs were, much to their delight, permitted to fire. It is surprising how exact they were in their aims, considering the little practice they must have had. Bad as all the muskets are which are served out to the ships of war, I really believe that there was not a Burmah who would not have laid down every thing he possessed, except his life, to have obtained one. One of them, when he was permitted to take a musket, looked proudly round, and said, with a smile of joy, "Now I'm a man!"

Speaking about the shameful condition of the muskets served out to men-of-war, I really think it high time that there should be more pains taken on this point. All the arms supplied to his Majesty's ships are very imperfect. The locks of the muskets are generally defective; and, as to the cutlasses, they are useless; we could make a better weapon out of the hoops of a cask. I remember perfectly well that when, in the Imperieuse, we landed on *Isle Dieu* to obtain fresh provisions, as the men were cutting down the sheep, that the cutlasses broke. On this last service our men fell in with a flock of goats in a pagoda, and wished to turn them into fresh meat; but their cutlasses would make no impression upon them, they would not so much as penetrate their hides. I tried it afterwards myself upon a dead goat, and could make no impression upon it with a cutlass, although with my own sword, I could sever the body nearly in two. Surely, after the expense incurred in building and fitting out a man-of-war, it would be worth while to supply it with arms which might be of some use, instead of such trash as are now served out. The muskets should be smaller and lighter, with longer bayonets, and the cutlasses made like the present regulation swords, with a little less curve, and not composed *wholly* of old iron, but admit of being ground to an edge. Old muskets sell well in these troubled times, and now is the opportunity to get rid of our defective armory, and improve the system.

The next day we arrived at the branch of the river where one of the chiefs held out. At daylight our own boats were manned, and with the Burmah boats ranged in line, made an imposing appearance, which was very necessary, for at that time we were so short-handed that we could not send away more than forty men, a force so small, that had the Burmahs opposed to us seen it advance, they would probably have tried their strength with us. As it was, we pulled into the stockaded town in a line, the despatch-boats flying across us backwards and forwards like porpoises before the bows of a ship running down the trades: not that they had any messages to carry, but merely to show their own dexterity. When we had advanced to within a quarter of a mile, a boat came out and communicated with one of the despatch-boats, saying that the Burmahs would not fight if we did not attack them, and that they would deliver up the men detained, and their chief as a prisoner. We agreed to these terms, landed, took possession of the chief with his gold chatta, correspondence with Bundoolah, &c. and took him on board. On this occasion, I would not trust the Burmahs I employed with muskets: it was too soon; they had only their own swords and spears.

The chief was a fine tall man with a long beard. Like all Burmahs, he took his loss of liberty very composedly, sitting down between the guns with his attendants, and only expressing his indignation at the treachery of his own people. We were very anxious to know what had become of the guns of the dismantled stockade, which were said to be in his possession; but he positively denied it, saying that they had been despatched in boats to Irrawaddy. Whether this were true or not it was impossible to say, but at all events, it was necessary to make some further attempts to obtain them; so we told him, that if he did not inform us where the guns were, by the next morning his head would be taken off his shoulders. At this pleasant intelli-

gence, he opened his betel bag and renewed his quid. The next day he was summoned forth to account for the said guns, and again protested that they had been sent to Donabue, which I really believe was false, as they were not taken out of the stockade until after Donabue was in the possession of Sir A. Campbell; it was therefore judged proper to appear to proceed to extremities, and this time it was done with more form. A file of marines was marched aft with their muskets, and the sergeant appeared with his drawn sword. Sand was strewed on the deck in front of the marines, and he was led there and ordered to kneel down, so that his head, if cut off, would fall where the sand was strewn. He was again asked if he would tell where the guns were concealed, and again stated that they were at Donabue; upon which he was desired to prepare for death. He called one of his attendants and gave him his silver betel-box, saying, "Take this to my wife,—when she sees it she will know all." I watched him very closely; his countenance was composed, but as he bent forward over the sand, the muscles of his arms and shoulders quivered. However, as it is not the custom to cut off people's heads on the quarter-deck of his Majesty's ships, we very magnanimously reprieved him, and he was afterwards sent a prisoner to Calcutta. But that he had the guns, we discovered afterwards, which adds to his merit.

Having succeeded in this attempt, we made sail for the stockade of the other chief, and arrived there that evening. As he was supposed to be in greater force than the other, we decided upon an attack in the dark, when he would not be able to distinguish of what our force was composed, and this time we gave muskets to our Burmah comrades. The attack was successful, we obtained possession, and the chief fled; but our Burmahs pursued him nearly two miles, made him prisoner, and brought him aboard. As he immediately tendered his submission, which the other would not do, he was released the next day.

We had done all our work, and having employed the Burmahs for a few days more in destroying the stockades at the entrance of the river, they were paid and discharged from his Majesty's service. They would not, however, quit us; but, so long as we remained in the river, they continued to hang on to the ship, and discovered three guns which had been sunk, which they weighed and brought on board.

I have entered into this short narrative, as it will give some idea of the character of these people. The government is despotic, cruel, and treacherous; but the people are neither cruel nor treacherous: on the contrary, I think they would make most excellent and faithful soldiers: and it is singular to find, surrounded by natives who have not the slightest energy of mind or body, a people so active, so laborious, and so enterprising as the Burmahs. The English seamen are particularly partial to them, and declared they were "the best set of chaps they had ever fallen in with." They admitted the Burmahs to their messes, and were sworn friends. I forgot to say, that when the chiefs sent in their submissions, at first, among other presents, they sent *slaves*, usually females, which was rather awkward. But not wishing to affront them, I begged that the slaves sent might be children, and not grown up, as we had no accommodations for them. The consequence was, that I had quite a young family when I left the river, which I distributed at Rangoon and the presidencies on my return. For if they were only bond-slaves, which I suppose they were, it was a kindness to have them educated and taken care of. One only, a boy, I brought home, and he was taken under the patronage of blood royal. We lost one little fellow, that was a great favorite with the men; he was about three years old, and could speak English. He had been christened by the sailors Billy Bamboo, and was quite as amusing as the monkey. The poor little fellow died very suddenly.

I cannot quit the subject, without remarking upon the conduct of the East India Company towards the navy at the close of the war. More illiberal, ungrateful treatment, could not have been shown: indeed, it was in fact throwing a slur upon it, and intimated they had not done their duty. The Company bagged the crore of rupees for which Sir A. Campbell had ransomed the capital, and then, as a compensation, gave *one year's battee* to the army employed, but nothing to the navy; and in no one instance did the navy ever do their duty better, or suffer so much as on this occasion. Sir A. Campbell had acknowledged this over and over again, in the most emphatic language; but the honorable (what a misnomer!) Company thought proper to insult us by making this marked distinction between their opinion of our services, and those of the land forces. As for money, I believe we care as little for it as most people; but this is certain, that no naval officer saved money, although the allowance of battee was extra during the time that the war lasted. Not only so, but when they knew that they could not dispense with our services, they inundated us with thanks from the governor in council, and after having by their reiterated professions acknowledged our services, they, as soon as we had done our work, turned round and insulted us grossly. They appear to have taken a secret dislike to the navy, which I can only account for because we upheld the dignity of his Majesty's commission, and wounded their pride by insisting upon the Company's cruisers submitting to his Majesty's pennant, which was at first resisted.

To show the rancor and meanness with which we were pursued, some time after I had returned home, I received a letter from the board, stating that there was a certain number of *rupees* due from me to the Company, which I was ordered to pay forthwith. This was the money, something more than one thousand rupees, paid by me to the Burmah force which I employed. Now, independent

of this money, which I had taken from the military chest, and which I should not have thought of doing had I had any of my own on board, I had, in returning the presents of the chiefs who submitted, not only emptied my plate chest, but had given away my fowling-piece, rifles, and almost every thing that I had which would be acceptable to these people; and on my return I had made no formal application for indemnification, to which I was certainly entitled, for the greatest services are not always those which are effected by bloodshed. Upon the receipt of this letter I immediately wrote, stating in what manner the money had been employed, and also stating that I had a claim upon them to the amount of some hundreds of pounds. After a squabble of some length, the honorable Company admitted the rupees to have been employed for their service, but quite blinked the question of indemnity for the presents I had made for their benefit.

In this short narrative I have stated quite enough relative to the Burmahs, to make the Company alive to the real quarter whence danger will hereafter threaten them; and in so doing, I return good for evil. The time may come when the Company will no longer exist. The Indian empire, immense as it is, is of little value to this country: its enormous revenues are expended in keeping it in a state of subjection. These resources may one day be more advantageously employed, when it returns to the control of its native princes, and they are bartered for our manufactures. India is at present, as far as commerce is concerned, almost as much a sealed country to us as China, and its millions are as much slaves—nay, more so. It will not be long before it is discovered how *diametrically opposed* the interests of England as a nation are to those of the Company as a body; and when that is clearly manifested, the charter will be clipped and clipped until this anomaly in the history of governments be wholly dissolved.

(*To be continued.*)

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## A GOVERNESS WANTED.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Our governess left us, dear brother,
Last night, in a strange fit of pique;
Will you kindly seek out for another?
We want her at latest next week:
But I'll give you a few plain credentials,
The bargain with speed to complete;
Take a pen—just set down the essentials,
And begin at the top of the sheet!

With easy and modest decision,
She ever must move, act, and speak,
She must understand French with precision,
Italian, and Latin, and Greek:
She must play the piano divinely,
Excel on the harp and the lute,
Do all sorts of needlework finely,
And make feather-flowers, and wax-fruit.

She must answer all queries directly,
And all sciences well understand,
Paint in oils, sketch from nature correctly,
And write German text, and short-hand:
She must sing with power, science, and sweetness,
Yet for concerts must not sigh at all,
She must dance with etherial fleetness,
Yet never must go to a ball.

She must not have needy relations,
Her dress must be tasteful, yet plain,
Her discourse must abound in quotations,
Her memory all dates must retain:
She must point out each author's chief beauties,
She must manage dull natures with skill,
Her pleasures must lie in her duties,
She must never be nervous or ill!

If she write essays, odes, themes, and sonnets,
Yet be not pedantic or pert,
If she wear none but deep cottage bonnets,
If she deem it high treason to flirt,
If to mildness she add sense and spirit,
Engage her at once without fear,
I love to reward modest merit,
And I give—forty guineas a-year!"

"I accept, my good sister, your mission,
To-morrow, my search I'll begin,
In all circles, in every condition,
I'll strive such a treasure to win;
And if, after years of probation,
My eyes on the wonder should rest,
I'll engage her without hesitation,
But not on the terms you suggest.

Of a bride I have ne'er made selection,
For my bachelor thoughts would still dwell
On an object so near to perfection,
That I blushed half my fancies to tell;
Now this list that you kindly have granted,
I'll quote and refer to through life,
But just blot out—'A Governess Wanted,'
And head it with—'Wanted a Wife!'"

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## THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

### A TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

My grandmother, the late Lady Jane Courtenay, was a native of Scotland, and in her youth was esteemed one of the greatest beauties of that romantic land; but I only remember her when her light and delicate figure bowed beneath the hand of time. And the head, on which the snows of eighty winters had gathered, was enveloped in the little black bonnet that shaded an eye, still beaming with almost youthful brightness, and instinct with sensibility. The education of Lady Jane, as far as the lighter accomplishments go, had been a good one. She spoke

French and Italian with fluency, played on the spinet, and excelled in all those fine works of the needle, which, in her day, were considered *indispensable* in the education of a gentlewoman; but these accomplishments were only the flowers that wreathed the outside of that fair temple of purity and grace, within burned the sweet incense of early piety, poetic fancy, and clear reason; and, together, with a joyousness of spirit that tinged with its reflected sunshine every object within its influence, and a temper sweet as the gathered honey from a thousand flowers, made up a character of feminine excellence, which she retained through a long and honored life.

Lady Jane, with her three sisters, the Ladies Mary, Grace, and Ann Stuart, were solely dependant upon their brother, the Earl of Bute, having unfortunately lost both their parents. Their constant residence was at Mount Stuart, in the Isle of Bute, where, as Lady Wortley Montagu observes, in one of her letters, "they lived like nuns." The eldest of the fair solitaires early married Sir Robert Menzies, and in visits to her and their uncle the Duke of Argyle, the three unmarried sisters saw occasionally a little of that world from which their home so completly shut them out, that Rumor, with his hundred tongues, rarely brought them news of death or bridal, battle or hurricane, save when the old butler, Donald, returned from some special errand to "bonnie Edinburgh;" or old Penniefee, the travelling chapman, delighted the lasses with the display of all his cheap bravery. Yet my grandmother dearly loved her native Bute; and, when an old woman, would speak of it with tenderness, and say, with a heavy sigh, "the days are awa that I have seen. The Earl of Bute was a man of strong natural sense, which had been highly cultivated by a liberal education; but withal so intolerably stocked with family pride, that the social virtues, which are the golden bands that bind society together, withered, in his chilling presence, like delicate plants when exposed to the blighting frosts of winter.

This pride, nursed by a noble descent, and the storied relics of his chivalrous ancestors, hung up in the old hall and ancient chambers at Bute, gave rise probably to that restless ambition, against which the caustic Junius hurled the thunders of his eloquence, and for which England has wept *tears of blood.*

There was another cause, also, which might perhaps give an impetus to his ambition. The earl's rental was very inadequate to the support of that state he loved to keep up, and his high patrician spirit felt humbled and annoyed by the superior splendor in which many of his compeers in rank lived. Brooding over these mortifications, he would wander forth at nightfall, when at Bute, to vent in solitude those feelings which his cold, reserved nature, kept even from his nearest and most intimate friends. And while watching the wild waves, as they dashed along in their reckless course, how little did the ambitious earl see the time, then fast approaching, when fortune (whose smiles are no evidence of a man's desert) would smile upon his wishes; when Scotland would no longer be the theatre of his actions; but far away, in merry England, where lay the yellow fields, from which he was to glean the golden harvest of that distinction he coveted—when, as lord of the bedchamber, he would stand upon the first "stepping-stone" to the promised land, and, domesticated at the court of George the Third,* lose all relish for the quiet charms of his native Bute.

But to proceed with our tale, or rather, chronicle. The fatal battle of Culloden had been fought, and the bright eyes of Lady Jane and her sisters bore almost daily tribute to that tenderness, that, in woman, melts at the relation of deeds in which man too often delights. The earl was, of course, for the new family, and bitterly enough spoke of the folly and madness of Prince Charles Edward, whom his sisters pitied; and when alone together, the wish that the gallant laddie might get safe out of Scotland, was echoed with many a sigh from the rosy lips of all three. Selfishness draws its narrow circle round the heart, but charity is of no party and no country, weeping alike over the wounds of the aggressor and the aggressed.

Lady Jane, and her sister Lady Grace, were on a visit at Menzies Castle, when a letter from the earl, (who had been some time absent in England,†) mentioned his intention of being at Bute in a day or two. Anxious to see him, the affectionate maid took leave of her sister, and regardless of the disappointed looks of young Campbell, a handsome but not favored suitor, departed on her way to Bute.

Travelling in my grandmother's day was not very agreeable; the roads were wretchedly bad, and the carriages, even of the nobility, clumsy, and by their unwieldy construction liable to overturn. The state of the country, too, offered no inducement for undertaking a journey. Scotland was disturbed by civil contention, and overrun with English troops, who were then looked upon with the same feelings of jealousy and dislike with which they are now regarded by the sister kingdom of Ireland. The battle of Culloden had annihilated the *hopes*, but not in any way deadened the *wishes*, of the Scottish clans in favor of the young prince, Charles Edward. A hardy race of men,

* "The Earl of Bute was appointed one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales (father of George the Third) in October, 1750, five years after the defeat of the Pretender at Culloden. And in 1760, two days after the accession of George the Third to the throne, the earl was, with the king's eldest brother, introduced into the Privy Council, where he began to assume an air of authority, which gave much disgust to the administration."

† The union of Lord Bute with the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu led to his residing in England.

conversant with the rude features of nature, and whose chief knowledge lay in the legends and traditions of other days, were likely to keep alive the old hereditary affection, transmitted from father to son, for the unfortunate Stuart race. Neither can we wonder that such affection strengthened after the young Pretender came amongst them: or that, defeated, they could not at once cease to lament the total extinction of those things that had so long given a zest to the cup of the reveller and a charm to the tale and the song of the bard. Detachments from the Duke of Cumberland's army having been sent out and encamped at different places for the safety of the country, and the rebels being dispersed all over the highlands, hiding in secret fastnesses and reduced to the extreme of want, the Jacobites had no alternative but to chew the cud of disappointment in sullen silence. Yet nature would at times break out, despite the dread which the name of the sanguinary duke inspired, and many and bloody were the combats between the victors and and the vanquished when a cup of mountain dew had set the staunch Jacobite's heart in a glow. To some of these unpleasant encounters Lady Jane was herself a fearful witness as she journeyed homewards.

Stopping to take refreshment at a little road-side inn, she was shown into a chamber, over the door of which was written in chalk the name of Courtenay.* The gude alewife informed her that the captain of an English troop had slept there the night before, and was then on his way to secure the person of the unfortunate Charles Edward.

On landing from the boat at Rothsay, Lady Jane found old Donald waiting at the water-side.

"Well, Donald, did you expect me?"

"Weel, yes, my bonnie leddy, I ken'd ye wad be lothe to keep the lord waiting."

"Is my brother arrived then?"

"Troth is he; he cam hame yestreen wi' a mountebank southron, a daft loon o' a servant, wi' mair gowd on his claiths than wad fin' a' Bute in whiskey for a twalmonth."

"And how does my brother seem, Donald—is he in good spirits?"

"Weel, joost as ye ken him langsyne, vary spare o' cracking wi' ony body; I dinna ken he's sae fresh-looking, but ablins he's made a leetle too free wi' himself amang the southrons; gude troth, they southrons wad sell their sauls to the auld deevil for gude entertainment o' their bodies."

When my grandmother entered the library where the earl was seated, she was struck with the anxious and perturbed expression of his countenance; his greeting, however, was more kindly than of wont, while Lady Jane, who dearly loved her brother, welcomed him with all those sunny smiles that so well become the fair face of woman at the domestic hearth.

"Well, Jane," said the earl, as she seated herself at the end of the green damask covered settee upon which he half reclined, "how have you left our friends at Menzies Castle?"

"Quite well," said she, "but very anxious to hear from you."

"And what," continued the earl, "says Sir Robert to the present aspect of affairs in Scotland?"

"I believe," replied Lady Jane, "his fears are rather strong of something still brewing among the clans that adhere to Prince Charles."

"The Pretender you mean, Jane," said her brother sharply. "Yes, yes, the tartans are still on the stir; but I hope the troops sent over by England will soon send them back to their strongholds in the mountains, or some still stronger retreat where they may eschew their folly for the future."

"I was almost afraid," said Lady Jane, "as we travelled along: some impudent English soldiers looked in at the carriage windows, and asked us if we were carrying the Pretender to the Pope. At an inn on the road the hostess told me that the captain of a troop from England had slept there the night before, and was then on his way to seize the unfortunate Charles, who was reported to be somewhere in this neighborhood."

"Yes," said her brother musingly, "a price has been set upon his head, and the man that harbors him had better look to his own."

"Oh, heavens!" said the tender-hearted Lady Jane, "a price set upon his head; and will the brave Scotch betray him to his enemies—for vile gold betray the legitimate heir of their native kings?"

"You speak like a woman, Jane, more from feeling than reason: 'tis true, Charles Stuart is the legitimate descendant of the royal family of Scotland; but as to his right to the crown, the laws have decided, and wisely, against the succession of a Catholic prince; he only therefore courts his own ruin, and that of his brave but misguided followers, by prolonging his stay among our mountains: 'tis rumored that Macdonald of Lochgavie has got one hundred resolute highlanders in arms, and is making to Lochabar, where he expects to be joined by other clans; but they'll soon pay dearly for their rashness in attempting to cope with the Duke of Cumberland's troops. See," continued the earl, taking a paper out of his pocket-book, "here is a capital description of the young chevalier and his pious brother,* which I took from the *St. James's Evening Post*, November 30th.

"'ADVERTISEMENT.

"'Run away from their master at Rome, in the dog days of last August, and since se-

* A singular fact, as the reader will admit when acquainted with the sequel of these r ecords.

* Henry, afterwards Cardinal York.

creted in France, two Young Lurchers, of the right Italian breed; and being of a black tan color, with sharp noses, long claws, and hanging ears, have been taken abroad for King Charles the Second's breed, but are only base mongrels of another litter. They are supposed to be on the hunt for prey in the north. They go a full dog-trot by night for fear of being catch'd. They answer to the names of Hector and Plunder, and will jump and dance at the sound of a French-horn, being used to that note by an old dog-master at Paris. They prick up their ears also at the music of a Lancashire hornpipe.

"'This is to give notice, that whoever can secure this couple of curs, and bring them back to the Pope's Head, at Rome, near St. Peter's Church; or to the Cardinal's Cap, at Versailles; or to the King's Arms, at Newcastle; or to the Thistle, at Edinburgh; or to the Three Kings, at Brentford; or, rather, to the sign of the Axe, on Tower Hill, shall have the reward of thirteen-pence halfpenny, or any sum below a crown, and the thanks of all the powers of Europe, except France, Spain, and the Pope.

"'N. B. They have each a French collar on, stamped with their father's arms, a warming-pan and flower-de-lus, with this inscription—"We are but young puppies of Tencin's pack.' Beware of them, for they have got a smack of the Scot's mange; and those that are bit by them run mad, and are called Jacobites."

"Well," said Lady Jane, "from this specimen of English wit, I should imagine that the claim of the chevalier as the legitimate heir of James the Second is unfounded."

"Oh, as to that," answered the earl, "I pay little regard; there is not the shadow of a doubt but that his claim would be just enough if it depended on the right of descent; but that has nothing to do with the question at issue; as I said before, the law has set the seal to the exclusion of a Catholic prince from the throne; if he had all the right of heirdom and all the virtues in the world, his religion would make him unfit to govern a free people, and little do the good people of Scotland know themselves, if they deem that happiness could be enjoyed under a popish prince. 'Tis bad enough in Catholic countries, but heaven bless us in this, where so few profess the faith, to have a king lord it over a nation, nearly the whole of which he is bound to believe out of the pale of salvation. Why his very creed would teach him that it was a meritorious act to oppress and harass a land of heretics; but come," continued the earl, half smiling, "I'll drown Charles Edward in a cup of good wine." So saying, he seated himself at the supper table, which was spread with all the most tempting cates that Mistress Abernethy, the old housekeeper, had collected from her choice stores, to do honor to her lord's visit to Bute.

The earl and his sister had not been seated many moments at the board, when a loud ringing at the portal bell startled Lady Jane; "Who can it be?" said his lordship, "'tis a late hour for visitors." The door opened, and old Donald, with a sagacious movement of the head, ushered in a tall figure, closely wrapped up in the foldings of his plaid. The stranger advanced towards the earl, and looking cautiously round to see if Donald had left the room, said in a hurried tone, "The Stuart claims protection from a Stuart—the blood-hounds of England are in full chase of me; I know, my Lord of Bute, that you are a staunch friend of the Brunswicker, but as an honorable enemy, I call upon you to give Charles Stuart the shelter of your hospitable walls for one night."

As the prince ended, he shook back the large plaid that enveloped his person, and stood with keen eye surveying the silent earl, who sate agitated, and irresolute how to act. A look of contemptuous bearing slightly curved the prince's lip. "You cannot aid me," said he, breaking silence; "fear has sealed up your heart, my lord, against the true descendant of your native kings, and I am betrayed."

"Oh! no, indeed," said Lady Jane, with animation, and blushing at the same time at her own temerity, (for in those days young ladies rarely played the orator, like our modern belles.) "Oh! no, indeed, my lord, my brother is the last to betray you to your enemies; he is only perplexed how to act consistently both with his duty and your safety."

The prince fixed his brilliant eyes upon Lady Jane with a softened expression. "Lovely lady, I am bound to thank you, but I must take my answer from other lips," glancing at the earl as he spoke.

"Take it then from mine," said Lord Bute, suddenly changing his look of irresolution to one of a more decisive character; "happen what may, my lord, you are safe—you have put yourself in my power, and shall neither lack security nor the rights of hospitality in this castle, where your ancestors have found both, till to-morrow. I pledge myself for your safety, but beyond that I dare not."

"Be it so, then," said the prince, throwing off his highland plaid, which had hitherto concealed his elegant person; upon which Lady Jane gazed with youthful admiration. Her's was the age of romance and feelings unimpaired by commerce with a selfish world; and the sight of a young and beautiful prince flying in his father-land from merciless pursuers, awakened all those warm sympathies that are too impulsive in woman to calculate upon danger to be incurred in the performance of a generous action.

Even the cold-looking visage of the earl seemed to warm into something like feeling, as his eye rested for a brief moment on the fugitive prince. Charles Stuart was then in the bloom of youth, and the flush of manly beauty; he was "six feet in height, of an erect and dignified carriage; his dress was a

highland garb, of fine silk tartan, red velvet breeches, and a blue velvet bonnet, with gold lace round it, and a white rose carelessly stuck in the band. On his breast sparkled a large jewel, with St. Andrew's cross appended."

After the prince had satisfied the claims of appetite, to which the cold breezes on the water had given unwonted sharpness, Lady Jane filled a silver tassie, and handed it with blushing grace to their noble guest, who, with a smile, and expressive inclination of the head, drank to the health of his fair Ganymede.

"Do you imagine, my lord," said the earl, addressing the prince, "that the troops are really on their way to Bute?"

"'Tis more than probable," answered Charles.

"And what shall we do if they come?" said the earl, thoughtfully pressing his hand to his brow; "if my English servants know that a stranger is within these walls, they will betray it to the troops, and so give a handle to my enemies—to—to——"

"I understand you," said the prince; "there are those who will be glad to denounce you to your master George, as having saved the life of Charles Stuart."

There was a long pause, painful to Lady Jane, who, with the instinctive delicacy which belongs to fine natures, felt the awkward situation in which the prince was placed. The cold formality of the earl's manner, and the fears he did not hesitate to express, seemed almost to bid the unfortunate Charles depart again, rather than rest in peace upon the pledge so recently given.

"My dear brother," said she, at last breaking silence, "you have forgotten old Donald; he can be safely trusted with the secret of the prince's concealment here."

"You are right, Jane," said the earl, starting from the reverie in which he had been plunged; "Donald is the only one on whose fidelity we can depend."

Accordingly, Donald was summoned, and the rank and situation of the stranger being disclosed to him, the old man entered heart and soul into the plan for the prince's preservation, and though withheld by his lord's presence from giving full vent to the delight he felt in looking upon the living representative of that royal race, whom his father, a devoted Jacobite, had taught him to love and reverence in the green days of youthful feeling, still the glistening of his moist eye, and reverential bend of his grey head, told the unfortunate Charles what his broken fortune could alone tell him, that the hearts most zealous in his cause lay hidden not beneath the robe of the noble, nor the armor of the chieftain, but the well-worn gray of the peasant, and the homely garb of the humble dependant.

(*To be continued.*)

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## LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.*

### No. IV.

Γνωθι σεαυτον.

*Whitechapel Churchyard, 15th April*, 1836.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I AM now to speak to you of certain laws or circumstances, by which the SENSIBILITY of the body is materially influenced.

I have elsewhere noticed that it is by means of the organs of our senses, that a *proper relation* is established between ourselves and the various natural objects with which we are surrounded. It is by means of these that we are able to appreciate the value of these objects, and their power of affecting us, whether injuriously or beneficially. It is by these organs that we are able to discover the means of avoiding whatever is hurtful, and of selecting and securing whatever is necessary to our comfort and well-being. The eye warns us of the approach of danger from before; the ear from behind; while the senses of smell, taste, and touch enable us to decide upon the qualities of whatever matters are presented to us for food. But the medium through which these organs are *enabled* to render us these important offices, is their SENSIBILITY. For if the eyes were *insensible* to light, we could not see—the ear to sound, we could not hear—the nose to odors, we could not smell—the tongue to flavors, we could not taste—the skin to touch, we could not feel. *In literal fact*, then, you see it is SENSIBILITY, after all, which establishes this necessary relation, of which I have spoken, between ourselves and surrounding objects—the *organs* being no more than the instruments by which SENSIBILITY exerts its influence. SENSIBILITY, then, is our guardian angel—it is, like the sailor's "sweet little cherub," an invisible agent that for ever watches over "our lives and safeties all."

Every organ has a kind of peculiar sensibility of its own. Thus the sensibility of the eye is not affected by the stimulus of sound; nor can the sensibility of the ear take cognizance of the stimulus of light. The nose is insensible to the stimulus of flavors, and the tongue knows nothing of odors. From this it follows that the sensibility of each organ is adapted to be *properly* affected by certain stimuli *only*. All others than these will either not affect it at all, or affect it painfully and injuriously. Thus sound being a stimulus *proper* to the ear, but *improper* to the eye, will affect the ear properly, but the eye not at all. Again, salt is a stimulus proper to the stomach, and when it comes in contact with the membrane which lines that organ, it affects its sensibility agreeably and healthily; but if you blow salt in your eye it will produce the most violent pain, yet the membrane lining the stomach is as delicate in its texture as that covering the eye. Thus, again, there are certain medicines which exert their influence only on certain organs. Some will act on the stomach, some on the bowels *only*;

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* Continued from page 209.

some the kidneys, some the brain, some the liver. If you rub belladonna into the skin of your leg, it will not affect your leg; but you will wake some fine morning and be astonished to discover that you have suddenly become blind. This once occurred to a patient who was under the care of the late Mr. Abernethy for a sore leg; Mr. Abernethy having ordered the sore to be dressed with the extract of belladonna. The man, however, recovered his sight. Mr. Abernethy never dressed sore legs with belladonna again. I heard him relate this circumstance myself.

Every organ, therefore, has a peculiar SENSIBILITY of its own, and can be properly affected by certain stimuli *only*—all others, if they affect it at all, affecting it *injuriously*; and the *evidence* of the impropriety of a stimulus is the *pain* or the other inconvenience produced. Hence arises a corollary, viz. that whatever stimulus produces *pain* or other inconvenience, is an *improper* stimulus. The pain, for instance, produced by blowing salt into the eye is sufficient proof that salt is a stimulus not proper to that organ, and cannot, therefore, be applied to it without injuring it.

This peculiar, distinctive, or eclectic, or natural SENSIBILITY, is impaired by *over stimulation*. Thus we may be deafened by excess of sound, and blinded by excess of light. Every body knows, too, that snuff will produce, in persons not accustomed to it, violent and painful sneezing; while those who have been industriously stimulating their nostrils with it for some time, can take the strongest kinds without its affecting them at all. Again, persons who have never smoked, will generally be sick when they first begin; but, after a short time, can smoke pipe after pipe without inconvenience. If a person, not accustomed to drink any thing stronger than water, were to swallow a glass of whiskey, it would almost choke him; while a Scottish Highlander will toss off glass after glass, not only without inconvenience, but with a most pleasant gusto.

Now what have these persons done? these snuff-takers, pipe-smokers, and dram-drinkers? Why, as far as the organs in question are concerned, they have, by blunting their sensibility, actually thrown dust into the eyes, and partially blinded that very "cherub" whose sole business it is to watch over their safety. Is not this madness? Is it not the same thing as though a man should wilfully disable the arm that was only raised to protect him?

When a man, for the first time, swallows a glass of raw spirit, his guardian angel, SENSIBILITY, tells him—not indeed in a language that can be heard—but in one far more impressive—a language that can be *felt*—tells him, I say, as plainly as *pain* can speak, that raw spirit is an *injurious* stimulant. Yet what does the fool do? Why, turns a deaf ear to the intimation which *could be by possibility* no other than a *friendly one*, and obstinately perseveres till the voice that warned him warns him no more—and then, with a folly scarcely less than idiotic, and an impudent hardihood scarcely less than blasphemous, he exclaims: "Behold! it does me no harm! it gives me no pain! it causes me no inconvenience!" Thus appealing, in his defence, to the silence of that voice which he had himself *forcibly* silenced. This is abominable. Let every man drink what poison he pleases. Of this I do not complain. But let him not go about to defend the practice; for this is to allure others into the same trap which is already closing its iron teeth upon his own hapless person.

But, luckily for us frail mortals, when this natural SENSIBILITY has been only impaired—not utterly destroyed—it can be restored by *rest*, and *only* by rest; that is, by ceasing to stimulate it. A few common and well known facts will be sufficient to prove this. If a man has taken snuff for ten years, and then leave it off for ten years, should he be fool enough to begin again, he will be as much affected by it as he was at first. If a man spend an hour in the belfry of a church, while the bells are ringing, when he comes down he will be almost deaf for a time. Shortly, however, he will recover his hearing. If a man look at the sun for a minute or two, when he first looks aside he will not be able to distinguish objects. He will, however, presently recover accurate vision. If a man has drunk spirit till the lining of his throat has no more sensibility than the lining of a copper kettle, let him desist for a few months and it will be restored. If a man have fed on highly seasoned soups, piquant ragouts, and other French abominations, until he can discover no flavor in dry bread, let him be sent to Brixton tread-mill for a month, and he will discover that a penny loaf is a delicious morsel. But I need not multiply instances—your own recollection will furnish you with abundant proofs that the way to restore impaired sensibility is to allow it to remain for a time unstimulated.

Another peculiarity of general sensibility is, that it can be accumulated in one organ—drawn from all other parts of the body, and concentered, as it were, in one. The insensibility of pain (I mean, of course, *comparatively*) which madmen possess is well known, and several remarkable proofs of this are given by Dr. Hibbert, in his Philosophy of Apparitions—a book which you and every body else ought to read. We know, too, that persons under the influence of engrossing attention may be spoken to, and even pulled by the skirt—"plucked by the ear," as Horace says—without their perceiving it. There are irresistible proofs of this to be drawn from natural history, but it would be improper to mention them in a letter like this. We know, too, that when any one part of the body is in *great pain*, the rest of the body is *insensible* to lesser pain. This fact has given rise to a curious operation for the cure of traumatic locked jaw. It consists in inflicting on the wretched patient, in one part of his body, a pain, the anguish of which shall be greater and more inconceivably excruciating than the tetanic agony. Thus, as it were, restoring the equilibrium of the sensibility; and subduing a great pain by inflicting, for a

time, a much greater. The operation is said to have been successful. But the operators complain *that they can get few patients to submit to it.* Sensibility then can be drawn from one part of the body, and concentered in another.

Another curious circumstance connected with SENSIBILITY is SYMPATHY. All the organs of the body appear to sympathize with one another. That the brain and stomach have a strong sympathy with each other is absolutely certain; the proof of which is, that a violent blow on the head will produce vomiting; and a deranged state of the stomach will produce headache. Whatever, therefore, affects your stomach injuriously, will also affect your brain injuriously. He, therefore, who ill-treats his stomach, does so, not only at the expense of his bodily health, but at the expense of his understanding also—that is, at the expense of his *mind's* health.

From this law of sympathy, then, it follows that you cannot injure any *one organ* of the body without also injuring, to a certain extent, *the whole* of the body, and the mind also. And, indeed, when we consider the intimate connection which exists between all the organs of the body, and the reciprocal dependence of all upon each other—when we remember that all the nerves have one of their extremities fixed in the brain or spinal marrow, and their other extremities distributed to every point of the body—when we recollect that all the organs are made up, not of separate networks, but of different portions of one and the same universal tissue—when we consider this, there seems nothing surprising in the existence of this sympathy. The body, although composed of numerous parts, forms, nevertheless, one harmonious whole. And you cannot remove one part without injury to the whole. And again, although each organ performs a distinct function or office, yet it cannot do this without the co-operation of others. Thus the stomach can exert no influence on the food, unless well supplied with blood by the heart. If the brain dies, the heart must cease to pulsate; and if the heart ceases to move, the brain must perish. It is not then by any means surprising that an injury to one organ should be felt by another—on the contrary, it would be very wonderful if it were *not so.* Accordingly, we see that a wound of the foot will often produce locked-jaw—the disease in this instance being at one extremity of the body, while the wound that produced it was inflicted on the other. If it were necessary to make this mutual dependence of all the organs on each other still clearer, we have only to recollect that it is impossible to injure any one wheel of a watch, without injury to the whole machine—without incapacitating it properly to fulfil the office for which it was intended. And man, the master-miracle of nature, is a machine of far more delicate and complicated structure than a watch, and, therefore, more readily deranged.

Now, if no organ concerned in the preservation of health (for it is of these I am speaking, the organs of nutrition) can be disordered without disordering all the others, how much more certainly (if this were possible) will it be the case, when the stomach, one of the most important of these organs, as well as the first which is called into action in the process of nutrition, is kept in a state of almost perpetual excitement and unnatural activity. How can it be conceived to be possible that the other wheels of the machine can go right, when this, the very first wheel which is put in motion, and on which the motions of all the others depend, goes wrong?

Let this then be engraven an inch deep on the tablet of your memory, that you cannot injure ONE of the organs of nutrition, without injury to the *whole.*

I now come to the last law of sensibility which I shall mention, and it is, where all are important, the *most* important. Therefore, my dear John, draw your chair, put your feet on the fender, snuff the candles, adjust your spectacles, and read with attention. For I deny it—no man can read attentively who has not got himself fixed in a comfortable position.

This is the law, viz., that SENSIBILITY is always in an *inverse ratio* of CONTRACTILITY. When CONTRACTILITY is vigorous, SENSIBILITY is low, and when CONTRACTILITY is feeble, SENSIBILITY is always acute; and as *vigorous* CONTRACTILITY is synonymous with health and strength, the greater or lesser degree of SENSIBILITY becomes an *infallible* test of the state of the health.

I have already proved that it is the SENSIBILITY of our organs which establishes the necessary relation between ourselves and the objects which surround us. From this it follows directly, that it is upon SENSIBILITY that all our pleasures and all our pains depend. For there is no pleasure and no pain which is not derived to us from impressions made by external objects upon our *feeling*—of which feeling SENSIBILITY is the soul. I mean the *feeling* as well of the mind as the body.

Now the SENSIBILITY of a perfectly healthy man is so regulated, as to afford him the greatest possible degree of pleasure, with the least possible degree of pain—that is, consistently with his terrestrial existence. Indeed, our pleasures are the voluntary and bountiful gift of nature—for our pains we have nobody to thank but our foolish selves. So good has the great Governor of the universe been to us, that we *could* not, if we *would*, escape pleasure; but in every instance, we *can* avoid pain if we *will.* For pain is only a warning voice, intimating to us that we have got into a false position—that we are doing something which we ought not to do, or leaving something undone which we ought to do—in a word, that the proper relation between ourselves and surrounding objects has been, for the time, destroyed. Man, if he would but be content to be what nature made him, and if it were not for his cat-like pugnacity, need scarcely know what pain is.

Nature then has endowed us with a certain degree of SENSIBILITY, and my object is to shew that we cannot increase this without diminishing our proper amount of pleasure,

and augmenting our proper share of pain—without enfeebling our CONTRACTILITY—in a word, without injury to our health and strength.

Pain is invariably the result of impressions too *acutely* or *strongly* made; and a SENSIBILITY is that property by which impressions are felt, it is perfectly manifest, that the more acute SENSIBILITY is, the more acutely impressions will be felt. And thus those impressions, which in a healthy state of the SENSIBILITY afford only pleasure, become painful; and those which always produce pain become *more* painful. This is so very clear, as to render amplification wholly unnecessary.

In order to prove that wherever there is a a high degree of SENSIBILITY, there is always a low degree of CONTRACTILITY, *i. e.* strength—and that wherever there is a low degree of strength, there is always a high degree of SENSIBILITY—you need only look through the world.

Let us first approach the couch of sickness. Tread lightly—for the slightest noise makes the poor sufferer start, and gives him the headache. Be careful to close the door after you, for the faintest breath of air gives him cold. See how he is shading his eyes with his hand, for the few rays of light which struggle feebly through the Venetian blinds are painful to them. Observe his hand! How white and bloodless! If you take it in your own, you must handle it as you would an infant's—an ordinary pressure will make him cringe with pain. His banker has just failed, and reduced him to ruin; but you must not breathe a syllable of this in his hearing—it would kill him. Do you observe that rope suspended over the bed from the ceiling, with a small cross bar of wood attached to the end of it? So faint is the contractility of his muscles, that he could not, without this contrivance, raise himself in bed. Observe him as he carries his cup of gruel to his pallid lips—mark how the liquid quivers in the vessel—hark how its edge rattles against his teeth, as he applies it to his mouth—the contractile property of the muscles of his arm is so feeble that they have not power to keep the limb steady even while he carries nourishment to his mouth. His heart, too, contracts so feebly, that it cannot send the blood far enough to reach the skin. It is this which makes it so deadly pale—it is this, too, which makes him shiver on the application of the slightest current of air.

In the above picture you will observe two things,—first, that the CONTRACTILITY of the invalid has almost intirely disappeared, leaving him powerless; and secondly, that his SENSIBILITY is so acute, that those impressions of light, sound, touch, &c., which under ordinary circumstances were only necessary to the enjoyment of existence, have now become sources of painful suffering; thus proving, that whenever SENSIBILITY is advanced beyond the natural standard, the sources of pain are multiplied, and those of pleasure diminished. And that wherever SENSIBILITY is excessively high, CONTRACTILITY, that is, strength, is excessively low.

It is true, that this is a case of extreme illness, and that every departure from health will not produce this extreme state to things. But it will produce an *approximation* to it. In the slightest departure from health the *same* state of things will be produced, the only difference being in *degree*.

To prove this, let us take a peep into "my lady's chamber." Here you will find the same circumstances of heightened SENSIBILITY, and depreciated CONTRACTILITY, which you observe in the sick room—only in a less degree. It is true, that she can bear an ordinary degree of light without pain, and the sound of your foot-fall may not give her the headache; but if you leave the door ajar, she will assuredly take cold—if the *force* of your friendship cause you to press her hand a little too *forcefully*, she will assuredly scream—and if you steal slily behind her when she thinks she is alone, and cry, "Bo! to a goose!" she will assuredly fall in hysterics. If you press her arm strongly between your finger and thumb, you will make it black and blue—while it would require, in order to produce the same effect on one of Mr. Barclay's draymen, little less than the gripe of a blacksmith's vice. "The hand of little employment hath daintier sense."

So much for SENSIBILITY: now for her CONTRACTILITY. Could she carry a bushel-basket of potatoes upon her head for a mile without resting? Not she. Yet *why* can she not? It is true, she is a lady: but, as Burns says,

"A man's a man for a' that."

And is not a woman a woman for a' that? There is many a woman neither so tall nor so well proportioned who would carry a bushel of potatoes on her head without resting, from Pedlar's Acre to Pennyfields, and think herself well rewarded with a shilling. There must be some better reason for this great difference than the mere fact of one being a lady and the other *a woman*. The true reason is, that the contractility of my lady's organs, especially her muscles, has sunk exactly as much below the natural standard as their SENSIBILITY has been elevated above it.

Thus, then, we have indisputable proof that SENSIBILITY and CONTRACTILITY are always in an *inverse* ratio of each other. But you must be careful to observe, that it is not increased SENSIBILITY that gives rise to diminished CONTRACTILITY, but it is diminished CONTRACTILITY that increases SENSIBILITY; increased SENSIBILITY being no more than the *proof* of diminished CONTRACTILITY, that is, enfeebled health and strength.

From this it follows, therefore, that the *degree* of SENSIBILITY *depends* upon the degree of CONTRACTILITY; and this is fortunate, for we have on that very account only to raise CONTRACTILITY, in order to lower an irritable, acute, troublesome, and unhealthy degree of

SENSIBILITY to the natural standard. This can be easily done; so easily that I will undertake, within one month, without fee or reward, or pill or potion of any kind, and on the peril of my head, to enable any lady within the pale of his Majesty's United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to carry a bushel of potatoes on her head from Pedlar's Acre to Pennyfields without resting, and that too with no more pain and labor to herself than may be sufficient to spare her pocket the expense of sixpenny worth of rouge.

Now, then, it is quite clear that whatever causes, circumstances, regimen, or conduct, have a tendency to *heighten* SENSIBILITY must necessarily have a tendency to *depress* CONTRACTILITY; since I have proved that a high degree of the former is wholly incompatible with a high degree of the latter, and therefore cannot exist in conjunction with it.

The *reason* why a high degree of SENSIBILITY cannot exist in conjunction with a high degree of CONTRACTILITY is this:—the nerves (which are the seat of sensibility) are more or less acutely *sensible*, accordingly to the greater or less degree of firmness with which they are compressed on all sides by the parts immediately surrounding them and in contact with them. Thus the nerves of the bones, ligaments, and sinews are so firmly compressed on all sides by the unyielding structure of these parts, that they are almost wholly *insensible*. You may cut them, lacerate them, without giving pain. The muscles (that is, the red flesh) cannot be wounded without considerable pain, because their structure is not so firm as that of the bones, sinews, &c. But which is much more compact and firm than the structure of the skin, and therefore a wound inflicted on a muscle will not produce anything like the acuteness of pain which is felt on wounding the skin. In the nerves of the eye and ear it was necessary that a SENSIBILITY of the very highest degree should exist in order to enable these organs to feel the very slight and subtile impressions of light and sound. Accordingly we find that from these nerves all surrounding pressure is removed entirely; these nerves being, as it were, expanded into a sort of quivering jelly as that part where they are destined to receive their natural impressions.

Now, a very large portion of the body is, as you know, made up of a conglomeration of blood-vessels. The whole body, then, taken as a whole, will be the more compact and firm accordingly as these vessels are fully distended with blood; precisely as sponge becomes a more compact body when distended with water than when dry; since, when dry, its cells are filled with air, but when saturated with water, they are filled with water, which is a far more compact material than air. If you draw a thread through a sponge saturated with water, the sides of that thread will be everywhere compressed and supported by either the solid parts of the sponge or by the water. Whereas, if you draw a thread through a dry sponge, whenever that thread passes trough an empty cell, its sides will be entirely unsupported and uncompressed. So of the body—a nerve passing through the body (which body consists of a congeries of vessels) will have its sides everywhere compressed and supported, so long as those vessels are well filled and fully distended. But if these vessels be half empty, if their sides be allowed, as it were, to collapse and fall away from the nerves which they everywhere surround, it is manifest that those nerves will not be so firmly compressed and well supported while all the vessels surrounding them were fully distended. It is this half-filled state of the vessels which constitutes that lax and soft state of the body called *flabby*. This loose, flabby, and uncompact state of the body, therefore, is highly favorable to SENSIBILITY, since SENSIBILITY is always increased accordingly as surrounding pressure and support are removed from the nerves.

But a state of body the very opposite to that just described is alone favorable to CONTRACTILITY: for I have before proved that vigorous CONTRACTILITY can only reside in recently organized matter; and in order that this recent organization, this perpetual youth, as it were, of the several parts of the body may be kept up, an abundant supply of healthy blood is absolutely indispensable. Thus CONTRACTILITY in perfection requires a highly distended condition of the blood-vessels, and, consequently, a firm and compact state of the body—a state exactly contrary to that just described as favorable to the development of SENSIBILITY. Hence arises a most important corollary, viz. that whatever increases the natural vigor of the circulation, increases the CONTRACTILITY and lessens the SENSIBILITY of the body; and whatever lessens the SENSIBILITY of the body by increasing its CONTRACTILITY, increases also the natural vigor of the circulation, since the blood is circulated by virtue of the contractile power of the heart and arteries.

The degree of SENSIBILITY, therefore, is always not only in an inverse ratio of the degree of CONTRACTILITY, but also of the circulating power; and, since all the motions of the body are performed by virtue of CONTRACTILITY, and the whole process of nutrition by virtue of the circulation, this is the same as saying that the degree of SENSIBILITY is always in an inverse ratio of the degree of health and strength—which is the fact.

A very familiar instance of the increase of SENSIBILITY, produced by lessening the quantity of the blood, is to be found in the fact, that a dose of cathartic medicine wholly incompetent to affect the bowels under ordinary circumstances, will be found quite sufficient to do so if administered *after bloodletting*.

I am at this time attending a big, strong, dread-naught custom-house officer for a slight attack of paralysis which he sustained some weeks since. Since the attack I have bled him nine times, taking away thirty ounces of blood each time. He was also cupped once

by Mr. Cowley, of Osborn Street. You may easily imagine that a man who can bear this, and yet walk about the street without support, must, at least, be no chicken. Yet so much has his sensibility, (I speak now of moral SENSIBILITY, which, after all, is but the *physical* SENSIBILITY of those parts of the nervous system which are susceptible of impressions by moral causes,)—so much, I say, has this man's SENSIBILITY been increased by bleeding that a cross word is sufficient to make him burst into tears.

As moral SENSIBILITY is but the SENSIBILITY of those parts of the system which are capable of being impressed by moral causes, it follows that the qualities of the mind will be, in a great measure, regulated by the relative degrees of CONTRACTILITY and SENSIBILITY in individuals. When the brain is but ill supplied with blood, and that blood but feebly circulated, and therefore imperfectly vivified, the SENSIBILITY to moral causes or stimuli will be morbidly acute. Such a person is easily and morbidly affected by causes to which others are wholly insensible: a sudden loud knock at the door, for instance, will make him start almost from his seat.

If you speak to him of a contingent evil, however slight and remote, he views it through a mental telescope, always applying that end of the instrument to his eye which magnifies the object and increases its proximity. If you speak of a contingent good, the telescope is instantly turned, and he views it through the opposite end, which diminishes its value, lessens its probability, and renders it only visible at the extreme point of a long perspective. In short, he is timid, desponding, infirm of purpose, imaginative and incapable of continued application.

Such a man may be a poet, but never a mathematician.

On the contrary, when CONTRACTILITY is vigorous, and the circulation *consequently* energetic, the brain will be abundantly supplied with healthy blood, its nervous tissue firmly supported everywhere within the meshes of that tissue formed by the interlacings of well-filled blood-vessels, and its SENSIBILITY therefore will be, in a corresponding degree, obtuse. It requires a strong moral cause to operate on the mind of such a man. "Trifles light as air," have no power to excite, to irritate, or in any way affect him: he is, consequently, bold, patient, good-humored, inflexible, unimaginative, and capable of long-continued mental exertion. Such a man may become a great mathematician, but never a poet. I think I could show that all the peculiarities of the human mind are to be accounted for as depending upon certain modifications of the two physical properties—CONTRACTILITY and SENSIBILITY; but, on this subject, I have said enough, and perhaps you will add, "and to spare;" therefore, my dear John, for the present, I bid you farewell. *Pax vobiscum.*

E. JOHNSON.

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## LES OISEAUX.

*Couplets addressès a Monsieur Arnault, partant pour son exile.*

L'Hiver redoublant ses ravages,
Desole nos toits et nos champs,
Les oiseaux sur d'autres rivages,
Portent leurs amours et leurs chants.

## IMITATION.

Now is winter's spirit moving,
Borne upon the northern blast,
Far away our warblers roving,
Quit these dreary shores at last.

Truants now, no longer near us,
Other lands enjoy their strain,
Yet they're constant, and will cheer us
When the spring returns again.

'Tis some Power mysterious guiding
Leads these wanderers on their way,
Blindly in that Power confiding,
To some fairer clime they stray.

Go, ye gay and tuneful legions,
Why with us your stay prolong;
Go, and cheer more favored regions
With your plumage and your song.

Hark, the tempest's wild commotion
Stripe the sere and yellow trees;
Fly, and seek beyond the ocean
Fairer, happier climes than these.

Though from us ye now are straying,
We, though losers, don't complain,
Zephyr's balmy wings conveying,
Spring will see you here again.

JOHN WARING.

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## FRANK FARLEY.

Like a man to double business bound.
HAMLET.

"O MOST sapient Bedlamite!"

"Well! I think a man *is* justified in——"

"Halt! nonsense—you're wrong, radically, constitutionally, primarily, secondarily, and ultimately wrong—you've taken up a bad position, and defended it worse—if possible——"

"Well, but Harry, hear me—I wish to predicate——"

"O, have done! do—come hold your tongue—and tell me what you intend to do with yourself this evening."

"Hem—ah—fill your glass whilst I scan over my memoranda. Mortlake, that's impossible—dull, decidedly dull. Lady Darrington's——"

"Ay—you must absolutely go there. Why, it's a private and peculiar party, expressly for the purpose of reviewing Bulwer's last. And double quick, my dear boy. Lady Caroline will be there. Apropos—attention—here's her health—you cannot refuse."

"*Avec plaisir, mon cher capitaine.* I always obey my superior officer—Lady Caroline Belvoir."

"Um—you drank 'Caroline' last time the lady's health was proposed."

"Well—why not give her her titles?"

"I suppose you think it particularly loverlike; but, *serieusement*, whither are your marching orders to-night?"

"Why—ah—if you must know the truth—I—ah—nave to make a particular—that is, private—not that it's very especial—but a kind of indispensable engagement—you understand—to see a friend in the neighborhood of Covent Garden to-night?"

"Don't try to steal a march on me—I am too practised a tactician. Pray is not Drury Lane in that neighborhood? And if I recollect rightly, there is a species of edifice—sometimes denominated a theatre—thereabouts *n'est ce pas?*"

"Well, Harry, be it so—thither go I."

"To-night?"

"*Certainement.*"

"To the exclusion of Lady Darrington's party?"

"Partly—I may look in towards the close of the evening."

"Frank Farley——"

"Harry Stewart——"

"Will you listen to me?"

"What else have I been doing for the last two mortal hours?"

"Ay, but I am bringing up my detachment of moral lessons; and, egad, an awkward squad they are."

"*Eh bien!*"

"Frank, I am not a very—ah—*very* moral man."

"Hem!"

"Nor a very wise man."

"Granted."

"Still I am not a fool."

"Query?"

"Don't be impertinent. Frank, there's a sword hanging over your head."

"Indeed—where?"

"Not up there, stupid. Frank, you're running your head into an ambuscade—you're marching up to a masked battery, and you'll be knocked head over heels—that you will. Take my advice—don't go to Drury Lane again, at least not till Fanny Melton has been dismissed. Hey—have I pointed the muzzle true? Nay, man, don't blush so—the coffee-room will be up in arms——"

"Captain Stewart, I must request——"

"O yes, we all know that."

"Sir, I consider the inappropriateness of your——"

"Now Frank! Frank! don't be mutinous. My dear boy, believe me, I only meant your advantage. Really, I——'

"Well, no more of this; let us change the conversation."

"Frank, I beg your pardon, but do consult your own conscience—call a council of war of your senses—hold a court-martial on that same penchant of yours, for Fanny Melton, and drum it out of your head. Now I ask it, as a particular favor. Why, my dear boy, think of Lady Caroline. What! in treaty with one, and make advances upon another—two at a time—it will never do. Come, come, promise you won't go to Drury Lane to-night."

"Very well."

"That's too vague. Come, yes or no."

"No—there, hang it—what an unbounded nuisance you are. Here, waiter, coffee. This is a devilish nice place of Wood's, though it is in the city."

"Just within the frontiers, *viola tout*, and one benefit is, that not a soul here marches under the same colors with ourselves, so that we make our meal in peace and quiet. Of all bores, recommend me to a west-end coffee-room or a club. Why, I dropped into the —— —— but yesterday, by way of a novelty, to get a chop, and by my hopes of promotion, for three-quarters of an hour, I demolished but two mouthfuls of meat, whilst I was all the time being crammed with all manner of deuced nonsense. 'How do Harry's,' and 'Devilish glad to see you's,' and "Been at Lady Thingumbob's lately,' and 'seen Crampton to-day's,' till I was fain to give them all the cut direct."

"In order that you might do the same to your chop?"

"Chop! cold—cold, Frank, cold as parade on a November morning."

"Well, certainly this comfortable little tavern has so far the advantage. Waiter, is my cab at the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, cab at the door."

"Well, let us have our a—a—a——"

"Yes, sir." (N.B. I am requested, by the waiters in general, to announce to the public that "Yessir," "Nossir," "Seesir," &c. are to be "etymologically enunciated" as separate words.)

And now that the young gentlemen are in the act of paying the bill, and going to the cab, let us just examine their externals, which being collated, and concocted with the above dicta, may induce a fair conjecture as to the penetralia. Captain Stewart's back being towards us, we can only perceive, by occasional turns of his cranium, that he possesses a moderately handsome, merry face, with curly auburn hair, large whiskers and moustaches, *à la millitaire*: his actions are quick, and the decided manner of wielding his firmly knit frame, combined with the unembarrassed tone of his voice, and his firm gaze, pronounce him to be a man of decision of character, though combined with a reckless gaiety, and somewhat domineering tone. Frank Farley's pale Grecian countenance, dark hair and eyes, and expressive features,

and quiet gentlemanly demeanor, give us an impression of deeper feeling, but less sound sense—more exalted talents, but want of decision—enthusiasm without judgment—good-nature without firmness. But I cannot discourse further, for they are just leaving the coffee-room.

"Well Frank, recollect you are to drive to Belgrave Square. I want to see Belmont's new rooms lighted up—you can drop me there. For the present, adieu;" and the gallant captain, *selon sa coutume*, composed him in the corner, and was "metamorpheused" ere the cab had emerged from the Furnival's Inn gateway. What Frank's meditations were, not even his tiger could divine; but the wheels of his chariot splashed the mud of Holborn over the pedestrians of ditto for the space of half a mile. Naturally enough, he turned down the Queen Streets, it was all in his way to traverse Drury Lane, and not a whit out of it to pass along by thy colonade, O theatre! Nevertheless, it might have seemed that each column "posted" the cab wheel, *certes* each was passed more slowly than its predecessor, the corner turned, at a walk, the portico stopped at, and Captain Stewart was awakened by Frank's springing past him, and a hasty, "Shenston will drive you—come for me at ten."

"What a goose!" quoth the captain.

During the time that Frank's outward man reclined in his cab, a very severe contest had been waging in his inward man, the chief combatants being Principle and Inclination. "Ar'nt you ashamed of yourself," said the first, "Mr. Inclination, to be running away with this young fellow from his friends and decent society, and involving him in this scandalous manner with theatricals, and especially with such a girl as——?"

"*Taisez vous*," hastily interrupted Inclination. "Miss Melton is an irreproachable individual, and as much to be respected as any young lady I know. She told him the other day, in my presence, that, necessity not choice was her motive for adopting her present profession, and that, had she the means she would leave it to-morrow."

"Which story you believed, and which means you meditated furnishing," replied the other, with a sneer.

"Well, I'm not ashamed to avow that it would give me heartfelt pleasure to place Miss Melton beyond the reach of——"

"And Lady Caroline Belvoir, think of Frank's engagement to her."

"O hang it! how you do pester one—and just after dinner too, it's really not fair."

"Well, why let Farley go to the theatre to-night?"

"Why Fanny is to play Juliet, and displays much talent in the part. I am very partial to the play, and her acting tends to elucidate it much."

"Ahem!" quoth Principle, looking very archly. "Very rational, indeed. I suppose you contemplate making me believe these to be your motives. And pray, do you recollect that Frank's invitation to Lady Darrington's is special, and that his absence will be marked? Nay, that he promised Lady Caroline to be there, and made quite a point of the matter. O you sad dog!"

"Well, my dear Principle, just allow me to take him in for a few moments; it can do him no harm just to permit him a peep as he goes by."

"There would not, perhaps, be *much* harm: but I think it's better to abandon the idea altogether."

"I assure you, my excellent adviser, I respect your opinions much, and would comply with them; but Frank has a bet to decide as to Miss Melton's dress: he can just run in and satisfy himself. Besides, you can accompany him into the box, and take care of him."

"That's what I intend doing; but why make the man leap out of his cab in such an infernally boisterous manner? I declare I am really killed—every bone is fractured. Bless me, how fast you drag one along. Frank, Frank, don't hurry so. Hang the fellow, he won't hear me."

"Come along," whispered Inclination into Frank's other ear, "let us make haste, and leave old twaddle in the rear; I dare say she is speaking at this moment. And now," continued this impertinent fellow, turning round to poor Principle, who, out of breath and spirits, was sneaking into the box behind them, "you may just take that and be off;" and with that he administered a kick to the unfortunate, which sent him flying through the closing door. To seek refuge with the box-keeper was out of the question, and Principle got a cuff from almost every body he met in the lobby and on the staircase, all declaring "he had nothing to do there," until he was fairly turned out into the street, and fain to creep behind the counter of an honest fruiterer's shop close by.

Meanwhile, Inclination and Miss Melton had poor Farley all to themselves, and the former kept close to the poor fellow's ear and gave him not a moment's respite. The second act had begun but a short time, and Juliet appeared in simple loveliness in the balcony.

"What a splendid girl, Frank!" began the rascal. "Do but mark the expression of her countenance: what intellect, what modesty, what a sweet smile! to say nothing of her figure: what a symmetrical bust; and look at that waist, you might span it with your hands, and then—but stop—by George, she has seen you,—that was the look of recognition, never doubt it—she knows you, depend upon it—now listen—"

"Deny thy father and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not—"

"See, see, she's looking at you again."

"Be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

"Well, if that was not pointed at you, I'll submit to reformation: she's over head and

ears with you—poor creature—and not a soul in the theatre but yourself either sees or interprets those glances. You doubt it, do you? Listen again."

"In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And, therefore, thou may'st think my 'haviour light."

"Did you notice that glance?—it spoke volumes."

"But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange."

"There was a look of sincerity:—believe her, Frank."

"I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion."

"Didn't you find her with your miniature the other day in tears, my dear boy? Come, it's very evident she's deeply in love with you; but poor, retiring, gentle, ladylike creature, she is ashamed to confess it, though she cannot elude my penetration—nay don't color so, or, if you must, why ensconce yourself behind the curtain?"

* * * * * * * *

At length the tragedy was concluded, and Frank left the theatre, but only to order his cab round to the other door, and to prevail on the reluctant Miss Melton to accept a seat in it to her lodgings.

"Really, Fanny, you even outdid yourself to-night: I protest I never was so completely overpowered."

"I am very glad I succeeded in pleasing you, Mr. Farley."

"You don't mean to say you endeavored to do so?"

"You are very hasty in your interpretations: but, really—I—to say the truth, I did try to—to—I saw you in your box, and—I—"

"I know it—I know you did—you did see me, Fanny—I could tell it directly."

"I am very sorry my conduct was so marked."

"My dear Fanny, none but myself could have seen it; and perhaps, after all, I am wrong in supposing you have any preference towards—"

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Farley, indeed, you are not—but you approved, then, of my conception of the character."

"Entirely. You have caught the spirit of the poet in every particular, most admirably. In fact, during the whole piece, I seemed to be led along by some unseen irresistible impulse to follow your ideas. I felt dragged, sometimes against my former notions—pulled along and borne down on the tide of your eloquence: I seemed on the point once or twice of saying so aloud—"

"I say, young chap, just pull over your crinkum-crankum bit of a cab to your own side; I wants to go my shay along," bawled a coarse voice on the right, just in time to prevent a collision.

"You will certainly upset me, Mr Farley," said the actress.

"Well, I will be more sober, but the blame attaches to you."

Miss Melton, with a delightfully embarrassed air, "Hoped," as the cab-wheel grazed the curbstone before her door, "that Mr. Farley would do her the honor to come in and partake of her slight repast." An invitation Frank felt by no means reluctant to accept: and he was soon in the (now well known) little drawing-room chatting with the interesting actress and her drowsy chaperon. How the evening terminated will be best understood by accompanying Frank to his room when he arrived at home, an event taking place about half-past one in the morning. His valet had been dismissed, and, in an easy gown and uneasy reverie, he sat over the fire. Principle and Conscience now clubbed their forces, and so unmercifully belabored the unfortunate wight, that he sighed many times a deep and doleful sigh, and finally sinking into a pair of burning hands, he groaned out—

"Oh, fool! fool!—what a fool I am!—what have I done?—proposed to an actress, and under an engagement to Lady Belvoir. Oh, Caroline, you are much wronged:—an actress—ay, but Fanny is no actress—she is a child of nature—full of *naïveté*, simplicity—'twould be a cursed shame, indeed, to let such a flower be poisoned by the filthy hotbed of the stage. No, no! Fanny is no longer the public's, she is mine—from her own lips—mine, ay, mine."

"Well, are you to have both of them?" growled Conscience.

"I'll not allow it on any consideration whatever," said Principle.

"My god! what a dilemma I am in!—what can I do?—I shall go mad—"

"Cut the actress," observed Principle.

"O—h—o—o—h," groaned Frank.

"Come, come," said Inclination coaxingly, "don't listen to these old simpletons, or they will keep you up all night: the best place for you after your evening's excitement would be bed—*allons*. Sleep will restore you to the full enjoyment of your faculties," added he, gently urging Frank towards the bed where he was soon dreaming alternately of Lady Caroline Belvoir and the blushing, hesitating, modest Fanny Melton. The fact was, that overcome by the ardor of the moment, he had, during the absence of Fanny's aunt for five minutes, thrown himself, his fortune, and very nearly the whole tray of eatables at the feet of the fascinating actress; they had been, after a due proportion of maidenly embarrassment, accepted, with the exception of the tray, in wonder and gratitude—*viola* Frank "well in for it."

Frank and sleep were at daggers drawn that night, and he had scarcely lounged into his dressing-room on the following morning ere Captain Stewart (who had the *entrée* of the house at all manner of hours,) knocked at the door, and banging it open, was arrested in mid-rush by observing the worn and pale countenance of his friend, who was

measuring his length on a sofa enveloped in a rich morning-gown.

"Why, what the deuce have you been about last night? You look like the moon in a fog, or the pipe-clay on a dragoon's indispensables. Which way did you lead your forces? By the way, I have a right to demand satisfaction—what do you mean by cutting me so unceremoniously!—nay, moreover, you trod on my third left toe in your retreat, and compelled me to drive myself to Belgrave Square."

"Why didn't you make Shenston take the reins?"

"Yes, and have been capsized before I got twenty yards—why Shenston was as drunk as—as—as I believe his master was."

"Harry, I won't allow any impertinence either to Shenston or myself."

"Love me, love my tiger, heh?"

"Well, but was he in truth—"

"No, he was in liquor—*ergo*, in a false state of excitement."

"I don't believe you were sufficiently awake to comprehend whether he was or not, but if you really are of opinion—"

"Come, come; I didn't beat the *reveillez* at eight o'clock this morning, and make a forced march upon your position, for the purpose of discussing the ebriety of your (or rather of your cab's) adherent:—to the breach, man. I intend to know what you did with your precious person last night—now, no evasions—no quibblings—"

"Nor answers either shall you get, you model of effrontery; where is your commission?"

"Safe locked up, I hope, in the only bureau I possess, in company with half a dozen bottles of "peculiar" Madeira, my will, half a box of private cigars, four drafts of proposals, and seventeen hundred and fifty-six *billets doux*; and, as to my right to examine witnesses, why, haven't I a right to demand three several satisfactions,—one for cutting me, one for treading on my toe, and one for making me drive myself?—now I'll forego them all on condition you answer me as many questions—"

"Speak."

"Oh, no—contrary to the rules of war—an unconditional surrender."

"Then you shall have neither answers nor satisfaction. I love myself too much to take the trouble of doing the first, and the ladies too well to deprive them of so efficient a beau by doing the second."

"Well, but seriously, Frank, did you see Fanny Melton last night?" and the inquiring glance of the captain caused a faint tinge of color on the sallow features of Frank.

"I saw her on the stage," said he with a faint smile.

"And in the cab—in your cab—and home—and at home—hey?—and there you stayed till one o'clock, gossipping and getting deeper and deeper in love every minute."

Frank looked amazed and alarmed, and the laughing captain was startled by the loud and vehement tone in which the youg man addressed him.

"How came you by that information, sir—answer me?"

"Stand at ease, my good boy; It is not the first time I have dodged a wild friend, tipped a communicative tiger, or kissed an inquisitive abigail."

"Did you hear any more damned fabrications, sir? Was that all your information?" roared Frank, in an agony of apprehension.

"Whew, whew—steady, boy—halt, halt—here's a volley of artillery. So there is something discoverable here. Frank, *mon camarade*, you are by no means an adept at keeping your own counsel:—why, you should be as cool as the Serpentine in January,—that amazing burst of yours has begun to make me sensible—"

"What a beatific reformation!" mumbled Frank, unable to forego the joke.

"Sensible of some underplot or other. Surely, my dear fellow, you have not been such a fool as to make any serious proposition to the girl."

"Fool or no fool, I proposed, and was accepted; so there you have my whole secret," said the other hurriedly, and he rose and paced up and down the room in deep thought. Captain Stewart looked about as much astonished as a thorough man of the world conveniently may, stroked one whisker, then the other, pulled his moustachios, hemmed thrice, and began—

"Frank, excuse the personality of the following observation, but you are certainly about as huge a blockhead as a man could desire to behold between Hyde Park and Charing Cross, or between Spitzbergen and the Cape of Good Hope—why, what the devil's to become of Lady ——?"

"Don't for heaven's sake mention her name. Oh, Harry, I scarcely know what to do or think—my brain is absolutely burning—do act my friend, and give me some notion of how or what I am to do."

"Frank, I will be candid with you. I consider your conduct worse than foolish—you have acted basely—ay, basely, Frank. I grieve much to be obliged to use the word, but it is too true." (Farley groaned.) "I acknowledge that there is much excuse to be made for you. I have no doubt that pains were not wanting, nor allurements untried, to entrap a rich young—"

"Captain Stewart, beware what you say: I will endure anything which relates to myself—I deserve it—but not one word against her, not a syllable, if you value my friendship."

"*Eh bien, qu'il soit*—as to your present line of conduct, how do you meditate extricating yourself?—by dissolving your engagement with the peeress or the actress?"

"The former," said Farley, with a deep sigh.

"Consider well, my dear friend."

"Harry, I have spent this night in doing so, and have made up my mind to this course. I did think I loved Caroline, but it was a dream

—a short and pleasant one—I woke to the reality of my attachment to Fanny. I would to God I could live over yesterday: but it is gone, never to be recalled; and I must disengage myself from Lady Belvoir. Harry, were I not engaged to Fanny, do you suppose Lady Caroline would, for a moment, accept a husband who was the professed admirer of another, and that other an actress?—Never, never. I know that I have outraged every principle of honor and justice—I have sacrificed myself on the altar of passion and will not flinch, though the fire scorch my very vitals." He was silent for a few moments.

"Frank, these heroic effusions are lost on a matter-of-fact fellow like myself; just view the thing coolly if you can. You know you have only to write a note to Lady Belvoir, stating the circumstances (in what way you know best) of your being engaged to another, and the consequence will be, a fit of hysterics, and a formal relinquishment of all claim on her part; nor, I think, need you fear any thing from Lord Belvoir but a horsewhipping."

"And do you really think, Harry, I could sit down to write such a note? Impossible—impossible—not for worlds."

"Well, but for Fanny Melton."

"Oh, Harry, Harry, you are but a poor adviser."

"Why, you're pretty right, my stock of consolations is but small, and so—God bless me, (pulling out his watch in a violent hurry,) so seems my memory. Why, my dear fellow, I ought to have been at the Horse Guards by this time. Good bye—good bye; read "Watts on the Mind," dare say you'll find something there for the "mind diseased;" or "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," and just scan "The Complete Letter Writer" through for a model till I return —adieu."

As soon as the door closed Farley threw himself on the sofa in a state of the deepest dejection. Remorse for his conduct towards Lady Belvoir, who he knew loved him too fondly, and a half repentance for his wild engagement with Miss Melton, so overpowered him, that he felt as though he could have wept for sheer misery. As it was, he sat gnawing his lips until he was able, by the arrival of his chocolate, to substitute some of the slips of toast for them. During breakfast two notes were brought to him, which eventually determined his conduct for the day. The first ran thus:

"My dear Mr. Farley;

"The happy events of last night caused me altogether to forget that I shall be at leisure the whole of this evening, as I do not go to Drury Lane to-night. You must forgive my not being sufficiently initiated yet, to know whether I am acting *à-la-mode* to send you an invitation, but I cannot help saying the truth, that I shall be most happy to see you to tea.

"Yours ever, affectionately,
"Fanny Melton."

The tide of emotion and affection which this epistle excited, burst through all the sluicegates of prudence, reflection, and repentance, but was nevertheless much checked in its progress by the other.

"Dear Frank;

"I am positively quite out of humor with you. I think you must have quarrelled with me, at least, every one tells me so, though I do not precisely recollect the circumstance. I will really never pardon you if you do not produce yourself to-day. I have a new pony to show you—a present from papa—most beautiful—you must come. Breakfast will not be over till eleven, and I shall expect you before that time.

"Yours affectionately,
"Caroline Belvoir."

"I will attend both," said he, as he folded them up and threw them on one side—not until, however, he had casually remarked that the seal on Miss Melton's was the same he recollected having seen in the possession of one Major Delisp, an unbounded puppy, and dangler on to theatres, &c., but gave it not another thought. He was soon on his way to Lord Belvoir's, with a heavy heart and an aching head. His footsteps flagged more and more as he approached the door, and he remained outside some minutes ere he could summon courage to knock. However, he at length entered the breakfast-room.

"Oh, you provoking creature," exclaimed Lady Belvoir, starting up, "I don't think I ought to excuse your shameful desertion—but you are pale—you have not been ill!" said she, affectionately, as she extended her hand.

"Are you unwell, Frank?" asked the earl from his newspaper.

"Thank you, merely a slight head-ache," answered Farley; and now, for some time, he had to listen to the wild gay chatter of Lady Belvoir, to admire the same brilliancy of intellect, the same piquancy of wit, which had so often charmed him in former days; but her ladyship soon began to perceive that something extraordinary possessed Frank, and her tone of gaiety became gradually lowered and restrained; and the strange manner in which he avoided meeting her eye, was a painful contrast to the eager, ardent gaze beneath which her own eyelids used to fall: and how much may any one, especially woman, gather from the eye?

Well, the breakfast was removed, and the earl departed to his library, and Frank and lady Caroline remained, talking commonplace, and sometimes wholly silent; both felt an unusual degree of awkward restraint, the one from conscious guilt, the other from undefined apprehension.

"Well, and why did you not come to Lady Darrington's last night?"

"I—I—was at Drury Lane."

"At Drury Lane?" repeated her ladyship, as though endeavoring to recall some recol-

lection. "Well, I am sure, ladies should not, (if they take my advice,) allow their husbands to go to theatres; and if ever I should be so foolish as to—to—think of Frank Farley as my——"

"Caroline," said Frank, rapidly turning round, and looking her full in the face, "it may never be."

Had Lady Caroline been suddenly transformed into a marble statue, she could not have been more pale and motionless, for the first few seconds after this short announcement. The tone and manner in which it was conveyed, could leave not a shadow of a doubt. The man to whom, in the generosity of her heart, she had given her very soul, was returning her an unrequited and an unvalued gift. Suddenly she started up, and placing her small white hand on an arm whose very tendons quivered beneath their tiny grasp, "Frank Farley," said she, with the fearful calmness of intense agony, "was the idle tale I heard true, then? Am I rejected—cast off—and for—how can I name her? Frank, you do not answer; one word only, for God's sake—if it be only to kill me! Frank! Frank! answer me only this one question. Do you love another?"

"Caroline, I can never forgive myself. I have wronged you beyond the power of thought," groaned forth the young man, as he disengaged his arm, and buried his face in his hands.

Lady Caroline's eagerness, her energy was gone, and calm she remained. She did not shriek, or faint, but the arrow had pierced deep into the heart. She simply said, "May I request you to remain a few moments?" and left the room. A minute after she re-entered with a packet; she was, if possible, paler than when she left the room—the transparent snowy whiteness of her features was slightly tinged with a livid hue.

"Mr. Farley," said she, drawing herself up to her full height, and speaking with bitter distinctness, "these are all that I ever received from you—the many letters—the bracelets—the miniature—take them, sir; from this moment all communication ceases between us"—her voice faltered slightly—"for ever!"

"Caroline—hear one word ——"

"Not one, sir—I have heard too much—I wish you farewell;" and she rang the bell. The bitter cold look of the lady sealed Frank's mouth—it was a look that none could have ventured to misunderstand. He left the house.

Wretched and slow where the hours he endeavored to wile away till seven. He began to rally, and became more cheerful as the hour of his engagement approached, and the picture of the blushing happy actress erased, to a certain extent, that of the high-souled, agonized, and injured being he had left.

Seven o'clock beheld him quickening his pace to the door of Miss Melton's house. His hasty knock soon brought the domestic—he was just pushing in, when he was arrested by, "Beg pardon, sir, whom did you wish to see?"

"Why, Miss Melton, to be sure."

"You means young Miss Melton, of Drury Lane!"

"Yes, yes—what is the matter?"

"Please, sir, she's gone out of town."

"Gone out of town! what, any one dying?"

"Lor bless ye, sir; no, she went along with Major Delisp, of the 10th Dragoons."

"With whom? Woman—fiend!" shouted Frank.

"Please, sir, don't scream so; perhaps you'd better see Miss Melton as remains, the aunt, sir—poor soul, she takes on so. That Major Delisp, sir, I never liked him—lor, if he aint gone!" added she, as Frank rushed from the door like a madman. "Dear me, sure he's a little intoxicated—only to see how he staggers about;" and the abigail shut the door, as Frank sunk unobserved on a step, in the utter agony of self-accusing wretchedness.

The next morning Lord Belvoir and his daughter again sat at their breakfast table, but in a different mood to what had influenced their minds on the previous day. Lady Caroline had informed her father of Frank's rejection; the earl had been wounded to the quick—he dearly loved his child, and felt honorably indignant at the insult offered to her. At her earnest request, however, he had forborne to mention it further, to herself or any one else. Lady Belvoir was still pale, but calm and peaceful, and in silence the meal was being despatched, when Captain Stewart was announced. He entered the room hurriedly, and with a vain attempt to appear calm, glanced at Lady Belvoir, and then "requested a word alone with his lordship, immediately."

"You are not come to plead for your worthless friend, I hope!" said the earl, sternly.

"Alas! no, my lord; but I wish to speak with your lordship immediately."

"Captain Stewart," interrupted Lady Belvoir, "you have bad news, let us hear the worst at once—I am prepared," but her lip quivered with anxiety.

"Then, Lady Belvoir, my poor friend will never deed one to plead for him more."

"Is it even so? then am I indeed bereft," sobbed her ladyship, for the woman remained unsubdued, and she smothered, though unchanged affections of her soul, burst out in fuller force than ever. She wept abundantly. The earl was affected—for Frank had been an universal favorite.

"What was the immediate cause of his death, captain?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders with a shudder of horror—he thought unobserved by Lady Belvoir; but she had seen him, and she half raised herself from the sofa on which she had sank.

"He did not wilfully give up the life which only God may take!"

"It is too true, Lady Belvoir: that worthless woman, for whom he abandoned every thing, left town yesterday morning, the mistress of another man. Poor Frank ascertained the fact late last night. I saw him an

hour afterwards, as he stood on the steps of his own house—I hope never to see again such a countenance as his then was—utterly despairing. The last words he said to me were, 'Harry, if I had listened to principle, this would have been avoided, and I might have been happy—'tis too late now.' This morning, before any one was up, the house was alarmed by the report of a pistol—he had blown out his brains—but, good heavens! Lady Belvoir has fainted."

"My child, my child!" exclaimed the earl, as he leant over her lifeless form, and supported her head.

"Father!" she uttered almost inaudibly: —but let us draw the veil over this sad picture of domestic misery, and thus refrain from blazoning forth the dreadful results that too frequently ensue from a misplaced affection, which, like a sweet flower, pure in itself, withers and dies, because the soil on which it is planted is nothing but rottenness.

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## THE EXPIATION;

### OR, ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.*

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

The northeasterly wind had set in with a malicious perseverance, that could be likened to nothing more aptly than the oration of a scolding termagant, gathering strength by the mere exercise of her capabilities of blustering. It blew all the livelong day: some sails were taken in, and others blown out of the boltropes, and when night came on, we supposed that we should have a lull, upon the strength of which supposition the master took an extra glass and turned in early, and thus between stupidity and rum, found that lull in his cot, that was not to be found, either on deck, or in the heavens, or on the face of the waters.

The brig, as far as such a tub could be said to be trimmed at all, was in good trim. The lightness of her cargo was well rectified by the quantity of the ballast, and, so far, she had behaved well. I was very sick. If I repaired to the deck, I could not keep my footing, and below, the stench and the close air were nearly insupportable. These certainly are common-place miseries; but they were, from my previous habits, my punctilious cleanliness, and the delicate nurture of my previous life, actual agonies. About eight in the evening, my torments below became unendurable; for, in addition to the nauseous effluvia of the confined cabin, and the horrible creaking of the ship's timbers, I had to be irritated with the regular, loud, and sterterous snore of the brutalized Master Tomkins, who was sleeping in a sort of cupboard immediately adjoining the cabin, of which I was so miserable a tenant. To the sleepless, and those laboring under morbid nervous affections, I have understood the tick, tick, ticking of the death-watch, is a sensation that may be likened to the breaking of the wearied spirit slowly on the wheel; but which compared with the brutal and unintermitting grunting of my tormentor, must have really appeared music. Almost, for the first time in my life, my irritability was excited—a strange feeling of a want and a wish to destroy came over me. I contemplated, first with horror, and then with a grim satisfaction, the diabolical pleasure that the braining of the wretch would give me. I shuddered at my own thought, yet I cherished it, in spite of myself. I wondered at my own depravity—I quivered with agitation at this sudden insight into my own heart—wrathfully, and with shame, did I confess that I was a son of Adam and a brother of Cain. "Oh!" I exclaimed, as I tossed upon my restless bed, "if this panting to destroy is thus strong upon you, Ardent Troughton, from provocation so light, from an impulse so apparently causeless, what is the guarantee against the murderous hand, when injury tramples upon, insult, mocks you? There is a black coal smouldering with an unholy fire in your heart, quench it, and at once, or by it you will be consumed."

I flung myself from my lair, and humbled, ill, and wretched, I crawled upon the deck. The view there, and from thence, was disconsolate. The sea had increased with our distance from the land, and the ill-humor and sullenness of the mate, who had charge of the watch, had increased with the sea. The vessel was holding her course for the Straits of Gibraltar, with the gale on her larboard quarter, and with nothing set but her reefed forcsail and storm staysail. She was making rapid way, but the night was excessively dark, the cold extreme, and its bitterness much increased by the frozen, arrowy sleet, that drove aslant across the decks.

When I gained the deck, it must not be supposed that I was in the blandest frame of mind. As I made my appearance above the hatchway, I distinctly heard the man at the wheel say, with a contemptuous roll of his quid, "the long-shore dandy."

As I stumbled across the weather side of the little space, dignified by the high-sounding title of the quarter-deck, I came in contact, certainly not willingly on my part, with the surly mate. His name was Gavel. Yes, James Gavel, I remember was the name of this man with the unfortunate temper.

"Out of my way, sir," said he to me, pushing me aside with his arm.

"This to me?"

"Yes."

"You are rude, sir."

"I am doing my duty. You are in my way. On duty, if you were the king's son, and got in my way, I would send you out of it thus," and he thrust me over to leeward.

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* Continued from p. 239.

I staggered with the violent motion of the brig, and came with great force against the iron belaying pins, and was much hurt. I did not feel *that* pain then. The action of the mate could not be called a blow. It was a push—a something with which to put aside an obstruction. I glared upon my assaulter, and looked eagerly round for some weapon with which to avenge the insult. Even Bounder, the large Newfoundland dog, of whom I have made honorable mention, recent as was our acquaintance, sided with me. He placed himself in a hostile attitude before my person, as if to protect it from further injury, and growled defiance at my aggressor. This sudden action of the dog seemed to strike Gavel forcibly, and he exclaimed with a horrible oath, "Is every thing that breathes my enemy?"

I felt the infirmity of passion fast mastering me; but, remembering my horrible impulse in the cabin, with one mighty effort I subdued it. What a mystic entanglement of thoughts and feelings is the human mind! For no intentional injury or insult, I had just thirsted for blood, and now that both had been inflicted upon me, and that, in no measured degree, I thought only of vindicating my injured honor, and of simply chastising my insulter.

After the first burst of resentment had subsided, I made my way to Gavel, and placing my hand heavily upon his shoulder, I said to him slowly and distinctly, "You have grossly wronged me. You must apologize."

"See you d——d first."

"But indeed you must. Here, upon your own element, and on a planking on which I cannot even keep my footing—annoyed in mind, and dreadfully enfeebled by a sickness that is to you but a source of your derision, I am unable fairly to cope with you. Do not put, therefore, the assassin's thought into my head, for your sake and mine. Apologize—I even entreat you."

"Tell ye I wont. To a man as is a man, if so be as I have wronged him unlike a man, I am willing, heart and soul, to ask his pardon; but that I, a thorough seaman, should demean myself to beg pardon of a tooth-polishing, pomatum-swelling, white-handed thing of starch like yourself—no, not if you were standing over me with the stiletto at my bosom, that your d——d cowardly countrymen are so fond of using. Ask *your* pardon!—even if the point were in my heart, I would curse you, and with my last struggle spurn you. Ah! you are feeling for your knife or your dagger, are ye? Well, there is my broad chest, strike if you dare. I may as well die by the base hand of a mongrel Spaniard, as live the cursed life I now do; for I am sick, sick, sick of the world, and all that is in and upon it."

Notwithstanding the towering passion which the principal part of this speech had thrown me into, the last sentence of it was uttered with such a touching and deep tone of melancholy—a tone in complete contrast with his usual reckless and ferocious bearing—that I was suddenly checked in my intent of summary vengeance, though I hardly knew how that intent was to be worked out. Holding on, therefore, by the weather main rigging, I answered with a calmness that surprised myself. "Mr. Gavel, you refuse me justice because you hold me not to be a man, but as, in your acceptation of the term, something inferior to one. Your profession is not mine—nor your knowledge, nor your capability to bear hardship, nor your power of keeping footing in this terrible sea—all these, I repeat, are not mine. A man may want these, and yet have a nobleness of heart, a firmness of purpose, and a sublimity of true courage, which the uneducated cannot even comprehend. These qualities I do not, to any great degree, arrogate to myself; but I trust that I have enough of them to write myself as good a man as James Gavel, chief mate of my father's hired brig, the Jane."

"Prove it," said my adversary sullenly.

"I will prove it, when occasion offers itself—and when I have, you will confess your error—you will apologize. This is the first quarrel that I ever had upon my hands, I humbly beseech of Heaven it may be the last—it seems to be changing me into a demon."

"Well, you speak fairly, Mr. Troughton. Occasions enough will soon offer themselves. This is a doomed vessel. The death-fires were playing last night round the foretopmast head, a whole hour by the glass; and there was a strange animal seen forward by old Huggins, half fish, half hyena—it lives upon sailor's carcases, and knows better than the shark when fat corpses will be tumbling into the sea. Take that, you lubber," he continued, giving the man at the wheel a tremendous blow on the face, that covered it instantaneously with blood, at the same time seizing the spoke itself, and rapidly righting the course of the vessel—"take that, and learn to mind your trick at the wheel, and don't founder us before our time."

I was not altogether sorry for the chastisement, albeit it was so severe. The fellow was cowed in a moment, and without wiping the blood off his face, he resumed his office. In listening to the mate, he had neglected the steerage, and suffered the brig so far to broach to, as to bring the wind right abeam, and a deluging sea swept clean over her. As every thing was well secured, no other damage was sustained, than that arising from adding a salt water wetting to the fresh one that we were so patiently enduring.

"You think then, Mr. Gavel, that we are in danger?"

"Know it—not sorry—tired of the world. No preferment for a man as does his duty. Look at that beast, our skipper Tomkins—with his means I might be happy, and make my poor mother comfortable and happy too."

"But is he not reckoned a good seaman?"

"This is the exact case, sir; he is fit to

command this or any other vessel just two half hours in the four-and-twenty—those are the periods, just before he gets outrageously drunk. Before he has had a sufficient quantity to wind him up, he is as fearful as a hare, and as weak as a spoilt lady who lives upon green tea; when he has had too much, he is as rash and as reckless as a ruined gamester, with a wife and young family; and, excepting during the two half hours that I have mentioned, he is always either in one or other of these states. But, never mind, it's all one now—his green shroud is ready for him—he'll find it wide enough, I'm thinking—he'll shortly lie in a deeper grave than his father's."

"But why all these misgivings? You know that, as yet, I am a wretched sailor, or you should not have thrust me from you, as you did, with impunity. You'll have to answer for that yet. But why all these doubts of our safety? The vessel rolls, but she seems to be now in no more danger than she has been for the last eight-and-forty hours. Really, your dismal prognostications look like superstition."

"Do they? Well, call it what you like. The rats are much better judges of those matters than we—poor blind mortals that we are. This is an old craft, mark you, and was, erewhile, overrun with these black gentlemen with long tails and black whiskers. There was not a finer colony in any vessel in the Thames from London Bridge to the Nore light. Well, I'm blessed if I did not see them, the very night that you came on board, at Gravesend, walk down the chain cable, as leisurely and as orderly as if they had been soldiers at a parade, and take to the water in three divisions, some of the mothers and fathers taking the little ones in their teeth."

"Incredible!"

"True! One line swam on board the George Indiaman. She is a safe ship for this voyage. The owners and merchants, if they knew all, might have saved their insurances."

"Where did the other two divisions go?"

"I didn't watch. A good way down the river, I'm thinking. I should like to know myself—but I was so much taken up with the last of the train that left the brig. It was a large rat, grown gray with age. As he stood upon the last link of the chain cable, and just before he plunged into the water, he turned himself round very leisurely, and then shook his head at the craft, with quite as much gravity and wisdom as a judge upon the bench. I had a great mind to have flung a marling-spike at him, that I happened to have in my hand, only the hooker is not too well found in stores. Upon my soul, I had a great mind to have cut my stick, and walked off with them."

"So, you judge from this that we shall perish?"

"Certain: besides, we have a murderer on board."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed, my own vile thoughts in the cabin rising up in judgment against me. "This is a grave accusation, Mr. Gavel;—how know you this?"

"The deed may not yet be committed, but it is predestined; and the man that is to do it, or has already done it, is now in this condemned barky."

"But if, according to your ridiculous omens, the vessel is so soon to be lost, and this murder is not committed, there can be no murder at all, since we shall all share one common fate." I spoke this with a dreadful mistrust of myself.

"Mayhap it is, mayhap it ain't. If it t'ain't yet done, short as is our time, it will still be long enough to commit wickedness to plunge us all into hell. You yourself looked just now at me as if you longed to cut my throat, merely for pushing you out of my way. I dare say, that if just then you had had a knife in your hand, you would have clapped it between my ribs—you shudder.—Why, Master Troughton, what a trivial accident only intervened between you and murder!—you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

My cheeks burned with contrition at this reproof from the rough and sullen seaman, but still I was too proud to betray my feelings in words, and I coldly replied, "You will give me satisfaction for that outrage when you have proved me: it is a quarrel that we will suspend, yet not forget. In the mean time, let us act generously towards each other. I have already learned to esteem your sterling good qualities,—already I know that on you only, the salvation of this ship depends, if she may be saved: it is a pity that you should mar those good impressions by your ruffianly deportment."

"My ruffianly deportment, as you are pleased to call it, is neither here nor there. Concerning this matter, the craft is not to be saved, without, Jonas-like, we could pitch the murderer overboard. If he was struggling in that eddying whirl to leeward there, we might have fine weather and a quiet sea in an hour's time. I wish he was, from the bottom of my heart!"

"Mr. Gavel, you shock me! Are these the impressions of a Christian? It is meet that crime should be punished, but unmanly and unnatural to rejoice in the punishment; had I said diabolical, I should but have characterized the feeling too truly."

"Self-preservation, Master Troughton—but hark! there is a fresh hand at the bellows:—and, mark me, fair and delicate sir, how pitchy dark it is suddenly grown—you are not sea-sick now—no, fear has overcome it—lift up your head, and look over the bulwark if you dare, and then tell me what you see."

I obeyed fearfully; at first the intense violence of the wind nearly took away my breath, and the sleet almost blinded me; but shading my face partially with my hands, I was enabled to preserve my watching and look-out for a short space.

"Another hand at the wheel. Mind your

helm, my boy, mind your helm,—steady so —meet her, boys, meet her—she reels like a drunken man-o'-war's man on the Point. Well, Master Troughton, what have you seen?" he continued, turning to me, who had been fairly beaten off by the wind, and was now endeavoring to recover my breath as I crouched down beneath the weather bulwark.

"All above was black, black, black; the only light seemed to be emitted from the angry foam of the vexed waters, and the horizon marked by a pale, sickly streak of color, seemed fearfully near us, as if approaching to compass us in on every side. That pallid light, Gavel, from the hissing waves is very horrible to look upon."

"It is—but did you not see the corpse-lights dancing here and there, just where the opening gulfs of the waves look the blackest?"

"Describe them to me."

"Oh, they are nothing when one is used to them. They always appear to me as if, through the black depths of the unfathomable ocean, they were each lighting a condemned soul down to hell; and yet they are nothing but quivering little bits of sickly-looking blue flames, after all. They were dancing round the maintop-head last night—there—there," said he, seizing my arm with the grip of a Samson, "look at the fore rigging:—there they are! As sure as God is in heaven, the murderer is on board."

I gazed and shuddered. There were many small, wiry, and snaky streams of electric fire playing among the shrouds: though I knew that these proceeded from natural causes, I could not prevent the chill of superstition from creeping through my blood to my very heart; however, I mastered my fears as well as I could, and turning to the mate, said, "These blue flames, that you call corpse-lights, are nothing but indications that the atmosphere is overcharged with positive electric matter, attracted, no doubt, by the working of the wood and rope against the iron at the head of the foremast: instead of showing us that we have a murderer on board, it merely prognosticates that we shall have thunder and lightning."

"I know that too: but this comes of your book learning—you believe nothing—just like you all, with your philosophy. Why, you have philosophised away all the truths of the Bible already:—fie upon your natural causes—you will have every thing proved and nothing believed. Because thunder generally follows these corpse-lights, it is no rule that they do not indicate the presence of a murderer on board; and because the rainbow is produced merely by natural causes, it is no reason why it should not be regarded as a perpetually-recurring miracle, placed there as a sign by God himself to all men and to all nations, that water shall never again drown the world, though it is likely enough it will drown all of it that there is in this condemned barky. However, Jem Gavel, with the ruffianly deportment, will do his duty to the last, blow high blow low. I wish that foresail was off, but I doubt whether we have beef (*i. e.* men) enough to take it in, without splitting it to ribbons;—upon my soul, those corpse-lights are making a merry dance of it." No sooner had he uttered these words than a crash that seemed the very bursting of the heavens, accompanied by an intense and blinding light, threw us all into a state of momentary stupefaction. The maintopmast was shivered, and with its encumbering rigging fell over to leeward. The stupendous thunder-clap produced a sudden calm. Hitherto, the roaring of the winds had prevented my hearing the dull, monotonous, yet angry dashing of the waves; the whole surface of the sea seemed now suddenly imbued with the voice of countless multitudes, and the moaning came up from the face of the ocean near and far, like the groans of a sinful world from their graves on the awful day of resurrection. In dreadful contrast to this universal and harrowing clamor below, all was again dark and unnaturally still above.

"All hands up foresail—clear wreck!" shouted the mate. "Now's the time—oh, for half a dozen good hands—up—up!" but before the first man of the watch below had shown his shrinking head above the hatchway, the tempest renewed its fury with a redoubled vengeance, but from nearly an opposite quarter, throwing the foresail dead aback. In an instant the brig had terrific stern way, the wheel span round, and the man at the helm was very nearly tossed overboard by the shock, whilst the rudder was jammed hard the wrong way, which counteracted the effect that the backed foresail and the inclination of the foreyard would have naturally had to make her pay off to port. The mate and myself first flew to the wheel, but we could not move it. In less than a minute the dead lights of the cabin windows were driven in, the cabin filled with water, and Mr. Tomkins, our drunken master, was washed out of his cot, and up the companion hatchway in his shirt.

The wretch was despicable in his fears. He ran about helplessly wringing his hands, and beseeching God to forgive him. He made no effort, he gave no orders—no one regarded him. The vessel all this time going furiously astern. The water was now pouring into her from the cabin windows, and she was filling fast—no staying below for the skulkers. The cold waves washed them out of their hammocks.

"All hands forward," shouted Gavel, "we must cut away the foremast—it is our only chance. Quick, quick, my lads,—come along, Troughton. Shall we leave the bewildered sot to his fate?" pointing to the master. "The mast will fall upon and crush him."

"Who is the murderer in thought now, Gavel? No." So we hurried him with us on the forecastle. The mate seized an axe,

and a very large and active black fellow another. Gavel cut away at the fore, and the negro at the foretopmast stay, and, in less than half a minute the whole of her masts lay fore and aft upon the deck. The effect of this manœuvre was instantaneous. The brig heeled round immediately and presented her broadside to the wind, and thus our lives were, for the present, saved.

When we scrambled aft, to add to our misfortunes we found the rudder wrenched from the pintles, and, held on by the rudder chains, dashing about under the counter. After a few ineffectual attempts to secure it, it was cut adrift lest it should beat a hole in the vessel's side. "She is half full of water:—all hands to the pumps." I just gave one passing thought to my father's dry goods, and stripping to the waist, took my spell, and gloriously I worked. As we freed the vessel from the water rapidly, we had no reason to apprehend that we had sprung a leak. About midnight, there was only six inches in the pump well, and, as no immediate danger was threatened, Gavel came up to me and said with a grim courtesy, "Well, Master Troughton, I can't but say, that you have proved yourself a man to-night; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I am heartily sorry that I shoved you to leeward. I suppose that I must not offer my hand to a gentleman born like yourself, but I will say this, that I am heartily sorry that you ever embarked aboard this craft—for she is doomed. However, let me recommend you to go and turn in. The steward will help you to a dry suit; make yourself comfortable and your mind easy; for, depend upon it, we shall see how each other can meet death before many days are past and gone."

I took his advice, but not his proffered hand. I refused it from no motives of malice, but because my pride would not permit me yet to think that I had given any very great proofs of manliness. When I reached the cabin, I found the carpenter had just finished securing the dead-lights, and that the steward and the cabin boy had made my berth tolerably dry. The water that had rushed into the cabin when the brig had stern way had not penetrated into my trunks, so I easily contrived to get into a complete suit of dry clothes. My sea-sickness had entirely disappeared, and I was never troubled with it again.

The master had also dressed himself, and with great assiduity was again getting brutally drunk. To his maudlin intreaties for me to join him in his debasing debauch, I returned only a contemptuous refusal, and, breathing vengeance against me, and imprecating every thing possible and impossible, he was, in the space of a short half hour lifted into his cot in a state of the most beastly insensibility.

Before I went to sleep I made a vow, that if ever I reached Spain in safety, the Jane was the last vessel that Josiah Tomkins should ever command, though whether I would intercede for James Gavel, I had not yet made up my mind. I soon fell asleep, and, contrary to my expectation, I slept soundly, and I awoke late the next morning in health, and not only refreshed, but almost in good spirits.

It was nine o'clock before I again got on deck. The men were slowly and doggedly clearing away the wreck that lay all about the decks, and the surly mate was kicking and handspiking them with a savageness that immediately recalled the unfavorable impressions that his activity and gallantry of the preceding night had partly obliterated. However, I did not think myself justified in using any interference, for the crew, perhaps, deserved the castigations that were lavished upon them so unsparingly. To amuse myself, having cleared away the rubbish and the remnants of rope from a small space under the lee of the quarter-deck bulwark, I called my friend Bounder, the large Newfoundland dog, to me, and began to propitiate his good graces by commencing a hearty and rough game of romps. My overtures were most graciously received, and my tokens of friendship most warmly returned.

The weather had now settled into a steady and staggering gale (a connection of adjectives well understood) directly from the westward. We were completely at its mercy, and lay, as the seaman say, like a log upon the water. We had not a stick standing, with the exception of the bowsprit: yet all but the superstitious and sullen mate now entertained sanguine hopes that we should reach the port in safety. Indeed, with the exception of the gale and the wreck before us, every thing wore a cheerful aspect. We had been driven well south, and the day was genial, and the sun shining brightly out from an unclouded sky.

Notwithstanding the amenity of my disposition, I could not play with a dog for ever; and being really ennuyeed for want of occupation, I rose, and went to Mr. Gavel, and asked him, with a becoming humility, if he could not make me useful.

He repaid me by a stare of unsophisticated surprise, and then stammered out, "Willingly—most heartily; here, lend us a hand to unbend this sail—do it thus—come, we will work together, and you can thus learn to do it in a ship-shape fashion. There is the true heart of oak in your bosom after all; only, methinks that the tarry sinnet will soil those pretty long white fingers of yours. Well done—by the holy—that's the true Jack way. Why, the Lord love you, they should have made a sailor of you."

"Well, you see, Gavel, how agreeable I am willing to make myself—you're improving me fast—oblige me, and let me try to improve you."

"With all my heart; I'm perfect in nothing but seamanship."

"It is in seamanship that I wish to work the improvement."

"Well, that's good—what next? should like to hear, however."

"I want to teach you how to make the most

of the force, strength—I think you call it beef—that you have at your disposal—to get the most and the quickest work out of your very ragged and grumbling crew."

"And so I do, don't I! Look at the station-book: every man knows where to go and do his duty, if he would only be man enough, and do it."

"Pardon me, Mr. Gavel, they do not work for you willingly, therefore all the work is but imperfectly done."

"Know it—the nest of lubbers! God knows, that my tongue is tired with cursing, my hand sore with hiding them."

"The very thing that I deplore—do try fair means."

"My ruffianly deportment, hah! I understand you. But I should like to prove to you that you're quite wrong."

"No, let me prove to you that I am quite right. Neither curse nor strike any of them for the next half hour—point out the offender to me—let me speak to him. If you don't like my method, you need not adopt it, I only ask as a favor that you should see it tried."

"Very well, Master Troughton, I begin to like you—go to your work. Look at that lazy, grumbling rascal, that has just thrown down his serving mallet, not only idling himself, but hindering, with his damned lawyer's tongue, all around him from working."

I went up to him, and said a few words in a conciliatory and kind tone, and when I returned to my own labor alongside of the mate, to the utter surprise of the latter, he saw the recent offender working in silence, as if for his very life, and that cheerfully too. I had occasion to rise and address three other culprits, and with the same beneficial effects, before my half hour of delegated authority had expired. At first the mate was mute with astonishment, and then begged me either to give him my recipe for making men not worth their salt work like sailors, or else to keep my authority over them as long as we sailed together.

"It lies all in a nut-shell—*teach them self-respect*, by showing that *you can respect them*. O Gavel, do you think that there is anything that God created in his own likeness and in yours, that he meant to be knocked about, like the brutes that perish, by his fellow-man? Abuse, contumely, and blows, are not the greetings that one sinner should bestow upon another. Every one of those men that you have so inhumanly buffeted, and so impiously cursed, has, like yourself, an immortal soul. Then, for the sake of that glorious privilege that you share with them, respect it. Yes, I know what you would say, that they are debased beings—that some of them are radically vicious, and that all of them are desperately wicked. But believe me, in the very worst of us there is much that is good; in the very best of us, there is much that is bad. Let us, Gavel, work with the good that we find in them; and, depend upon it, you will find the bad that is in them rapidly decrease."

"Well, Master Troughton, you put this in a new light. I'll try your plan. Be near me as much as you can, to assist me when I am steering right, and to check me when I am in the wrong course. In payment for which, I'll undertake to make you a perfect seaman."

I agreed to the bargain, and the benefits were great and mutual. The gale continued unabated; our prospects were, in the first instance, to endeavor to make ourselves visible to some passing vessel, and thus to receive succor; and, if this failed, to depend upon our own resources when we had got up all our jury rigging. To effect the first, we had, even on the first day after the wreck, elevated a tall spar, which we lashed to the stump of the main-mast, and on which we displayed the ensign, union downwards. But some days had now elapsed, and we were rapidly increasing our distance from the shores of Europe, and with that our chance of rescue. On the eighth day of the gale, of our latitude, which was 31 deg. 50 min., we were well assured, from solar observations, but we had no idea at all of the westing that we had made.

The captain continued in a state of drunken stupor, equally avoided by the mate and myself. The men worked cheerfully, and on the ninth day we began to attempt to get jury lower-yards across. This was on the second of April 18—, and the next day we had shipped a make-shift rudder. During all this I had labored incessantly, under the directions of the mate, and thus imperfectly learned to rig a ship. I kept watch with him, I made myself as useful as I could in every department of a seaman's life, and thus gained invaluable knowledge. On the fifth of April the wind failed, the sea became smooth, and the weather delightful. At noon it was a perfect calm. Indeed, every thing seemed again to wear a smiling aspect. Even Mr. Tomkins, the master, felt the renovating influence of our changed condition, and kept himself sober the greatest part of the day, and was much on deck. He could not help expressing his admiration and astonishment at the improved condition and discipline of the crew. The men did their duty with alacrity and cheerfulness. Mr. Gavel, too, had ceased bullying, swearing, and striking. The lesson of the last fortnight had been to me invaluable. It had taught me how to make use of my resources, and the full value of the beauty of that science, known to none so perfectly as to sailors, and recognised by the humble title of "Make-shift."

We had now three days of perfect calm, during which our jury rigging was completed, even to the rattling down the lower rigging. I now went aloft, laid out on the yards, and soon acquired the art of reefing and furling. I also took lessons in navigation of the mate, and learned the use of the quadrant, the sextant, and the azimuth compass. Gavel smiled sorrowfully at the ardor with which I entered into all these pursuits—but said nothing whatever to repress it.

On the tenth of April a light breeze sprung up from the northward, when a consultation

was held by the skipper and mate, to which I was invited out of courtesy, to decide upon what course we should pursue. We had only shipped, when we left for England, six weeks' water and provisions—we had now been at sea nearly one month. Still there was no occasion for alarm. At length we decided to run farther to the south, with the present fair wind, into the latitude of the Canaries, and then westward, until we made the lofty peak of Teneriffe. We did so, and next day at noon, found ourselves in the exact latitude.

In this parallel we ran on for two days, and, making no land, we began to grow alarmed. On the third day it again fell calm, and the mate and a couple of old sailors began to surmise that we had got too far to the westward, and were now in those variable climes that are always met with before the regular trade winds are reached.

This disagreeable suspicion was too surely verified the next day, by the means of an imperfectly-taken lunar observation, made by the mate. Our situation again became alarming, and we found it necessary to put the crew upon half allowance. At this there was a good deal of murmuring, which Gavel, returning to his old system, wished to allay with the handspike. I overruled him, and, with his permission, calling them all aft, I in the first place threw the whole of my private provisions into the public stock, reserving to my sole use, for the present, my wine only, and then with a few calm and firm words, I reconciled them to the necessary privations, and was rewarded with a cheer for my exertions.

These unfortunate accidents were rapidly educating, and fitting me to act heareafter with decision in those trying and singular events with which it was my ill fate to struggle for so many years. We now kept the vessel's head eastward, endeavoring to make some one of the Canaries, but we had nothing but calms, intermixed with light and baffling winds. We made no progress on the ocean, though the progressive disappearance of our stores was rapid. I need not say that the mate, with whom I had entered into a strict alliance—friendship I will not call it—joined heartily with me in making his private stock common with that of the rest of the crew. He and I consulted together, and we now resolved to propose to the Master, Tomkins, to follow our example. I have shown how much I despised, I hated this man, but with a prudence, the remnant, perhaps, of the former quietism of my character, I had as yet refrained from coming to any thing approaching to a rupture with him. We debated for some time as to the most fitting time to make to him our disagreeable overture, but we soon found that this procrastination was useless. Latterly he had never been perfectly sober. So, at noon, we quietly walked into the cabin, and told him what was expected of him. His rage was ungovernable. He heaped upon us the most unlimited abuse, and accused Gavel of being the primary cause of all our disasters; and, finally, he shouted for the steward to bring his pistols, swearing that he would shoot us on the spot, as we were in the act of open mutiny.

Before we entered upon this conference, I made Gavel swear to me that he would command his temper. This he did, if preserving a sullen and ferocious silence can be called so; but who was to control mine? It was now Ardent Troughton who spoke. I hurled at him my impassioned vituperations, my ineffable scorn—I placed his character before him; I dwelt upon his drunkenness, his bestiality, his incapacity, his cowardice—I was carried away by the torrent of my fury. He first of all sate aghast, gazing at me with a drunken stupidity, but his eye began gradually to illumine, the muscles of his face to assume a stern rigidity, his countenance a demoniac expression, but he sat perfectly still, with the exception that he began to handle one of his pistols with his right hand, as if unintentionally and mechanically.

The steward, a venerable and respectable grey-headed man, alarmed by the appalling look of Tomkins, crept cautiously behind me, ever and anon peering over my shoulder at his baited and deadly-looking master. But I had not yet brought my philippic to a climax, and transported with indignation, and stamping violently on the deck, I thus concluded—"Degraded brute as you are, in the scale of creation, infinitely beneath the noble dog upon deck, if we did our duty to ourselves and to the crew, we ought to dispossess you immediately of the command, and thrust and lash you in the animal's kennel, that I tell you you would pollute—handle your pistol, coward! I scorn it and you—and then feed you with the offal of the meanest in the ship; and as sure as there is a God in heaven, if you do not hence-forward do your duty—if you do not share with us your hoarded stock of delicacies—if you do not keep yourself sober—I speak in the name of the crew, in the name of the owner, that has foolishly entrusted you with his rich merchandize—I speak in the name of my father, this thing we will do."

"You will, young mutineer!" was his quick reply. He lifted his pistol, and discharged it. I had my eye upon him, and leaped aside, and the ball entered the breast of the old man behind me. Ere Tomkins could reach the other weapon, Gavel and I flung ourselves upon him, threw him to the ground, and instantly bound him hand and foot.

"This is the murderer, then," said the mate to me, in a husky whisper; "we must give him the fate of Jonah, and thus save all our precious lives."

*(To be continued.)*

# A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.*

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"'Tis the most dreadful night-piece I ever saw!"

* * * *

"He composed himself with great tranquillity for half an hour, and was just falling asleep, when he started on a sudden,"

"This threw him into so great a ferment, that he jumped out of his bed."

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

"LET us," said Pedestres, turning to Clavileno, "let us take one peep at the cathedral, ere our growing eagerness to pace the rugged land of Taffy attract our knight-errantry to the mountains. What say you, sir, of the Woodenpeg?"

Clavileno made no answer: that was nothing: for, as "*silence gives consent*," Pedestres very well perceived in which course Clavileno's *penchant* lay. So, without another word, they both went to the cathedral.

The dark and venerable western front, studded with statues, stood over them in grave and frowning majesty as they entered. The lofty and groined roof within curled over their heads like the stately branches of the beech that sweeps across from opposite sides of an aged avenue, and mutually, in the middle, mingle their lengthened arms in indistinguishable intricacy. There is something solemn in entering a cathedral: Pedestres felt it to-day. Their foot-steps echoed as they walked down the nave; and the spacious building multiplied the few sounds to such a degree, that it was difficult to imagine otherwise than that hundreds were pacing around them, although invisible. The clustered columns springing from the pavement, shot through a darkened atmosphere to a misty and grey-tinted elevation. The grotesque figures that adorned the capitals so far above them, seemed to gnash their teeth, and roll their huge eye-balls upon the worldly intruders below, in token of rage and impatience; whilst a solitary sunbeam found entrance through an upper painted window, and shooting across the gloom in a vivid streak, gilded up the elaborate tracery of the oaken screen. The effect was heightened past description, when the full-bodied and melodious tones of the organ suddenly broke forth, and were allowed to wander at liberty through the many aisles and recesses of the spacious fabric. The high and rapid notes of the treble warbled like the nightingale when she addresses the moon; and a pensive listener would have willingly fancied the similitude stronger, by the circumstance of the dim twilight that surrounded him, as he eagerly caught every sound. The deep bass, rumbling in the sweetest accord with the more shrill twittering of the upper octaves, seemed to possess the substance of a cloud of harmony, and to roll in *globules* from one vaulted ceiling to another—through arch succeeding arch—until it gradually died away exhausted, like the receding hollow sounds of a distant peel of thunder, or a discharge of large artillery. It was sweet indeed.

"That man had sixteen wives, sir," said the guide, pointing with a staff to a monument in the south transept.

"Pish!" exclaimed Pedestres hastily; his reverie, which had arisen from the feature of solemnity that reigned on all sides of him, being suddenly broken by the presence of sixteen wives. "How this calls one home to humanity," he thought within himself.

"And he who lies there, sir, had none at all," continued the guide.

"Bah! man, dost thou not hear the organ pouring forth again?"

"Would you like to listen?" inquired the man with an astonished air: "and this is the tomb of Leofricus, the first and very famous Bishop of Exeter; who was translated from Crediton, by Edward the Con——"

"A heavenly chord that!" exclaimed Pedestres in a rapture.

"fessor, sir," continued the man, nothing interrupted. "That prince Edward was the most scrupulous and holy man that, I suppose, ever carried a sceptre over his shoulder like a cudgel. Why, sir," he said, drawing nearer, and lowering his voice mysteriously, "he married a very beautiful wife, and do you know he never——"

"Hish!" again exclaimed Pedestres, very well aware of what was coming. "Perhaps, amid all your knowledge touching this cathedral, you may be able—let us walk down this aisle—you may be able to tell me who laid the first stone of this edifice?"

"Neither I, nor any man can answer you that question, sir, replied the cicerone; "the precise date of its foundation is buried in the grave of antiquity. And no mattock or crowbar, such as I would employ to delve into any of the tombs that lie scattered around us, dig up even the bones of the true answer that you require."

Pedestres had accidentally wound up his guide, by inadvertently touching the key to the history of the building they were in: so that, like a piece of clock-work, he set off through a systematic routine of historical events, until he was run down. "King Athelstan," he therefore continued, "erected a house of Benedictine Monks on, or near the site of the Virgin Mary's Chapel: but this must have been destroyed at the total subversion of the city by Sweyn the Dane. It is most probable the present structure was begun soon after the removal of the episcopal chair, from Crediton to Exeter, by Edward the Confessor, the holy prince of whom I was going to speak to your honor just now, but you wouldn't let me. When he installed——"

* Continued from page 226.

"The sweetest organ I ever heard!" interrupting him.

"When, sir, he installed Leofricus in this see, he pronounced these ancient words—*very* ancient words, sir——"

("I suppose they were not words of the nineteenth century," said Pedestres, in a parenthesis.)

"These ancient words, sir:—'I, kynge Edward, takynge Leofrike bye the ryghte haunde, and Edythe, my queene, bye the lefte; doe installe hym the fiyrste and moste famous byshoppe of Exon, wythe a greate desyre of aboundance of blessynge to all such as shall furder and encrease the same; but wythe a fearful and execrable curse on all such as shalle diminishe, or take any thynge from it.' But, sir, this cathedral was not, as it has been learnedly expressed—*opus unius seculi.* (Pedestres looked at the man.) No, sir, we are told by Mr. Isaac, that it was 437 years in building."

"Its varied architecture," said Pedestres, and Clavileno, did not deny it, "is an incontestible proof that it is not the offspring of one century—or half o'dozen."

"True, sir, true," replied the other; "but the greater part of what we now look on, emanated from the bounty of Peter Quivill, about the year of our blessed Lord, 1288, with the exception of the two great towers. They, we are told, are the only remains of the fabric, that, before Quivill's time, was built by Bishop Warlewest. John Grandison, the seventeenth bishop, completed the choir, and rebuilt the nave: and when your youthful honor, and your honor's walking-stick, came in at the west doorway—(Clavileno stamped on the pavement at this)—you passed a small chapel on your right, which goes by the name of 'Bishop Grandison's Chapel:' and which, in 1369, became his last resting place."

"This recess we are near," said Pedestres, taking up the conversation, "should be the corner, that, like a conservatory, has contained that evergreen—that never-fading blossom—that blooming flower of a century?"

"You may well say, '*should be* the corner;' for her radiance no longer brightens the surrounding walls."

"Ah! what?" exclaimed Pedestres in astonishment; "how is this? let me look closer?"

"Your honor may go into the corner, but you will find nothing—she is gone—she is covered with the dust from whence she came."

"Good heavens!" rejoined Pedestres in great agitation! "why who—why how—which—where—when—what have they done with her? Tell me, I entreat, I command you!"

The guide smiled.

"The lady has returned to the dust from whence she came, as I told you."

"What sacrilegious hand hath been here then? What discourteous knight hath violated and assaulted the sex he is bound to defend and protect by all the oaths, the most sacred and most obligatory that it is possible for a man to enrol himself under? Religion—word—honor—chivalry—Oh! great are the wrongs ye have suffered!"

"Your honor may as well spare yourself the trouble of apostrophizing."

"Tell me who did it—and how it was done—and when it was done—and——"

"Her wasn't no use, sir," said the man dryly.

"No use! no use! yes, every thing is of use!"

"So far she was of use, sir—she might have brought one or two visitors in the year to see the cathedral; but many there are who come here, would rather turn the other way, than look into a coffin standing up-on-end."

"You know nothing about it man," said Pedestres warmly; "you are no true knight—"

"I was here one night, sir, standing by her coffin about midnight—I never shall forget it—I fancy I hear the bones of the skeleton creaking and dangling against the hollow sides of the upright coffin at this minute—'twas so dismal. I had forgotten to shut yonder window after evening service, and went home to my bed, leaving it in that state. But, as the great bell struck twelve, I started out of my sleep, and thought on the window I had left open. I couldn't rest—I couldn't sleeep—I couldn't lie in my bed, till I had come here to shut it, and see that it was safe. I threw a cloak over me, without taking off my nightcap; and hastened through the south aisle to the window, dressed in that fashion—but 'twas no matter what I had on at that time o'night I trow. When I got to Saint Gabriel's Chapel, where we now stand, I thought I heard somebody close behind me—'twas enough to try the stoutest man—my heart jumped into my mouth, sir——"

"Did you swallow it again?" inquired Pedestres, feelingly.

"I don't know, sir, I was in such a fluster—I trembled like a sinner——"

"Happy simily!"

"But I think the best man in the varsel world would have wished himself elsewhere at such a moment. The farthing candle that I held in my hand seemed to light only those monuments that I passed close to, as I hurried across the cold pavement; and the figures carved on the tombs that were a few yards off appeared to follow me through the obscurity with their eyes. A man feels ready to take everything for a ghost when he walks among the dead at midnight; and there are many tales going, about spectres and phantoms that haunt the old walls, and stalk along the battlements on the roof when all well-disposed folks ought to be a-bed. Well, sir, when I got here, I thought I heard somebody so close to my heels, that I expected to be either knocked down by a being of this world, or griped round the waist by a spirit o' some other. But, sir," he added with an air of self-satisfaction, "when I think of it I am sometimes astonished at my own courage and presence of mind, that I displayed, when it was the thing I so much needed. I stood

still, and after about three seconds—and not before—I was able to turn round and look back. There was nothing to be seen; I listened—there was nothing to be heard of living man. It was a boisterous night towards the latter end of November; and the tempest howled through the loop-holes in the southern staircase, and that rusty iron chain you may see hanging from the roof, swung to and fro, and grated like a screech-owl. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'it is that dismal sound that I heard just now,'—and the lattice of the casement I had come to shut flapped in the raging storm. It was awful, sir. Whilst I stood on this spot, close to the coffin containing the old skeleton of the woman who murdered her infant, a gust of wind swept across the aisle from the window, and whisked round in the corner like a whirlwind. The lid of the upright coffin resembled the door of a cupboard, as you know, for you have seen it, and was hung on two hinges, though the lower one had some time been broken. The sudden puff drove open the decayed door, and slammed it violently back beyond the strength of the hinge to withstand. I thought the skeleton had burst it open, and was now coming after me—but I had no time to reflect. The lid came rattling about my ears, making, as I fancied, the most unearthly noise, and fell with the weight of a grave-stone on my right arm, which held the candle. I would have offered up a final prayer had I been able,—but how could I just then? I might as well have attempted to have looked into the coffin itself as to have spoken a syllable, when this happened. The lid nearly shattered my trembling arm, and knocked the candle away out of my hand,—I know not whither—for I have never seen it again from that day to this. Never was a poor man in such a situation. I was in total darkness, beset on all sides by the flitting and unsubstantial ghosts of the dead. This was too much for the living. I set off to run, as if a legion of spirits had been behind me, with the evil one at the head of them."

"Are you sure he was not there?"

"I suppose, sir, he would scarcely venture to enter such a holy place as a cathedral. But I pictured the worst that a terrified man could imagine, and therefore ran accordingly. I got safe up this aisle, and through the great door at the end of it, and then ran faster than before, because I thought I knew the building well, and could find my way as well in the dark as the light, particularly when I got to the broader aisle of the nave. But when I had passed about half way through it towards the western door, I must, some how or other, have turned aside and got out of my direction without knowing it. There is a large tomb, with two recumbent figures resting on the slab that crowns the pedestal, as it were, standing about five feet high; and this tomb is placed at the base of one of the tall clustered columns of the nave."

"Ah, I know it," said Pedestres.

"Well, sir, I ran full butt against this curs—— (I was going to say a naughty word)—against this misplaced monument, and knocked myself to the pavement senseless. This was a piteous adventure."

"I'faith, it is well we meet not with such every night: but how did the frolic terminate? how long did you lie there?"

"Verily, sir, it must have been many a long hour," resumed the guide, "for the day had broke when I came to my senses and opened my wondering eyes. At first I could not but think myself in a dream, and it was many minutes ere I could rouse my delirious wits and stand on my feet. Then, indeed, my condition was a sad reality."

"I would have given a trifle just to have peeped in upon you at that moment."

"These tales are all very well to banter at when they are safely past and gone; but there is no mirth in the acting of them."

"You may say that," answered his auditor, who enjoyed the joke. "The best tales to tell are generally the worst to enact."

"But it did not end here, sir," rejoined the man. "Let me crave your patience a space longer, for I think my exploits in returning home were worse than all, because they were done in the public streets."

"Glorious!" exclaimed Pedestres, quite involuntarily.

"I thought there was nothing glorious in it," returned the speaker drily. "I had only a night-cap and cloak, as I mentioned, and under this latter a shirt, that barely descended as low as my knees, whilst my unhosed legs were a prey to the idle winds, and my feet were carelessly thrust into the toes of two odd slippers. On perceiving daylight, consider my reflections. The day had dawned for an hour, and it was perfectly light when I recovered, although the gloom of the cathedral, and the obscurity that reigned within very much deceived me in this. It was much lighter, of course, without; the artisans and trades-people were already up and going to their work, and I found I had no other alternative, in order to regain my home, than to run boldly through the streets in the very face of life, light, and business. The mere thought of this galled me sorely: but I set off to run like a mad dog, and it were well if I had not run so fast and rashly. I believe I was mad at the time;—I know I must have been so. But what could I do? I could not stay here in the building; I could not think of hiding myself all day in some dreary hole or tomb—cold, without covering, without food—and truly, in such a state of thought and reflection as would have rendered everything else ten times more bitter. One would have imagined that my race the night before through the south aisle, and the well nigh spilling o' my brains against the monument, would have been the wholesome and dearly-bought experience to keep me wisely in the right path in future, and, moreover, to maintain that path with discretion; but, sir, it was quite otherwise. Instead of making me sober and cautious, as I ought to have been then, it only rendered me desperate and furious in the act of hurrying back to my own house.

"The people seeing such a strange creature as I was running through the streets, said at once it was a madman, an escaped felon, or a flying thief. Some cried out, 'Catch him, catch him, and send him to Bedlam!' some hooted after him, and said, 'Seize him, seize the villain, he has broken out of jail—lay hold of him there!' and others shouted, 'Stop thief!' But I ran, sir, as if there had been ten thousand more devils at my heels at that moment, than I fancied there had been behind me the night before. Devils—infernal devils, there is no doubt but they were,—devils more to be dreaded than those harmless spirits I pictured so frightfully to myself in the cathedral, whose only terror consisted in the wild state of my own imagination. Thus I flew like the wind from one street to another, until I thought I should have died from exhaustion and want of breath; but was still able to keep at the head of a tag-rag and bob-tail rabble, that hooted, shouted, roared, yelled, and pelted as if Old Harry himself had broken loose. John Gilpin was a joke—a fool to me.

"Fortunate it was, my home was now at hand; but before I could get there the greatest trouble of all came upon me like a thunder-bolt."

"An admirable climax, indeed!" interposed Pedestres.

"Ay, sir, but it was sad past telling. There had been rain in the night: the pavement was muddy, and possessing that gluey consistency peculiar to the mud of all large cities. My slippers were loose, and a great impediment to swiftness; this and the dirt I think I could have contended against, had that been everything; but in an evil moment all my rapidity, all my haste, all my hopes, and all my rising inward gratulation of feeling near the end of my career, received such an unforeseen stroke, that I was hurled to the abyss of misery in an instant. One unfortunate corner of my flying cloak hung lower on my ancles than it ought to have done, and I, in my haste, took no note of it; but by degrees it fell so low as to get under my feet. I stepped upon this unhappy end, and like lightning I toppled headlong, face and hands, slap-dash upon the stones! Can you imagine it, sir?"

Pedestres burst into a roar.

"Oh, sir, to tell you the tale is nothing—I never can speak what I felt. The mob at my heels thus seeing their game come down, set up a yell more horrible and uproarious than the piercing war-cry of the Indians; and they, either unwilling or unable to stop, for I know not which, rushed over me like a torrent. Never was a poor man so beset! I was nearly crushed to a barbarous death by their weight, and trampled to pieces by their heavy and hob-nailed shoes. They continued to run over me for about ten minutes, as if I had been one of the flags of the pavement; and then finding they had overshot that which they pursued, they hurried back and formed themselves into a large circle around me, thereby adding one of the bitterest torments I had endured. I was covered with mud, bruised, battered, and breathless. I could have cried like a child, had it done me any good. Hundreds stood on all sides glorying in the exploit: the noise they made was dreadful and brutal—to me at any rate. I was vexed, angry, provoked, ashamed, enraged, and would have given the value of a thousand sexton's fees, had I but had the power to have sunk into the earth and concealed myself. I could have burst into tears like an infant, but the mob closed round me, and I rose to run once more. In forcing, or rather, fighting, my way through them, I lost both my mantle and my slippers; so that I was obliged to hurry barefoot on the stones, with nothing to cover me save a shirt that descended not to my knees.

"Thus I got home; where I found my wife wondering at my absence, and now indeed wondering at my presence; and suffering nearly as much in her way as I did in mine."

Here succeeded a deep pause; and Pedestres knew not whether to laugh outright, or don the garb of supreme sympathy; but with much feeling and consideration, he took the latter course, and at the same time assuming a great air of mock philosophy, "Remember, man," said he, turning to his guide, "remember, O sinful man, that we are born to trouble and vexation:—we come into this world giving sorrow and pain, and while we are yet babes wrapped in swaddling clothes, we weep—we shed bitter tears of affliction, long—long ere we are able to say what ails us, or what causes our sorrow: nay, I may add—long ere *we ourselves know the reason* of our infant grief."

"I confess it, sir: and a pity 'tis, we cannot cry away all our troubles in our childhood."

"Every man," continued Pedestres, with gravity—"every man has to live under his load—"

"So I thought, sir," said the man, interrupting him, "when the mob was running over me—only I thought I should have died then."

"Bear in mind, that through the whole length of your race of—"

"I never ran such a race in my life, sir, as I did that night."

Pedestres felt his *sphincter oris* giving way to a risible influence: but he instantly recalled his solemnity and tried again.

"We are all to endure our share of vexation and sorrow—"

"Then, sir, I think my share was like Benjamin's—it was five times as large as the share of any body else. If a man were to suffer crosses in life commensurate with his sins—or rather, sir, if one's sins were always equal to one's troubles, then Heaven have mercy on me, say I, had I been trampled o'er the threshold of death's door by the mob!"

"Your backslidings—"

"Nay, sir, I slipped forward when I fell with my face and hands all along the pavement."

"Your stiff-neckedness—" (trying another *façon de parler.*)

"True, sir, true: my neck was so painful with the bruises and cold wind o' the night, that for a month afterwards, I was unable to turn my head, had it been ever so."

"Your spiritual blindness—"

"No, sir, I neither saw nor tasted a drop o' spirits all that blessed night, as the saying is, though I could say any thing but blessed; and I think a drop o' summut short would a' done me a power o' good when I came to my senses under the monument."

Pedestres could endure this no longer: he stamped Clavileno's one leg violently down on the broad flags, and turned on his heel towards the west door. "Confound you, for a most egregious fool!" cried he, partly to himself, yet in a tone somewhat above a whisper: "and I myself am no better for staying here, tumbling my brains over to seek modes, expressions, and idioms that should meet the comprehension of thy obdurate scull." He gave a hasty glance at the empty corner where had stood the woman—"Ah, chivalry, thou faded blossom!" exclaimed he—"but I'll be gone—I will not stay. My patience has fled like a captive I would still have kept within bounds—my time has been wasted by unnecessary speech, and my knight-errantry has been shocked and sneered at."

One of the vergers of the cathedral beckoned to the man, thereby leaving Pedestres again free to his own thoughts. They unconsciously wandered back to the subject of violated chivalry, and the removal of the injured fair.

"Is it possible," thought he to himself, as he walked across the spacious nave; "can it be possible, that things are come to such a pass as this! Oh, thou spirit of knighthood, valor, and all that appertains thereunto—Oh, whither—oh, to what unknown and inauspicious regions hast thou fled? It has been said by sages and by historians, that knight-errantry and civilization go never hand in hand: that chivalry, five centuries past, doled to a barbarous world that protection and safety to its unprotected inhabitants, which is now, in the days of the present years, shed and dispersed to them, by the sweeter and more benign influences of wholesome laws, civilized hearts, cultivated intellects, and refinement. Every one in these golden ages is secure—every one protected—every one free—and every one equally defended by just and equitable statutes. But how then has this Queen of Love and Beauty fared? This lady, 'paper white,' as the poet hath it, who would have graced the highest gallery on the list of the ancient tournament, where valiant deeds of valiant knights were repaid by radiant favors shed by radiant flowers—and when, in fierce encounters, deadly pointed lances were shivered to atoms in the cause, and for the sakes, of the fair ancestors, of perhaps this unfortunate daughter, whose fate I so chivalrously deplore. My long acquaintance with her had, it is not impossible, engendered within my anxious breast, a warmer and, I fear, more imprudent influence than discretion suggested; the force and height of which I never knew, until the object towards which it tended, was withdrawn. But when did discretion ever find entrance into the throbbing bosom of a lover? (Pedestres shook his head.) There was no plausible reason that I can discern, that would have authorized any man to deprive her of a prerogative she had obtained by time. Her long abode there entitled her to a longer: and her claims to remain may have approached to a right. She was the most inoffensive creature that a boisterous world ever contended with: retired, modest, secluded, and unpresuming.

"I think Milton must have mistaken Eve for her, when he wrote thus—

> "Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
> *The more desirable.*"

"Mark—'*the more desirable.*'

"I have looked at her often—I have seen others do so: yet I never so much as saw her raise her eyes from the ground. But she is gone—why need I lament? The world has been deprived of one of its blessings. Have not the eyes of multitudes gazed on her with wonder and astonishment? but she is gone—she has been snatched away! Yet many an audacious lover has eloped with the fair object that has delighted the dazzled eyes of hundreds—ay, thousands. This case, then, is not without parallel; but is this reflection a soothing consolation? Alas, no—*no*—no!"

Pedestres at this moment passed under the arch of the west doorway, and proceeded across the cathedral yard.

"It was unfair—it *was* unfair," he continued within himself, in spite of the numbers through which he threaded his way, and who much tended towards the dissipation of his praiseworthy meditations; "it *was* unfair, because she could not vindicate herself—she could not plead her own cause—she had no tongue. What, what's that? what did I say? no tongue! a woman without a tongue? *without a tongue*, did I say so? could I have said so? Yes, yes—'tis true—it is even so, though this is not the *annus mirabilis* of Dean Swift. But it was not manly; no, it was mean," he resumed, recalling his composure; "she was unable to defend herself: the natural weakness of her sex—how could she? and she, in sooth, the weakest of the weak: the inherent delicacy and want of nerve peculiar to all of her soft kind—and she, poor thing, had but very few nerves. Besides it was extremely ungallant and ungenerous: it was done by those who ought to have defended the weaker vessel—they took an undue advantage over her. Heavens! is this a reality, that is almost too much for imagination? What are the blossoms of the fairest of creation to do when the world comes to this? Yet this is the age of civilization, and, therefore, not the age of chivalry, because sages tell us that the two never go hand in hand! Yea, it is indeed *not* the age of chivalry. What will become of them when their destined and natural pro-

tectors, not only neglect, but rise in arms against them?

"'Ah me,' I have no doubt but she sighed through her old dry bones—for she *must* have soliloquized on the occasion;—'ah me! where are the days of chivalry? where are the roaming knights with whom the land teemed in days of yore? they, who were always ready to raise the buckler and couch the lance, when the cry of distress met their ever-listening ears? whose sole profession it was, to defend the abandoned and lovely—to feed the hungry—(I am sure I am empty enough)—to clothe the naked—(alas, look at my limbs!)—to fatten the thin—are these the defenders of the unfortunate? the strengtheners of the weak? the succorers of the helpless? the aiders of the forlorn? or the comforters of the wretched?'"

Just as Pedestres had finished his quotation from the imaginary speech of the lady, he most unwittingly stepped on the end of the curled tail of a pug-dog, that lay asleep in the sun. There was a most piteous howl set up for a second or two, which disturbed Pedestres' revery to a painful degree. Vexation, sorrow, (mingled with remorse,) and sympathy towards the offended extremity of the cur, now claimed his undivided attention for a few minutes. The injured party, however, soon lost the poignant twitchings of the agony—appeared more composed—and, turning round three times in order to discover the most comfortable posture for another nap, again took up his quarters by laying them down.

Pedestres' walked on, and shortly found himself in the bustle of High Street; but he unconsciously set himself to cull and collect his affrighted thoughts, that had been scattered from his possession as if they had been husks and chaff before the driving tempest.

"Numerous and sturdy knights," he continued, "lay all round the fair creature at the very moment of this foul play; yea, at the very time of her distress: it was enough to have called them from their graves: but yet, I suppose, they were as weak and empty as herself. She had so much to boast of—such attributes—(not that she would ever boast of them *herself*)—that I wonder she had not more friends and defenders: a more permanent flower never blew; the roses on her cheeks, and the cherries of her lips, glowed with as dazzling a vermillion to her last day, as they had done a hundred summers before: and her fair forehead and neck were as white as ivory. But why need I ponder over all this? 'tis vain—'tis enough, 'tis enough. She was as blooming when she was buried as she was a whole century before: *what lady can say this of herself?*"

(*To be continued.*)

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# THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.*

## WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

Aston's father was a waterman upon the river Thames, but dying suddenly, left his son an orphan, who, although at the time an apprentice, was pressed and sent to sea; where, the first day he was placed on board a man-of-war, he was started to compel him to go up aloft. Indignant and enraged at his cruel treatment, he turned round and struck the man who was belaying him with a rope's end, upon which the fellow took up a marling-spike, and gave Aston a tremendous blow upon the head, which fractured his skull, and left him for dead. Two days afterwards he was sent on shore to the hospital, from whence, after lying five months, he was discharged with a depression in his head, in which, after his hair was removed, the raised part of a penny bun might be laid. On his discharge he could obtain no remuneration for the usage he had received, and was told if he was not quiet he would be taken up and tried by a court-martial for mutiny, when he must expect to be hanged or flogged through the fleet. Finding that he had no redress from those who tax us for the protection of our persons and property, and that they were the very parties who had inflicted the injuries he had received, he fell into a melancholy state, and was supported in the workhouse for twelve months; but one day a friend of his father's calling to see him, he all of a sudden became lively and excited, and shortly afterwards left the place to seek for employment. The subsequent history of his life is soon told; about one moiety of his time was spent in the most senseless, mad excitement, the least freedom with the glass depriving him of his senses; while, at intervals, he fell into periods of melancholy and depression, which brought on the most horrible feelings of despair and distress of mind. In this state he was picked up by an acquaintance of mine, who was the most famous man upon the town for putting away his palls; he was called Long Tom, not because he was tall, but in consequence of his great length of run in the career of crime. In this man's hands Aston was about three years, alternately following and abandoning the professions of ramping and house-breaking,

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* Continued from p. 242.

at all times being either in a state of raving or melancholy madness. The only wonder is, that he should have had so long a run, seeing that he never was a sane man; but I have often observed, that those who embark in desperate undertakings, when they go about them recklessly, generally succeed the best; and I believe Aston never cared or thought of consequences after the sailor gave him the blow with the marling-spike. Now I am old, and see things through a reflective mind, I consider this man's case among one of the judicial murders which were committed in my time.

"'The king of men his rev'rend priest defied,
And for the king's offence the people died."

When I consider the principle of our press laws, and their effect upon society, I have no hesitation in declaring that the government have occasioned full one half of the crimes which have been committed in my time. When honest, unoffending, and industrious men, are dragged from wife and children without a moment's notice to prepare, or for the father to solicit a brother to give them some attention in his absence, what can be expected of the family left behind? The mother becomes mad, or nearly so, from distress and desperation; the sons, if old enough for reflection, despise and contemn the laws which first rob them and their mother of sppport, and then denounce death upon the widows and orphans they have made such, if distress urges them to commit a petty offence to preserve themselves from starving: the daughters and younger sons, having no control or superintending authority over them, take to the streets, and lay the foundation for a new race of vagabonds. This began with the war; forty years have shown the result of the system, but the end is not yet come; for every father the rulers stole, they left three individuals behind to become criminal, and to propagate and increase a like race, which must ever continue to annoy and harass the peaceful and respectable members of the community.* The errors of a bad government are sure to be apparent in the end, but then it is the people who suffer: in no instance has this been more conspicuous than in the impressment of men for the service of the navy. When I was a boy about the town, I had upwards of fifty acquaintances in my own walk among the sneaks, whose fathers had been pressed and carried off to be placed at the cannon's mouth against their will; while the government, regardless of consequences or any principles of justice, left their children to starve in the streets. The busy, thoughtless world, think triflingly of these matters, looking only on the fair side of the question—the splendid victories our brave abused brethren have achieved. O man! man! what a monster of hypocrisy thou art! Sending thy bishops and ministers of the gospel to preach to the people the benevolence of Christianity in the morning, and in the evening of the same day (the Sabbath) sending these ruffians into the streets with cutlass and pistols to rob the mother and the child of all they possess in the world. Freedom, we are told, cannot reign without them; but the practice of impressment sets the example of lawlessness, it disorders the whole mechanism of society. The legislators are the greatest criminals: they, through their agents, both rob and murder, and still worse, they cause a very large number of those whom it is their duty to protect and educate for virtuous purposes, to do the same—they execute men one hour for a comparatively minor offence, and the next commit the greatest of crimes themselves—for surely no offence can exceed the stealing a father, on whichever side of the question we view it; whether we consider his own rights, or those of his family, it stands the foulest and most heinous in the list of crimes; although it be not to be found in the Old Bailey session papers, where those who patronize the system, if they had their deserts, would figure with heavy sentences affixed to their names.

I have said thus much on this subject, because I believe our legislators are as ignorant upon the mischievous effects of impressment, as they are upon many others which vitally affect the common weal, and the interests of society. In what they call general legislative principles, they lose sight of causes, which operating continuously, although slowly, bring about practical effects, which set all their theoretical laws at defiance. Whilst they are busily engaged in storming a fort, a mine is sprung under their feet, which no human ingenuity or power can prevent from taking effect. They break the statute laws of God by killing men merely for theft—they defile the land with blood upon trifling occasions—they make laws for the good regulation of society, and are the first to break through all laws human and divine. That the heads of the government have committed crimes of the deepest dye under the impressment system, is well known to me, but I have not room for the insertion of cases. The following, however, which is already embodied for me in a speech made in the Parliament House, is too striking to pass unnoticed. Mr. Meredith said: "Under this act one Mary Jones was executed, which I shall just mention. It was at the time when press-warrants were executed, on the alarm about Falkland Islands. The woman's husband was pressed, their goods seized for some debt of his, and she, with two small children, turned a-begging. It is a circumstance not to be forgotten, that she was very young, (under nineteen,) and most remarkably handsome. She went to a linen-draper's shop, took some coarse linen off the

* Jack Ketch must hang by his own opinions. The editor had some intention of cutting out this rhapsody, but it is a pity not to let the suspender have his swing.

counter, and slipped it under her cloak; the shopman saw her, and she laid it down: for this she was hanged. Her defence was:—'That she lived in credit, and wanted for nothing, till a press-gang came and stole her husband from her; but since then, she had no bed to lie on—nothing to give her children to eat—and they were almost naked; and perhaps she might have done wrong, for she hardly knew what she did.' The parish officers testified the truth of this story; but it seems there had been a good deal of shop-lifting about Ludgate. An example was thought necessary; and this woman was hanged for the satisfaction of some shop-keepers about Ludgate Street. When brought to receive sentence, she behaved in such a frantic manner, as proved her mind to be distracted; and the child was sucking at her breast when she set out for Tyburn.

"Let us reflect a little on this woman's fate. The poet says, 'an honest man's the noblest work of God.' He might have said, with equal truth, that a beauteous woman is the noblest work of God. And for what cause is God's creation robbed of this, its noblest work? It was for no injury; but for a mere attempt to clothe two naked children by unlawful means. Compare this with what the law did. The state bereaved the woman of her husband, and the children of a father, who was all their support; the law deprived the woman of her life, and the children of their remaining parent, exposing them to every danger, insult, and merciless treatment, that destitute and helpless orphans suffer. Take all the circumstances together, I do not believe that a fouler murder was ever committed against law, than the murder of this woman by law. Some who hear me are perhaps blaming the judges, the jury, the *hangman*, but neither judge, jury, or *hangman*, are to blame; they are ministerial agents; the true *hangman* is the member of parliament: he who frames the bloody law is answerable for the blood that is shed under it."

This, I assure the world, is but one case out of numbers which have come under my notice, of distress and want bringing persons to the gallows, and that distress and want being occasioned by the robbery committed by government upon the family. The doctrine, that when the king wants men he must have them, should stand next in place to the maxim, that the first principle of government is to give the people justice. But it is not true that men need be stolen for the service of the navy, any more than for the army: and the service of the latter is very appositely illustrated by an anecdote told of a Quaker.

An honest country Quaker, who was lately driving his calf to Manchester market, put a flaming cockade upon one side of its head, and being met on the road by a friend, who inquired what he was driving before him, the Quaker replied in his plain country dialect, "Doesn't thou see, friend, what I am driving before me? A young recruit, to be sure." Upon which the other demanded of him where he was going? "Why, where dost thou think I am going with him?" answered the Quaker, "but to the butcher's slaughter-house." The conduct of the Quaker would have been more censurable, and the fate of the calf would have occasioned more notice, however, had the latter been stolen, and the former been the thief.

At this period of my life I was one day summoned by the order of a great man, to attend him the following morning, at his house in ——— Square. The command was delivered by his steward, who informed me his master was a member of parliament, and lately had some compunctions of conscience regarding the severity of the criminal laws, regretting the part he had taken in their enactment: and, further, that he believed his master now meant to become very active in their repeal.

Having, in my time, had to do with many odd characters, I inquired of the steward whether he thought his master perfectly sane, that I might have my cue how to act when before him. Upon this question being asked, the man went into an affected passion, and threatened that he would inform his master of my impertinence. "What," said I, "is it such a wonderful thing to meet with mad members in the House of Commons, that you pretend to be ignorant of the fact?"

"Come, come," said he, "I didn't think you were so well acquainted with the great folks; and we servants, you know, must not be free in letting the ignorant world know too much; if *we* know our master's weakness, it is our business to turn it to account, and not blab till we are out of the wood." He then told me, that the family had long been aware of his insanity; he was, however, harmless, and they allowed him to have his way and humors without restraint; giving, as a reason, the elevated post he occupied in the state, and the great admiration his speeches were held in by his party and the public. Concluding with saying that "a man was employed, without his knowledge, to follow and watch him to and from the Parliament House, to guard against any sudden freak of the mind which might tend to his personal injury, or exposure of his unhappy condition in the world."

The following morning, at the hour appointed, I was in attendance; being introduced into his breakfast-room, he desired me to be seated, and then at once entered upon the business which induced him to send for me. "I must inform you," said he, "that I know your history; you have seen the worst side of the picture of life, and must have known an infinite number of unfortunate, or criminal, men in your time. I want to collect a history of as many as I can; I mean," continued he, "authentic accounts of men, and not such as are now every day published as correct biographies, to deceive and delude the world upon the matter."

"I think, sir," said I, after a little consideration, "I may be able to furnish you with some facts."

"Well," continued he, after a long pause, "suppose you collect for me a correct account of the most notorious offenders which come under your notice for the future. My object is to compare their course and progress through crime, in connection with our system."

I made my obeisance, and was withdrawing, when he said, "Go on with your work, but do not come again until I send for you."

Two questions of difficulty presented themselves to me as I returned home; first, How an insane man could appear in manner perfectly rational? And, secondly, What could occasion his sending for me upon such apparent nothingness of matter?

On my way home, having a little business to transact with my friend the surgeon, I called and mentioned the affair to him. "Take my word for it," said he, "that you will never hear any more from him. I know these characters better than you do; theirs is a madness not yet defined or named in our profession. My father," continued he, "used to say that it was peculiar to English legislators, and endemic only in the neighborhood of St. Stephen's Chapel. I think, he explained, that it was occasioned by a small worm or maggot getting under the bump which inclines men to the practice of law making; and that there it tickled or irritated that portion of the brain so much, that the patient could never rest unless he was framing new, or abrogating old, laws. He then explained to me that he once had a patient afflicted with this malady under his care, who for seven years had his nights disturbed by new and wild schemes of legislation entering his head, but that none remained with him more than a few hours; coming in and going out so rapidly that before he could finish his inquiries for the establishing one idea he was constrained to turn aside and pursue another; and the surgeon said this process went on until the patient lost his seat in Parliament by the destruction of rotten boroughs when the reform bill passed. I then inquired how it was with a disease of this nature that a man could make such long speeches as many of them did? "Don't you know," said my friend, "that the fluency of speech is entirely owing to the scarcity of matter in a man's head? He who has a mind full of ideas will naturally hesitate to select those which are the most proper to urge, and to find appropriate language to dress them in. Common speakers have but one set of ideas, often but a single idea, like my patient; also but one set of words, which are always ready and at the tongue's end. So people come faster out of a theatre when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door. Others, who have been disappointed in their political career, turn suddenly round and roar against their former doctrines with a zealous perverseness that astonishes all their friends."

"It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
But where there's something to be gain'd."

It fell out just as my friend predicted; the legislator probably forgot both me and his new theory the next day, as I never had any other communication from him, either upon that subject or any other, but it set me to work, and caused me to make many inquiries respecting criminals, which otherwise I should have neglected.

The first remarkable case which came under my notice after the interview above named, was that of a gentleman of a most respectable family, who was committed to Newgate on a charge of forging the accepter's name on three bills of exchange for £333 6*s*. 8*d*. each. I shall first relate the history of the case, as I think it a useful one to publish, and then inform the reader how I possessed myself of the particulars.

An extravagant and fashionable young man of good family, having lost a considerable sum of money at the gaming-table, had his attention arrested by an advertisement in the public newspaper, wherein the advertiser offered to lend money to any amount upon personal security. The young man, anxious to pay some debts of honor and replenish his funds for another venture at play, vainly flattering himself that he might redeem his losses, in an evil hour applied for assistance to the good-natured people, who cried aloud in the highways for others to come and relieve them of their money. He had flattered himself, from the wording of the advertisement, that he should obtain the money upon his own security; but to this mode of lending cash many objections were made, the parties saying they must have a collateral security, and he came away disappointed. On the following morning, however, while at breakfast, a gentlemanly man (a stranger) was shown up by his servant; after making his obeisance and taking a seat, he said,

"Sir, I have been privately informed that you want the temporary loan of a thousand pounds."

"Yes," replied the novice, "I did make an application yesterday to some parties for that purpose, but as they discount only bills accepted by other persons than the borrower, I have abandoned my hopes of raising the money. I have no bills, and, as I would not make my want public, have made up my mind not to ask a friend for his name."

"I am aware of this," rejoined the stranger, "and hence my visit here this morning. I am no money-lender myself, but I am acquainted with a respectable person whose situation in life will bear the strictest inquiry, yet from pecuniary private difficulties must very shortly go through the "Gazette:" he is now in great want of money, and I have no doubt, that when I inform him that in accepting bills for you there is no risk, he will, for a small gratuity, accommodate you with his name."

It is unnecessary to detail the whole of the subsequent conferences, suffice to inform the reader, that the person addressed in the end paid the sum of thirty-five pounds for three bills of £333 6*s*. 8*d*. each, he being the draw-

and another person unknown to himself the accepter. The following day the young man went, as directed by the procurer of the bills, again to the money-lenders, who, first and last, advanced about two hundred pounds in cash, and as they (the money-lenders) said, as much more in jewellery, that is, valueless trash, still continuing to promise, from time to time, further advances, until the first bill became due. Now, the *dénouement* of the plot developed itself; a new performer in the drama was introduced, namely, a stranger, who represented himself as a respectable tradesman, and the holder of the three bills for which he had given value.

"I know nothing," said he, "of the money-lenders: I have given value for these bills in the way of my business; in fact, hard cash, and must have payment without delay."

Thus ended the first visit. The second, the next day, the same individual appeared again with a friend; both assuming an air of great mystery, and assumed tone of authority.

"Pray, sir," said one of them to the gentleman, "do you acknowledge yourself the drawer of these bills?"

"I do," was the answer.

"Have you many such bills out in the world?" continued the other.

"No, only those three; for which I have not received the value of one," rejoined the drawer of the bills.

"Ah!" said the holder of the documents, "quite enough to hang you, sir; these bills which I hold in my hands I have ascertained are all forgeries, so far as regards the accepted name upon them; you have before this gentleman acknowledged yourself the drawer of them, and I have no terms to make with you; pay me the money, or take the consequence."

I have before told this story, which is a true one; but then suppressed the fact, that the young man was committed to Newgate upon the charge of forgery without knowing or foreseeing the peril of his situation. When his friends learned the facts of the case, they paid the money; on which the evidence which it was said would appear before the grand jury was withheld, and the bill of course ignored. I have often thought what a book could be made, were all the matter which has been discussed in the cells of Newgate collected, were we to go back only to the period when the present building was erected, after the burning of the last in Lord George Gordon's time. My readers must understand that I had now learned, when any striking or doubtful case presented itself, to inquire for the name of the accuser, and the principal witnesses, by which plan I often found either an old acquaintance, or one that I had heard of in my career; when, however, this happened, I always knew there was something wrong in the affair with which they were connected.

In the last-named case I had heard of one Jack Nose, as he was called, having something to do with it, and the following session, this man coming into Newgate for trial, he being afterwards transported, I went to visit him as an old acquaintance, and from him obtained the particulars of the money-lending swindlers' tricks. His own case, as related by himself, I have every reason to believe is a true one, and that many such do often occur at the Old Bailey Court, but which no laws or any judge can prevent; and many say, ought not, as it is a benefit to the public whenever one rogue transports another. Jack had for nearly eight years acted as clerk, messenger, livery servant, and gentleman alternately, as required, for three of the party, who were his especial masters, having no regular payment of wages, relying upon their liberality whenever a scheme succeeded, to give him something for his support out of the profits. After the last affair was terminated, two out of three of his employers each gave him a ten pound note, which led him to calculate upon ten pounds more from the third, to whose lodgings, a few days subsequently, he was sent with a note by one of the other confederates; having no further orders than to deliver it, and being unacquainted with its contents, when it was read, the receiving party said, "Very well, that will do;" then, as if recollecting himself, said, "Here, Jack, here's a ten pound note." Jack, conceiving it to be his own, put it into his pocket as he had done the other two, and it did not attract his attention that another man stood by at the time. The following day he was in the custody of police officers on a charge of embezzlement; of which he was afterwards convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. It seems, that when the affair of the young man's robbery of the thousand pounds came to the ears of the father, that he, notwithstanding the settlement made, threatened to prosecute all the parties for a conspiracy. Now, the part that Jack had taken in the affair made him the only witness who could bring them to justice, so that when they took the alarm about the impending prosecution, they at once resolved to make the law an instrument in destroying the evidence against them: and this they succeeded in doing, by handing him a ten pound note under circumstances which they were aware would induce him to consider it his own. The note, however, was read in court, and contained a threatening application for cash to that amount, while the strange man, who had been placed there for the purpose, proved the delivery of it; thus completing all the machinery of the trap to catch their victim in. Fenn's case, which is mentioned in another part of this work, was precisely of this nature; few of them, however, verify the adage, that "when rogues fall out, honest men obtain their rights."

The case of Fauntleroy, the Berner street banker, is of comparatively recent date, and claims some notice. Firstly, because he was a member of a superior class in society to offenders in general. Secondly, because his practice of committing forgery commenced much earlier in life than is generally known. And lastly, because the mode was novel, and

of considerable extent in its mischievous effects.

Fauntleroy said while in Newgate, that after he became of age, and was admitted a partner into the banking-house, he found it in a state of bankruptcy, (these were his own words to one who attended on him.) As the active management of the concern shortly afterwards devolved upon him, his pride, interest, and more than all, his partiality and liberality for the fair sex, prompted him to make the most desperate struggles to maintain his station in life, and with it the means of indulging his passions. It may be, however, that the recklessness of his situation, known only to himself, throughout his miraculous long run, might have impelled him to the gratification of passions, which a more regular course would have taught him the propriety of restraining. If this be a doctrine unintelligible to the generality of my readers, I can only reply, that it is one verified and proved by my own experience. I feel even now, had I been born to know my parents, and by them taught to fill any regular station in life, when young—even that of a chimney sweeper—that I should have gone through life's probation without being troubled with any unruly or inordinate desires, more than those to which all humanity is subjected, and which would not have seduced me from the path of honesty. To make a man or woman honest, we must give them a motive to its practice in early days; the possession of property, the acquirement of honor, fame, health, and long life, must be placed in their view, when the aid of religion will come in to teach, that the welfare of the soul hereafter, as well as the body here, dictates and points out to man the direct and straight high road of probity, as the only one of safety to travel on. Fauntleroy, unlike me, had a prize to win; but then, unfortunately for him, he did not in time see that the honest would have answered his purpose better than a contrary course. He was well educated, and, moreover, was not driven by hunger and nakedness to the commission of crime, but was tempted to it by pride, and a false notion of station; as if a less elevated post in society than the principal of a falling banking-house could not be one of happiness. His crime is ascribable to the self-determination of a strong will, acting upon the accidents of individual destiny: he found the affairs of the house embarrassed; putting himself forward to pilot the ship through the breakers, his vanity and sanguine temperament, we may suppose, led him to persuade himself, when he committed the first crime, that he was only borrowing the money. But it did not occur to him, that when he was once naturalized and enrolled as a subject of the prince of darkness, there was no rebelling against his authority. Having by the means of forgery sold out, and appropriated the stock of one individual to his own use, when that money was called for, he was constrained to have recourse to the same dishonest means to make up the amount, to prevent the discovery of his practice, until he was involved in a labyrinth, and had committed a series of forgeries which were too overwhelming for reflection.

There is, perhaps, no instance on record of a man situated as Fauntleroy was: well educated, and possessing a sensitive mind, enduring for so long a period a state of peril and danger, yet keeping up all the external appearances of gaiety and self-possession; though his acquaintance now say, that it was evident he labored to be at ease. There could be no doubt but that the latter part of his career was spent in making efforts to disengage himself from his own thoughts, one of the hardest tasks for man to accomplish; and it is highly probable, had his detection been protracted much longer, that his mind would have broken down under the energies his unhappy situation called him to exert.

The force of a fall is always in proportion to the height from which we are hurled; the truth of this aphorism was illustrated in this case: he had no hope from the moment of his apprehension; his depression was complete, and but the work of an instant. The sight of Plank, the Marlborough street police officer, whom he knew, when he came into his presence, operated upon him like a *coup de soleil*, and he never afterwards rallied; his heart, indeed, must always have been like a watch, which never knows repose until it ceases to beat. As regards money, for several years he appears to have been reckless of consequences, his habits being of the most expensive nature.

A troubled mind ever shows itself in inconsistencies of character: he was a liberal subscriber to many public charities, and frequently gave a sovereign when asked for alms by casual beggars in the streets; at other times he either was, or affected to be, extremely parsimonious. He, however, was subjected to many more fits of extravagance than saving, many of which, without doubt, he plunged into whilst in a confused and perturbed state of mind; they were efforts to gild a rotten heart, to paint in gaudy colors the exterior of a charnel-house, or whiten the outside of a sepulchre. Knowing his own hollowness, he on every side endeavored to entrench himself with splendid artificials, to divert the eye from penetrating his internal condition. As he advanced, he said, "in life, he became more subject to paroxysms of despair, and at times wildly looked round for a gap through which he might make his escape, but there was no hope left for him; in vain then would he call for *mandragora*, or pray for a plunge in Lethe's stream." These were his own words when giving some particulars of his life and feelings to a friend whilst in Newgate. "I could," said he, "any day have left the country with money sufficient to insure me a retreat in safety to some remote part of the world; this alternative often presented itself to my mind, but I wanted the resolution to dismount my fancied pedestal of consequence; the dread of the world discovering what I was, spell-bound me to the spot, and kept me waiting a ready victim to

the offended laws of my country." False pride, and the idea that he was in some way a man of consequence, possessed his mind to the last. "Alas!" exclaimed he one evening, after his condemnation, while looking in the glass, and picking a bunch of grapes, a fruit of which he was remarkably fond, "is this all that is left of the once spoken of Henry Fauntleroy? It was not long since I had wealth, fame, and friends. What am I now? A man without estimation of any kind—a condemned, disgraced felon." He then dropped into a chair, burying his face between his hands, resting them upon his elevated knees, in which position he would often remain for hours together. Rising suddenly up, and pacing the room, he muttered to himself, yet loud enough to be heard by the person who attended him, "It was natural for me to wish to pass through life with honor, and to maintain the position of my father; but I sought the honor of men, and a poor, unsatisfactory bauble it is: to acquire estimation and reputation here, we must become subservient, and conform to a world wholly made up of error. The d——d pride of winning a few little months' esteem from mortals has overthrown me." Casting his eyes upwards, the person who was in the room with him took the opportunity to point to a Bible which was lying on the table. "True," he continued, "I thank you. Time is rapidly on the wing, and I imagine that I shall have none to spare. Oh! had I but reflected that it must have come to this, I might have avoided the ignominy and disgrace, but,

"Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer being here below?"

Suddenly becoming more fixed, apparently in thought, with his eyes directed towards the Bible, he continued: "Yes, there is a cause—a God, which supports, upholds, and governs all things—that regulates all things by an irresistible and sovereign decree—that pervades the whole moral and natural system. It pleased God that I should be born to take charge of a troubled house—to end my days on a scaffold: yet had I not a will to cut out for myself some less dangerous path? Could I not have steered round the rock, instead of dashing the head of my vessel point blank against it? Had I chanced ——"

"Do not use that word, Mr. Fauntleroy," said a pious friend of his mildly, as he at the moment entered the room unobserved.

"Why not?" asked the unhappy man.

"Because," he rejoined, "there is no such thing as chance."

"Are all things, modes, attributes, actions, and passions, then pre-ordained?" inquired the other.

"God is the sole arbiter of the universe, and has left nothing to chance—he is the cause of all causes, and origin itself is comprised in the term. Had vivid fancy fled to its remotest borders in quest of language, or vain conception in pursuit of words, none could have been found more vague and simple than what is called *chance*. It neither includes the common course of nature, or any secondary cause; but amounts, as a writer expresses it, simply to this: that *something* is produced by *nothing*. God is the disposer of the means tending to every appointed end. Man's will instrumentally is the means, when God's will is the appointment: the former is a changeable cause, but depends on an unchangeable one. You must admit that there can be no effect without a cause," continued his friend, anxious to avail himself of this opportunity to prepare Fauntleroy's mind for the worst. "You are now in a situation that may be termed the extreme of distress; in whichever way we may view it, we cannot imagine one of greater trouble. The perusal of your trial informs us of the immediate cause; if we search for the secondary, or remoter causes, we shall find them not far distant, nor can they elude our observation. This is no time, Mr. Fauntleroy, for a real friend to be over ceremonious. Do not accuse Providence of placing you in a jumbled concatenation of circumstances, which constrained your path; but look seriously to your own state of mind, examine yourself closely, and see if, to an extent, you have not a free will, and possess a power to act in conformity with it? Your chance is order not understood? Man would, if he could, make the stars guilty of his crimes; but we will speak of this further, presently. I have a letter for you, which you must read." So saying, he put it into his hand.

(*To be continued.*)

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## ΑΙΜΙΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΝΙΚΑΕΩΣ.

Εἰς Παῖδα τῆς μητρος τεθνηχυιας μονον θηλαζοντα.

Draw, child of sorrow, life's fast failing stream,
No more thy ruby lips shall soothe this breast,
Life's scenes are fading, like a morning dream,
And I, in iron sleep, must sink to rest.
Draw, 'tis the last from nature's font shall flow,
Ere from my bleeding wound my soul shall wend
In flight, to Pluto's dreary realms below,
Where love shall teach me still my child to tend.

J—— W——.

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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## SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.*

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER XIII.

**In which the ship's company join in a chorus, and the corporal goes on a cruise.**

Mr. Vanslyperken is in his cabin, with Snarleyyow at his side, sitting upon his haunches, and looking in his master's face, which wears an air of anxiety and discomfiture; the fact is, that Mr. Vanslyperken is any thing but content; he is angry with the widow, with the ship's company, with the dog, and with himself; but his anger towards the dog is softened, for he feels that, if any thing in this world loves him, it is the dog—not that his affection is great, but as much as the dog's nature will permit; and, at all events, if the animal's attachment to him is not very strong, still he is certain that Snarleyyow hates every body else. It is astonishing how powerful is the feeling that is derived from habit and association. Now that the life of his cur was demanded by one, and, as he was aware, was sought for by many, Vanslyperken put a value upon him that was extraordinary. Snarleyyow had become a precious jewel in the eyes of his master, and what he suffered in anxiety and disappointment from the perverse disposition of the animal, only endeared him the more. "Yes, my poor dog," apostrophized the lieutenant, "they would seek your life—nay, that hard-hearted woman demands that you should be laid dead at her porch. All conspire against you, but be not afraid, my dog, your master will protect you against all."

Vanslyperken patted the animal on the head, which was not a little swelled from the blows received from the broom of Babette, and Snarleyyow rubbed his nose against his master's trowsers, and then raised himself up, by putting his paw upon his master's knee. This brought the dog's head more to the light, and Vanslyperken observed that one eye was swelled and closed. He examined it, and to his horror found that it had been beaten out by the broom of Babette. There was no doubt of it, and Mr. Vanslyperken's choler was extreme. "Now, may all the curses of ophthalmia seize the faggot," cried the lieutenant, "I wish I had her here. My poor, poor dog!" and Vanslyperken kissed the os frontis of the cur, and what perhaps had never occurred since childhood, and what nothing else could have brought about, Mr. Vanslyperken *wept*—actually wept over an animal, which was not, from any qualification he possessed, worth the charges of the cord which would have hanged him. Surely the affections have sometimes a bent towards insanity.

After a short time the lieutenant rang his bell, and ordered some warm water, to bathe the dog's eye. Corporal Van Spitter, as Smallbones was in his hammock, answered the summons, and when he returned aft with the water, he made known to Mr. Vanslyperken the mutinous expressions of Jemmy Ducks. The lieutenant's small eye twinkled with satisfaction. "Damned the Admiral, did he,—which one was it—Portsmouth or Plymouth!"

This Corporal Van Spitter could not tell; but it was certain that Jemmy had damned his superior officer; "And moreover," continued the corporal, "he damned me." Now Mr. Vanslyperken had a great hatred against Jemmy Ducks, because he amused the ship's company, and he never could forgive any one who made people happy; moreover, he wanted some object to visit his wrath upon, so he

* Continued from p. 250.

asked a few more qestions, and then dismissed the corporal, put on his tarpaulin hat, put his speaking trumpet under his arm, and went on deck, directing the corporal to appoint one of the marines to continue to bathe the eye of his favorite.

Mr. Vanslyperken looked at the dog-vane, and perceived that the wind was foul for sailing, and moreover, it would be dark in two hours, so he determined upon not starting till the next morning, and then he thought that he would punish Jemmy Ducks; but the question occurred to him whether he could do so or not. Was James Salisbury a boatswain by right, or not? He received only the pay of a boatswain's mate, but he was styled boatswain on the books. It was a nice point, and the balance was even. Mr. Vanslyperken's own wishes turned the scale, and he resolved to flog Jemmy Ducks if he could. We say, if he could, for as, at that time, tyrannical oppression on the part of the superiors was winked at, and no complaints were listened to by the Admiralty, insubordination, which was the natural result, was equally difficult to get over; and although on board of the larger vessels, the strong arm of power was certain to conquer, it was not always the case in the smaller, where the superiors were not in sufficient force, or backed by a numerous party of soldiers or marines, for there was then little difference between the two services. Mr. Vanslyperken had had more than one mutiny on board of the vessels which he had commanded, and, in one instance, his whole ship's company had taken the boats and gone on shore, leaving him by himself in the vessel, preferring to lose the pay due to them, than to remain longer on board. They joined other ships in the service, and no notice was taken of their conduct by the authorities. Such was the state of half discipline at the period we speak of in the service of the king. The ships were, in every other point, equally badly fitted out and manned; peculation of every kind was carried to excess, and those who were in command thought more of their own interest than of any thing else. Ships' stores and provisions were constantly sold, and the want of the former was frequently the occasion of the loss of the vessel, and the sacrifice of the whole crew. Such maladministration is said to be the case even now in some of the continental navies. It is not until a long series of years have elapsed, that such regulations and arrangements as are at present so economically and beneficially administered to our navy can be fully established.

Having settled the point so far, Mr. Vanslyperken then proceeded to debate in his own mind, whether he should flog Jemmy in harbor, or after he had sailed; and feeling that if there was any serious disturbance on the part of the men, they might quit the vessel if in harbor, he decided that he would wait until he had them in blue water. His thoughts then reverted to the widow, and, as he turned again, he clenched his fists in his great coat pockets, and was heard by those near him to grind his teeth.

In the mean time, the news had been imparted by the marine, who came up into the galley for more warm water, that the dog had had one of his eyes put out, and it was strange the satisfaction which this intelligence appeared to give to the ship's company. It was passed round like wildfire, and, when communicated, a beam of pleasure was soon apparent throughout the whole cutter, and for this simple reason, that the accident removed the fear arising from the supposition of the dog being supernatural, for the men argued, and with some reason, that if you could put out his eye, you could kill him altogether; for if you could destroy a part, you could destroy the whole. No one ever heard of the devil's eye being put out—*ergo*, the dog could not be a devil, or one of his imps: so argued a knot of the men in conclave, and Jansen wound up by observing, "Dat de tog was only a tog after all."

Vanslyperken returned to his cabin and stated his intentions to his factotum and confidant, Corporal Van Spitter. Now, in this instance, the Corporal did not adhere to that secrecy to which he was bound, and the only reason we can give is, that he had as great a dislike to Jemmy Ducks as his lieutenant—for the corporal obeyed orders so exactly, that he considered it his duty not to have even an opinion or a feeling contrary to those of his superior officer. He was delighted at the idea of flogging Jemmy, and communicated the lieutenant's intention to the most favored of his marines, who also told the secret to another, and thus in five minutes, it was known throughout the cutter, that as soon as they were in blue water, the little boatswain was to be tied up for having damned the admiral in a snow storm. The consequence was, as the evening was clear, that there was a very numerous assemblage upon the forecastle of the cutter Yungfrau.

"Flog Jemmy," said Bill Spurey. "Why, Jemmy's a hofficer."

"To be sure he is," observed another; "and quite as good a one as Vanslyperken himself, though he don't wear brass on his hat."

"D——n it—what next—heh, Coble!"

Coble hitched up his trowsers. "It's my opinion he'll be for flogging *us* next, Short," said the old man.

"Yes," replied Short.

"Shall we allow Jemmy to be flogged?"

"No," replied Short.

"If it warn't for them ere marines, and the lumpy beggar of a corporal," observed one of the seamen.

"Pish," quoth Jemmy, who was standing among them.

"Won't he make it out mutiny?" observed Spurey.

"Mein Gott! it was mutiny to flog de officer," said Jansen.

"That's very true," observed another.

"But Jemmy can't stand against the fat corporal and the six marines," observed Bill Spurey.

"One up and t'other down, I'll take them all," observed Jemmy, expanding his chest.

"Yes, but they'll all be down upon you at once, Jemmy."

"If they lays their hands upon an officer," observed Coble, "it will be mutiny; and then Jemmy calls in the ship's company to protect him," said Coble.

"Exactly," observed Jemmy.

"And den, mein Gott, I zettle for de corporal," observed Jansen.

"I'll play him a trick yet."

"But now, it's no use palavering," observed Spurey; "let's come to some settlement. Obadiah, give us your opinion as to what's best to be done."

Hereupon Coble squirted out a modicum of 'baccy juice, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and said, "It's my opinion, that the best way of getting one man out of a scrape, is to get all the rest in it. Jemmy, d'ye see, is to be hauled up, for singing an old song, in which a wench very properly damns the admiral for sending a ship out on a Christmas day, which, let alone the unchristian-like act, as you may know, my lads, always turns up on a Friday, a day on which nothing but being blown out from your anchors can warrant any vessel sailing on. Now, d'ye see, it may be mutiny to damn a live admiral, with his flag hoisted—I won't say but what it is—but this here admiral as Jemmy damned, is no more alive than a stock fish; and, moreover, it is not Jemmy as damns him, but Poll; therefore it can be no mutiny. Now, what I consider best is this, if so be it be against the articles—well, then, let's all be in for it together, and then Vanslyperken will be puzzled, and, moreover, it will give him a hint how matters stand, and he may think better of it; for although we must not have Jemmy touched, still it's quite as well not to have a regular breeze with the jollies; for if so be that the Scarborough, or any other king's ship, be in port when we arrive, Vanslyperken may run under the guns, and then whip the boiling of us off to the Ingies, and glad to get us, too, and that's no joke. Now, that's my idea of the matter."

"Well, but you've not told us how we are all to get into it, Coble."

"More I have—well, that's funny; left out the whole burden of my song. Why, I consider that we had better now directly sing the song over again, all in chorus, and then we shall have damned the admiral a dozen times over; and Vanslyperken will hear us, and say to himself, 'They don't sing that song for nothing.' What do you say, Dick Short, you're first hofficer."

"Yes," replied Short.

"Hurrah, my lads, then," cried Bill Spurey; "now, then, strike up, Jemmy, and let us give it lots o' mouth."

The song which our readers have already heard from the lips of Jemmy Ducks, was then sung by the whole of the men, *con animo e strepito*, and two verses had been roared out, when Corporal Van Spitter in great agitation presented himself at the cabin-door, where he found Mr. Vanslyperken very busy summing up his accounts.

"Mein Gott, sar! dere is de mutiny in de Yungfrau," cried the Corporal.

"Mutiny," cried Vanslyperken, catching at his sword, which hung up on the bulkhead.

"Yaw, mynheer—de mutiny—hear now de ship's company."

Vanslyperken lent his ears, when the astounding chorus came rolling aft through the door of the cabin.

"I'll give you a bit of my mind, old Hunks,
Port admiral—you be d——d."

"Bow, wow, wow," barked Snarleyyow.

"Why, it's the whole ship's company!" cried Vanslyperken.

"All but de Corporal Van Spitter, and de six marines," replied the corporal, raising his hand up to his head *à la militaire*.

"Shut the door, corporal. This is indeed mutiny and defiance," cried Vanslyperken, jumping up from his chair.

"It is von tyfel of a song," replied the corporal.

"I must find out the ringleaders, corporal; do you think that you could contrive to overhear what they say after the song is over; they will be consulting together, and we might find out something."

"Mynheer, I'm not very small for to creep in and listen," replied the corporal, casting his eyes down upon his huge carcase.

"Are they all forward?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Yes, mynheer—not one soul 'baft."

"There is the small boat astern; do you think you could get softly into it, haul it up to the bows, and lie there quite still? You would then hear what they said, without their thinking of it, now that it is dark?"

"I will try, mynheer," replied the corporal, who quitted the cabin.

But there were others who condescended to listen as well as the corporal, and in this instance, every word which had passed, had been overheard by Smallbones, who had been for some hours out of his hammock. When the corporal's hand touched the lock of the door, Smallbones made a hasty retreat.

Corporal Van Spitter went on the quarter-deck, which he found vacant; he hauled up the boat to the counter, and by degrees lowered into it his unwieldy carcase, which almost swamped the little conveyance. He then waited a little, and with difficulty forced the boat up against the strong flood tide that was running, till at last he gained the chess-tree of the cutter, when he shortened in the painter, (or rope that held the boat,) made it fast to a ring-bolt without being perceived, and there he lay concealed, not daring to move, for fear of making a noise.

Smallbones had, however, watched him carefully, and as the corporal sat in the middle thwart, with his face turned aft, catching but imperfectly the conversation of the men, the lad separated the painter with a sharp knife, and at the same time dropping his foot bown, gave the bow of the boat a shove off, which made it round with the stream. The

tide was then running five or six miles an hour, and before the corporal, in the utter darkness, could make out what had occurred, or raise his heavy carcass to assist him, he was whirled away by the current clear of the vessel, and soon disappeared from the sight of Smallbones, who was watching his progress.

It is true that the corporal shouted for assistance when he found himself astern, and also that he was heard by the men, but Smallbones had leaped among them, and in a few words told them what he had done, so, of course, they took no notice, but rubbed their hands with delight at the idea of the corporal being adrift like a bear in a washing-tub, and they all prayed for a gale of wind to come on that he might be swamped, and most of them remained on deck to hear what Mr. Vanslyperken would say and do when the corporal's absence was discovered. Mr. Vanslyperken remained nearly two hours without sending for the corporal; at last, surprised at not seeing him return, he went on deck. The men on the forecastle perceiving this, immediately disappeared gently down the fore-hatchway. Mr. Vanslyperken walked forward and found that every one was, as he supposed, either in bed or below, for in harbor the corporal kept one of the watches, and this night it was his first watch. Vanslyperken looked over the side all round the cutter, and could see no boat and no Corporal Van Spitter, and it immediately occurred to him that the corporal must have gone adrift, and he was very much puzzled how to act. It would be flood tide for two hours more, and then the whole ebb would run before it was daylight. Corporal Van Spitter would traverse the whole Zuyder Zee before they might find him. Unless he had the fortune to be picked up by some small craft, he might perish with cold and hunger. He could not sail without him; for what could he do without Corporal Van Spitter, his protection, his factotum, his distributer of provisions, &c. The loss was irreparable, and Mr. Vanslyperken, when he thought of the loss of the widow's favor and the loss of his favorite, acknowledged with bitterness that his star was not in the ascendant. After some reflection, Mr. Vanslyperken thought that as nothing could be gained by making the fact known, the wisest thing that he could do was to go to bed and say nothing about it, leaving the whole of the ulterior proceedings until the loss of the boat should be reported to him in the morning. Having arranged this in his mind, Mr. Vanslyperken took two or three turns more, and then went down and turned in.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

In which some new characters appear on the stage, although the Corporal is not to be heard of.

The loss of the boat was reported by Obadiah Coble at daylight, and Mr. Vanslyperken immediately went on deck with his spy-glass to ascertain if he could distinguish the corporal coming down with the last of the ebb tide, but he was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Vanslyperken went to the mast-head and surveyed in every direction, but he could neither see anything like the boat or Corporal Van Spitter. His anxiety betrayed to the men that he was a party to the corporal's proceedings, and they whispered among themselves. At last Mr. Vanslyperken came down on deck, and desired Corporal Van Spitter to be sent to him. Of course, it was soon reported to him that Corporal Van Spitter was nowhere to be found, and Mr. Vanslyperken pretended to be much astonished. As the lieutenant took it for granted that the boat had been swept out with the ebb, he determined to get under weigh in pursuance of his orders, pick up the corporal if he could find him, and then proceed to Portsmouth, which was the port of his destination. Smallbones attended his master, and was so unusually active that the suspicious Mr. Vanslyperken immediately decided that he had had a finger in the business; but he took no notice, resolving in his own mind that Smallbones should, some day or another, be adrift himself as the corporal was, but with this difference, that there should be no search made after him. As soon as the men had finished their breakfasts, the cutter was got under weigh and proceeded to sea. During the whole day Vanslyperken cruised in the Zuyder Zee looking for the boat, but without success, and at last he unwillingly shaped his course for England much puzzled and perplexed, as now he had no one to act as his steward to whom he could confide or by whose arrangements he could continue to defraud the ship's company; and, farther, he was obliged to put off for the present all idea of punishing Jemmy Ducks, for, without the corporal, the marines were afraid to move a step in defiance of the ship's company. The consequence was, that the three days that they were at sea Mr. Vanslyperken confined himself altogether to his cabin, for he was not without some fears for his own safety. On his arrival at Portsmouth, he delivered his letters to the admiral, and received orders to return to his cruising ground after the smugglers as soon as he had replaced his lost boat.

We have observed that Mr. Vanslyperken had no relations on this side of the water; but in saying that, we referred to the epoch that he was in the service previous to the accession of King William. Since that and about a year from the time that we are now writing about, he had brought over his mother, whom he had not till the peace seen for years, and had established her in a small apartment in that part of the town now known by the name of the Halfway Houses. The old woman lived upon a small pension allowed by the Dutch court, having been employed for many years in a subordinate capacity in the king's household. She was said to have

once been handsome, and when young prodigal of her favors; at present she was a palsied old woman, bent double with age and infirmity, but with all her faculties as complete as if she was in her prime. Nothing could escape her little twinkling bloodshot eyes or her acute ear; she could scarcely hobble fifty yards, but she kept no servant to assist her, for, like her son, she was avaricious in the extreme. What crime she had committed was not known, but that something lay heavy on her conscience was certain; but if there was guilt, there was no repentance, only fear of future punishment. Cornelius Vanslyperken was her only living child; she had been twice married. The old woman did not appear to be very fond of him, although she treated him still as a child, and executed her parental authority as if he were still in petticoats. Her coming over was a sort of mutual convenience. She had saved money, and Vanslyperken wished to secure that, and also have a home and a person whom he could trust, and she was so abhorred, and the reports against her so shocking where she resided, that she was glad to leave a place where every one, as she passed, would get out of her way, as if to avoid contamination. Yet these reports were vague, although hinting at some horrid and appalling crimes. No one knew what they exactly were, for the old woman had outlived her contemporaries, and the tradition was imperfect, but she had been handed down to the next generation as one to be avoided as a basilisk.

It was to his mother's abode, one room on the second floor, to which Mr. Vanslyperken proceeded as soon as he had taken the necessary steps for the replacing of the boat. As he ascended the stairs the quick ear of the old woman heard his footstep, and recognised it. It must be observed, that all the conversation between Vanslyperken and his mother was carried on in Dutch, of which we, of course, give the translation.

"There you come, Cornelius Vanslyperken; I hear you, and by your hurried tread you are vexed. Well, why should you not be vexed as well as your mother, in this world of devils?"

This was a soliloquy of the old woman's before that Vanslyperken had entered the room, where he found his mother sitting over a few cinders half ignited in a very small grate. Parsimony would not allow her to use more fuel, although her limbs trembled as much from cold as palsy; her nose and chin nearly met, her lips were like old scars, and of an ashy white, and her sunken hollow mouth reminded you of a small, deep, dark sepulchre; teeth she had none.

"How fare you, mother?" said Vanslyperken, on entering the room.

"I'm alive."

"And long may you live, dear mother."

"Ah," replied the woman, as if doubting.

"I am here but for a short time," continued Vanslyperken.

"Well child, so much the better; when on board you save money, on shore you must spend some. Have you brought any with you?"

"I have, mother, which I must leave to your care."

"Give it me then."

Vanslyperken pulled out a bag and laid it on the lap of his mother, whose trembling hands counted it over.

"Gold, and good gold—while you live, my child, part not with gold. I'll not die yet—no, no, the devils may pull at me, and grin at me, but I'm not their's yet."

Here the old woman paused, and rocked herself in her chair.

"Cornelius, lock this money up and give me the key:—there now, that is safe, you may talk, if you please, child, I can hear well enough."

Vanslyperken obeyed; he mentioned all the events of the last cruise, and his feelings against the widow, Smallbones, and Jemmy Ducks. The old woman never interrupted him, but sat with her arms folded up in her apron.

"Just so, just so," said she at last, when he had done speaking; "I felt the same, but then you have not the soul to act as I did. I could do it, but you—you are a coward; no one dared cross my path, or if they did—ah, well, that's years ago, and I'm not dead yet."

All this was muttered by the old woman in a sort of half soliloquy; she paused and continued, "Better leave the boy alone,—get nothing by it;—the woman—there's work there, for there's money."

"But she refuses, mother, if I do not destroy the dog."

"Refuses—ah, well—let me see:—can't you ruin her character, blast her reputation; she is yours and her money too;—then, then—there will be money and revenge—both good;—but money—no—yes, money's best. The dog must live to gnaw the Jezebel—gnaw her bones—but you, you are a coward—you dare do nothing."

"What do I fear, mother?"

"Man—the gallows, and death. I fear the last, but I shall not die yet:—no, no, I *will* live—I will *not* die. Ay, the corporal—lost in Zuyder Zee—dead men tell no tales; and he could tell many of you, my child. Let the fish fatten on him."

"I cannot do without him, mother."

"A hundred thousand devils!" exclaimed the old mother, "that I should have suffered such throes for a craven. Cornelius Vanslyperken, you are not like your mother:—your father, indeed——"

"Who was my father?"

"Silence, child,—there, go away—I wish to be alone with memory"

Vanslyperken, who knew that resistance or remonstrance would be useless, and only lead to bitter cursing and imprecation on the part of the old woman, rose and walked back to the sallyport, where he slipped into his boat and pulled on board of the Yungfrau, which lay at anchor in the harbor about a cable's length from the shore.

Here he comes," cried a tall, bony wo-

man, with nothing on her head but a cap with green faded ribbons, who was standing on the forecastle of the cutter. "Here he comes;—he, the willain, as would have flogged my Jemmy." This was the wife of Jemmy Ducks, who lived at Portsmouth, and who, having heard what had taken place, vowed revenge.

"Silence, Moggy," said Jemmy, who was standing by her.

"Yes, I'll hold my tongue till the time comes, and then I'll sarve him out, the cheating wagabond."

"Silence, Moggy."

"And as for that 'peaching old Corporal Blubber, I'll *Wan Spitter* him if ever he turns up again to blow the gaff against my own dear Jemmy."

"Silence, Moggy—there's rowed of all, and a marine at your elbow."

"Let him take that for his trouble," cried Moggy, turning round, and delivering a swinging box of the ear upon the astonished marine, who not liking to encounter such an Amazon, made a hasty retreat down the forehatchway.

"So there you are, are you?" continued Moggy, as Vanslyperken stepped on the deck.

"Silence, Moggy."

"You that would flog my own dear darling duck—my own Jemmy."

"Silence, Moggy, will you?" said Jemmy Ducks, in an angry tone, "or I'll smash your peepers."

"You must climb on the gun to reach them, my little man," replied his wife. "Well, the more I holds my tongue now, the more for him when I gets hold on him. Oh! he's gone to his cabin, has he, to kiss his Snarleyyow:—I'll make *smallbones* of that beast afore I'm done with him. Flog my Jemmy—my own dear darling Jemmy—a nasty lean——"

"Go down below, Moggy," said Jemmy Ducks, pushing her towards the hatchway.

"Snivelling, great coated——"

"Go below," continued Jemmy, shoving her.

"Ferret-eyed, razor-nosed——"

"Go down below, will you?" cried Jemmy, pushing her near to the hatchway.

"Herring-gutted, bare-poled——"

"Confound it, go below."

"Cheating rip of a wagabond! Lord, Jemmy, if you a'nt a shoved me down the hatchway! Well, never mind, my darling, let's go to supper;" and Moggy caught hold of her husband as she was going down, and with surprising strength lifted him off his legs and carried him down in her arms as she would have done a child, much to the amusement of the men who were standing on the forecastle.

When it was dusk, a boat dropped alongside of the cutter, and a man stepped out of it on the deck, when he was met by Obadiah Coble, who asked him, "What's your pleasure?"

"I must speak with the commander of this vessel directly."

"Wait a moment, and I'll tell him what you say," replied Coble, who reported the message to Mr. Vanslyperken.

"What sort of a person is he?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Oh, I don't know,—sort of half-bred, longshore chap—looks something between a bumbailey and a bumboatman."

"Well, you may show him down."

The man, who shortly after entered the cabin, was a short, paunchy little fellow, with a red waistcoat, knee breeches, and round jacket of green cloth. His face was covered with carbuncles, some of them so large that his small pug nose was nothing more in appearance than a larger blotch than the others. His eyes were small and keen, and his whiskers of a deep red. As soon as he entered the cabin, he very deliberately locked the door after him.

"Nothing like making sure," observed he.

"Why, what the devil do you want?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, rather alarmed, while Snarleyyow walked round and round the thick calves of the man's legs, growling, and in more than two minds to have a bite through his blue worsted stockings; and the peculiar obliquity with which he carried his head, now that he surveyed with only one eye, was by no means satisfactory.

"Take your cur away, and let us proceed to business, for there is no time to lose," said the man coolly, taking a chair. "Now there can be no eaves dropping, I trust, for my life may be forfeited, if I'm discovered."

"I cannot understand a word of all this," replied Vanslyperken, much surprised.

"In few words, do you want to put some five thousand pounds in your pocket?"

At this question Vanslyperken became attentive. He beat off the dog, and took a chair by the side of the stranger.

"Ah! interest will always bring civility; so now to the point. You command this cutter, do you not?"

"I do," replied Vanslyperken.

"Well, you are about to cruise after the smugglers?"

"Yes."

"I can give information of a cargo to be landed on a certain night worth ten thousand pounds or more."

"Indeed," replied Vanslyperken.

"Yes, and put your boats in such a position that they must seize the whole."

"I'm very much obliged to you. Will you take something, sir, any scheedam?" said Vanslyperken, unlocking one of his cupboards, and producing a large stone bottle, and a couple of glasses, which he filled.

"This is very good stuff," observed the man; "I'll trouble you for another glass."

"This was one more than Mr. Vanslyperken intended; but on second thoughts, it would make his new acquaintance more communicative, so another was filled, and as soon as it was filled, it was emptied.

"Capital stuff!" said he of the rubicund face, shoving his glass towards Vanslyperken, by way of hint; but the lieutenant would not

take the hint, as his new guest had already swallowed as much as lasted himself for a week.

"But now," observed Vanslyperken, "where is this cargo to be seen, and when?"

"That's tellings," replied the man.

"I know that; but you have come to tell, or what the devil else?" replied Vanslyperken, who was getting angry.

"That's according," replied the man.

"According to what?"

"The snacks," replied the man. "What will you give up?"

"Give up! How do you mean?"

"What is my share to be!"

"Share! you can't share—you're not a king's officer."

"No, but I'm an informer, and that's the same thing."

"Well, depend upon it, I'll behave very liberally."

"How much, I ask?"

"We'll see to that afterwards; something handsome, depend upon it."

"That won't do. Wish you good evening, sir. Many thanks for the scheedam—capital stuff!" and the man rose from his chair.

But Mr. Vanslyperken had no intention to let him go; his avarice induced him at first to try if the man would be satisfied with his promise to reward him—a promise which would certainly never have been adhered to.

"Stop, my dear sir, do not be in such a hurry. Take another glass."

"With pleasure," replied the man, reseating himself, and drinking off the scheedam. "That's really prime; I like it better every time I taste it. Now, then, shall we go to business again? I'll be plain with you. Half is my conditions, or I don't inform."

"Half!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "half of ten thousand pounds? What five thousand pounds?"

"Exactly so; half of ten is five, as you say."

"What, give you five thousand pounds!"

"I rather think it is I who offer you five thousand, for the devil a penny will you get without me. And that I will have, and this bond you must sign to that effect, or I'm off. You're not the only vessel in the harbor."

Vanslyperken tried for some time to reduce the terms, but the man was positive. Vanslyperken then tried if he could not make the man intoxicated, and thus obtain better terms; but fifteen glasses of his prime scheedam had no effect further than extorting unqualified praise as it was poured down, and at last Mr. Vanslyperken unwillingly consented to the terms, and the bond was signed.

"We must weigh at the ebb," said the man, as he put the bond in his pocket. I shall stay on board; we have a moonlight night, and if we had not, I could find my way out in a yellow fog. Please to get your boats all ready, manned, and armed, for there may be a sharp tussle."

"But when do they run, and where?" demanded Vanslyperken.

"To-morrow night at the back of the Isle. Let me see," continued the man," taking out his watch; mercy on me, how time has flown—that's the scheedam. In a couple of hours we must weigh. I'll go up and see if the wind holds in the same quarter. If you please, lieutenant, we'll just drink success to the expedition. Well, that's prime stuff, I do declare."

## CHAPTER XV.

In which the crew of the Yungfrau lose a good prize, and Snarleyyow loses his character.

The next morning the Yungfrau was clear of St. Helens, and sounding the eastern part of the Isle of Wight, after which, she made sail into the offing, that she might not be suspected by those on shore waiting to receive the cargo. The weather was fine, and the water smooth, and as soon as she was well out, the cutter was hove to. In the hurry of weighing, Mr. Vanslyperken had not thought, or had not known perhaps, that the wife of Jemmy Ducks was still on board, and as he was turning up and down on the quarter-deck, he perceived her on the forecastle, laughing and talking with the men.

"What woman is that?" said he to Jansen, who was at the wheel.

"De frau, mynheer. Dat is de frau of Shimmy Duk."

"How dare she come on board? Send her aft here, marine."

The marine went forward and gave the order; and Jemmy, who expected a breeze, told his wife to behave herself quietly. His advice did not, however, appear to be listened to, as will be shown in the sequel.

"How came you on board, woman?" cried Vanslyperken, looking at her from top to toe several times, as usual, with his hands in his great coat pockets, and his battered speaking-trumpet under his arm.

"How did I come on board! why, in a boat to be sure," replied Moggy, determined to have a breeze.

"Why did you not go on shore before the cutter sailed!" replied Vanslyperken in an angry tone.

"Why, just for the contrary reason, because there was no boat."

"Well, I'll just tell you this, if ever I see you on board again, you'll take the consequence," retorted Vanslyperken.

"And I'll just tell you this," replied Moggy; "if ever you come on shore again you shall take the consequences. I'll have you—I give you warning. Flog my Jemmy, heh! my own dear darling Jemmy." Hereupon Moggy held out one arm bent, and with the palm of her other hand slapped her elbow—"*There!*" cried she.

What Jemmy's wife meant by this sign, it is impossible for us to say; but that it was a very significant one was certain, for Mr. Vanslyperken foamed with rage, and all the cutter's crew were tittering and laughing. It was

a species of free-masonry known only to the initiated at the Sally Port.

"Send the marines aft here. Take this woman below," cried Vanslyperken. "I shall put all this down to your husband's account, and give him a receipt in full, depend upon it."

"So you may. Marines, keep off, if you don't wish your heads broken; and I'll put all this down to your account, and as you say that you'll pay off my pet, mark my words, if I don't pay off on your's—on your nasty cur there. I'll send him to cruise after Corporal Van Spitter. As sure as I stand here, if you dare to lay a finger on my Jemmy, I'll kill the brute wherever I find him, and make him into *saussingers*, just for the pleasure of eating him. I'll send you a pound as a present. You marine, don't be a fool—I can walk forward without your hoffering your arm, and be d——d to you." So saying, Moggy stalked forward and joined the men on the forecastle.

'D'ye know much of that strapping lass?" said Mr. Vanslyperken's new acquaintance.

"Not I," replied Vanslyperken, not much pleased at the observation.

"Well, look out for squalls, she'll be as good as her word. We'll draw the foresheet, and stand in now, if you please."

It was about dusk, for the days were now short, and the cutter was eight miles off the land. By the directions of the informer, for we have no other name to give him, they now bore up and ran along the island until they were, by his calculations, for it then was dark, abreast of a certain point close to the Black Gang Chyne. Here they hove to, hoisted out their boats, three in number, and the men were sent in, well armed with pistols and cutlasses. Short had the charge of one, Coble of the second, the stern sheets of the third was occupied by Vanslyperken and the informer. As soon as all was ready, Jemmy Ducks, who, much to Vanslyperken's wish, was left in charge of the cutter, received his orders to lie to where he was, and when the tide made flood, to stand close in shore, and all was prepared for a start, when it occurred to Vanslyperken that to leave Snarleyyow, after the threat of Jemmy's wife, and the known animosity of Smallbones, would be his death warrant. He determined, therefore, to take him in the boat. The informer protested against it, but Vanslyperken would not listen to his protestations. The dog was handed into the boat, and they shoved off. After they had pulled a quarter of an hour in shore, they altered their course, and continued along the coast until the informer had made out exactly where he was. He then desired the other two boats to come alongside, told the crews that they must keep the greatest silence, as where they were about to proceed was directly under where the smugglers would have a party to receive the goods, and that the least alarm would prevent them from making the capture. The boats then pulled in to some large rocks, against which the waves hoarsely murmured, although the sea was still smooth, and passing between them, found themselves in a very small cove, where the water was still, and in which there was deep water.

The cove was not defended so much by the rocks above water, for the mouth of it was wide; but there appeared to be a ridge below, which broke off the swell of the ocean. Neither was it deep, the beach not being more than perhaps fifty feet from the entrance. The boats, which had pulled in with muffled oars, here lay quietly for nearly an hour, when a fog came on and obscured the view of the offing, which otherwise was extensive, as the moon was at her full, and had shone bright.

"This is all the better," whispered the informer, "they will fall into the trap at once. Hark! hist! I hear oars."

They all listened; it was true, the sound of oars were heard, and the men prepared their arms.

The splash of the oars was now more plain. "Be silent and ready," whispered the informer, and the whisper was passed round. In another minute a large lugger-built boat, evidently intended for sailing as well as pulling, was seen through the fog looming still larger from the mist, pulling into the cove.

"Silence, and not a word. Let her pass us," whispered the informer.

The boat approached rapidly—she was within ten fathoms of the entrance, when Snarleyyow, hearing the sound, darted forward under the thwarts, and jumping on the bow of the boat, commenced a most unusual and prolonged baying of Bow wow, bow wow wow wow!

At the barking of the dog the smugglers backed water to stop their way. They knew that there was no dog with those they expected to meet, it was therefore clear that the Philistines were at hand. The dog barked in spite of all attempts to prevent him, and acting upon this timely warning, the lugger-boat pulled short round, just as lights were shown from the cliffs to notify an enemy at hand, for the barking of the dog had not escaped the vigilance of those on shore, and in a few seconds she disappeared in the mist.

"Blast your cur! Five thousand pounds out of my pocket!" exclaimed the informer. "I told you so. Chuck him overboard, my men, for your pockets would have been lined."

Vanslyperken was as savage, and exclaimed, "Give way, my men, give way; we'll have them yet."

"Send a cow to chase a hare," replied the informer, throwing himself back in the stern sheets of the boat. "I know better; you may save yourself the trouble, and the men the fatigue. May the devil take you, and your cursed dog with you. Who but a fool would have brought a dog upon such an occasion? Well, I've lost five thousand pounds; but there's one comfort, you've lost too. That will be a valuable beast, if you put all down to his account."

At this moment Vanslyperken was so much

annoyed at the loss of what would have been a fortune to him, that he felt as angry as the informer. The boats' crews were equally enraged, the dog was pommelled, and kicked, and passed along from one to the other, until he at last gained the stern sheets, and crouched between the legs of his master, who kicked him away in a rage, and he saved himself under the legs of the informer, who, seizing a pistol, struck him with the butt end of it such a blow, that nothing but the very thick skull of the dog could have saved him. Snarleyyow was at a sad discount just then, but he very wisely again sought protection with his master, and this time he was not noticed.

"What are we to do now?" observed Vanslyperken.

"Go back again like dogs with their tails between their legs; but observe, Mr. Lieutenant, you have made me your enemy, and that is more serious than you think for."

"Silence, sir, you are in a king's boat."

"The king be d——d," replied the informer, falling back sulkily against the gunnel of the boat.

"Give way, men, and pull on board," said Vanslyperken, in equally bad humor.

In equally bad humor the men did give way, and in about an hour were on board the cutter.

Every one was in a bad humor when the affair was made known; but Smallbones observed, "that the dog could be no such great friend, as supposed, of Vanslyperken's, to thwart his interests in that way; and certainly no imp sent by the devil to his assistance." The ship's company were consoled with this idea, and Jansen again repeated, "that the *tog* was but a tog, after all."

## CHAPTER XVI.

**In which we change the scene, and the sex of our performers.**

We must now leave the cutter to return to Portsmouth, while we introduce to our readers a new and strange association. We stated that the boats had been ensconced in a very small cove at the back of the Isle of Wight. Above these hung the terrific cliff of the Black Gang Chyne, which, to all appearance, was inaccessible. But this was not the case, or the smugglers would not have resorted there to disembark their cargo. At that time, for since that period much of the cliff has fallen down, and the aspect is much changed, the rocks rose up from the water nearly perpendicular, to the height of fifty or sixty feet. At that height there was a flat of about one hundred feet square in front of a cave of very great depth. The flat, so called in contradistinction to the perpendicular cliff, descended from the seaward to the cave, so that the latter was not to be seen either by vessels passing by, or by those who might be adventurous enough to peep over the ridge above; and fragments of rocks, dispersed here and there on this flat, or platform, induced people to imagine that the upper cliff was a continuation of the lower. The lower cliff, on which this platform in front of the cave was situated, was on the eastern side as abrupt as on that fronting the sea to the southward; but on the western side, its height was decreased to about fifteen feet, which was surmounted by a ladder removed at pleasure. To this means of access to the cave there was a zigzag path, used only by the smugglers, leading from the small cove, and another much more tedious, by which they could transport their goods to the summit of this apparently inaccessible mass of rocks. The cave itself was large, and with several diverging galleries, most of which were dry; but in one or two there was a continual filtering of clear pure water through the limestone rock, which was collected in pits dug for that purpose on the floor below; these pits were always full of water, the excess being carried off by small open drains which trickled over the eastern side of the platform. Some attention to comfort had been paid by the inhabitants of these caverns, which were portioned off here and there with sail cloth and boards, so as to form separate rooms and storehouses. The cookery was carried on outside at the edge of the platform nearest the sea, under an immense fragment of rock, which lay at the very edge; and by an ingenious arrangement of smaller portions of the rock neither the flame was to be distinguished, nor was the smoke, which was divided and made to find its passage through a variety of fissures, ever in such a volume as to be supposed to be any thing more than the vapors drawn up by the heat of the sun.

In this abode there were at least thirty people residing, and generally speaking, it might be called a convent, for it was tenanted only by women. Their husbands, who brought over the cargoes, returning immediately in their boats to the opposite shore, for two reasons; one, that their boats could only land in particular seasons, and could never remain in the cove without risk of being dashed to pieces; and the other, that the absence of all men prevented suspicion; the whole of the interior smuggling being carried on by the other sex, who fearlessly showed themselves on every part of the island, and purchased their necessary supplies of provisions here and there, without exciting any misgivings as to the nature of their employment. A few isolated cottages, not far from the beetling brow of the cliff above, were their supposed abodes; but no one ever troubled them with a visit, and if they did, and found that they could gain no admittance, they imagined that the occupants had locked their doors for security, while they were busied with their labors in the field. Accustomed to climb up the tortuous path from the cave to the summit, the women would, on the darkest night, carry up their burdens and deposit them in the cottages above, until they had an opportunity of delivering their contraband articles into the hands of their agents; and this traffic had been carried on for many years, without

the government or excise having the slightest suspicion by what means the smuggling was accomplished. As we before observed, the great articles in request, and which were now smuggled from France, were alamodes and lutestrings. The attention of government had been called to check the admission of these goods, but hitherto their attempts had not been attended with much success.

At the grey of the morning after the attempt to seize the smugglers had been defeated by the instrumentality of Snarleyyow, upon the top of the immense fragment of the rock which we have described as lying upon the sea-edge of the platform, was perched a fair, slight-made little girl, of about twelve years of age. She was simply clad in a short worsted petticoat and boddice of a dark color, her head was bare, and her hair fluttered with the breeze; her small feet, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were also naked, and her short petticoat discovered her legs half way up to the knee. She stood there, within a few inches of the precipice below, carelessly surveying the waves as they dashed over the rocks, for she was waiting until the light would enable her to see further on the horizon. By those who might have leaned over the ridge above, as well as by those who sailed below, she might have been taken, had she been seen to move, for some sea-bird reposing after a flight, so small was her frame in juxtaposition with the wildness and majesty of nature which surrounded her on every side. Accustomed from infancy to her mode of life, and this unusual domicile, her eye quailed not, nor did her heart beat quicker, as she looked down into the abyss below, or turned her eyes up to the beetling mass of rock which appeared each moment, ready to fall down and overwhelm her. She passed her hand across her temples to throw back the hair which the wind had blown over her eyes, and again scanned the distance as the sun's light increased, and the fog gradually cleared away.

"A sharp look out, Lilly, dear; you've the best eyes among us, and we must have a clue from whence last night's surprise proceeded."

"I can see nothing yet, mother; but the fog is driving back fast."

"It's but a cheerless night your poor father had, to pull twice across the channel, and find himself just where he was. God speed them, and may they be safe in port again by this time."

"I say so too, mother, and amen."

"D'ye see nothing, child?"

"Nothing, dear mother; but it clears up fast to the eastward, and the sun is bursting out of the bank, and I think I see something under the sun."

"Watch well, Lilly," replied the woman, who was throwing more wood on the fire.

"I see a vessel, mother. It is a sloop beating to the eastward."

"A coaster, child?"

"No, mother, I think not. No, it is no coaster—it is that king's vessel, I think; but the glare of the sun is too great. When he rises higher, I shall make it out better."

"Which do you mean, the king's cutter on the station, the Yungfrau?"

"Yes, mother," replied Lilly, "it is. I'm sure it is the Yungfrau."

"Then it is from her that the boats came last night. She must have received some information. There must be treachery somewhere; but we'll soon find that out."

It may appear singular that Lilly could speak so positively as to a vessel at a great distance; but it must be remembered that she had been brought up to it, nearly all her life. It was her profession, and she had lived wholly with seamen and seamen's wives, which will acccount for her technical language being so correct. What Lilly said was true; it was the Yungfrau, which was beating up to regain her port, and having to stem a strong ebb tide during the night, had not made very great progress.

"There are three other vessels in the offing," said Lilly, looking round, "a ship and two brigs, both going down channel;" and as she said this, the little thing dropped lightly from rock to rock till she stood by her mother, and commenced rubbing her hands before the now blazing fire.

"Nancy must go over to Portsmouth," observed the mother, "and find out all about this. I hardly know whom to suspect; but let Nancy alone, she'll ferret out the truth—she has many gossips at the Point. Whoever informed against the landing, must know of this cave."

But we must introduce the mother of Lilly to the reader. She was a tall, finely-featured woman, her arms beautifully moulded, and bare. She was rather inclined to be stout, but her figure was magnificent. She was dressed in the same costume as her daughter, with the exception of a net worsted shawl of many colors over her shoulders. Her appearance gave you the idea that she was never intended for the situation which she was now in; but of that hereafter. As the reader may have observed, her language was correct as was that of the child, and proved that she had not only been educated herself, but had paid attention to the bringing up of Lilly. The most perfect confidence appeared to subsist between the mother and daughter: the former treated her child as her equal, and confided every thing to her; and Lilly was far advanced beyond her age in knowledge and reflection, her countenance beamed with intelligence; perhaps a more beautiful and more promising creature never existed.

A third party now appeared from the cave; although not in canonicals, his dress indicated his profession of a priest. He approached the mother and daughter with "Peace be with you, ladies."

"You forget, good father," replied the elder of the females, "my name is Alice—nothing more."

"I crave pardon for my forgetting who you were. I will be more mindful. Well, then,

Alice—yet that familiar term sounds strangely, and my tongue will not accustom itself, even were I to remain here weeks, instead of but two days—I was about to say, that the affair of last night was most untoward. My presence is much wished for, and much required, at St. Germains. It was unfortunate, because it proves that we have traitors among us somewhere; but of that, and of the whole affair, I will have cognizance in a few days."

"And should you discover the party?"

"His doom is sealed."

"You are right."

"In so important and so righteous a cause, we must not stop at aught necessary to secure our purpose. But, tell me, think you that your husband will soon be here again?"

"I should think not to-night, but to-morrow or the next he will be off; and if we can show the signals of surety he will land, if the weather will permit."

"'Tis indeed time that I were over. Something might now be done."

"I would so too, father; it is a tedious time that I have spent here."

"And most unfitting for you, were it not that you labored in a great cause; but it must soon be decided, and then that fair lily shall be transplanted, like a wild flower from the rock, and be nurtured in a conservatory."

"Nay, for that, the time is hardly come. She is better here, as you see her, father, than in the chambers of a court. For her sake, I would still remain; but for my husband's sake, and the perils he encounters, I wish that one way or the other it were decided."

"Had there been faith in that Italian, it had been so before now," replied the priest, grinding his teeth, and turning away.

But the conversation was closed at the appearance of some women who came out of the cave. They were variously clothed, some coarsely, and others with greater pretensions to finery: they brought with them the implements for cooking, and appeared surprised at the fire being already lighted. Among them was one about twenty-five years of age, and although more faded than she ought to have been at that early age, still with pretensions to almost extreme beauty. She was more gaily dressed than the others, and had a careless, easy air about her, which suited to her handsome slight figure. It was impossible to see her without being interested, and desiring to know who she was.

This person was the Nancy mentioned by Alice in her conversation with Lilly. Her original name had been Nancy Dawson, but she had married one of the smugglers, of the name of Corbett. Her original profession, previous to her marriage, we will not dwell upon; suffice it to say, that she was the most celebrated person of that class in Portsmouth, both for her talent and extreme beauty. Had she lived in the days of King Charles II., and had he seen her, she would have been more renowned than ever was Eleanor Gwynne; even as it was, she had been celebrated in a song, which has not been lost to posterity. After a few years of dissipated life, Nancy reformed, and became an honest woman, and an honest wife. By her marriage with the smuggler, she had become one of the fraternity, and had taken up her abode in the cave, which she was not sorry to do, as she had become too famous at Portsmouth to remain there as a married woman. Still she occasionally made her appearance, and to a certain degree kept up her old acquaintances, that she might discover what was going on—very necessary information for the smugglers. She would laugh, and joke, and have her repartee as usual, but in other points she was truly reformed. Her acquaintance was so general, and she was such a favorite, that she was of the greatest use to the band, and was always sent over to Portsmouth when her services were required. It was supposed there, for she had reported it, that she had retired to the Isle of Wight, and lived there with her husband, who was a pilot, and that she came over to Portsmouth occasionally, to inquire after her old friends, and upon business.

"Nancy Corbett, I must speak to you," said Alice. "Come aside: I wish you, Nancy, to go over immediately. Can you go up, do you think, without being perceived?"

"Yes, Mistress Alice, provided there is no one to see me."

"The case is so important, that we must run the risk."

"We've run cargoes of more value than that."

"But still you must use discretion, Nancy."

"That's a commodity that I've not been very well provided with through life; but I have my wits in its stead."

"Then you must use your wit, Nancy."

"It's like an old knife, well worn, but all the sharper."

Alice then entered into a detail of what she would find out, and gave her instructions to Nancy. The first point was, to ascertain whether it was the cutter which had received the information; the second, who the informer was.

Nancy, having received her orders, tied the strings of her bonnet, caught up a handful of the victuals which were at the fire, and bidding the others a laughing good-bye, with her mouth full, and one hand also occupied, descended the ladder, previous to mounting the cliff.

"Nancy," said Lilly, who stood by the ladder, "bring me some pens"

"Yes, dear; will you have them alive, or dead?"

"Nonsense, I mean some quills."

"So do I, Miss Lilly; but if you want them dead, I shall bring them in my pocket; if alive, I shall bring the goose under my arm."

"I only want the quills, Nancy," replied Lilly, laughing.

"And I think I shall want the feathers of them before I'm at the top," replied Nancy, looking up at the majestic cliff above her. "Good by, Miss Lilly."

Nancy Corbett again filled her handsome

might at once enter upon matters to him of more serious importance. "Where is the Father Innis, my dear?" said he, disengaging himself from her arms.

"He sleeps, Robert, or, at least, he did just now, but probably he will rise now that you are come. But in the meantime I have discovered who the traitor is."

"By all the saints, he shall not escape my veangeance."

Alice then entered into the particulars related by Nancy Corbett, and already known to the reader. She had just concluded when Father Innis made his appearance from the cave.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, holy father."

"Welcome, too, my son. Say, do we start to-night?"

"Not till to-morrow night," replied the husband of Alice, who having ascertained that in all probability Cornbury would come that night, determined at all risks to get possession of him: "we could well be over before daylight, and with your precious person, I must not risk too much. You are anxiously expected."

"And I have important news," replied the priest, "but I will not detain you now; I perceive that your presence is wanted by your men."

During this colloquy the women had descended the ladder, and had been assisting the men to carry up the various packages of which the boat's cargo consisted, and they now awaited directions as to the stowing away.

"Ramsay," said the leader, "we do not return to-night; take the men, and contrive to lift the boat upon the rocks, so that she may not be injured."

An hour elapsed before this was effected, and then the leader, as well as the rest of the smugglers, retired to the cave to refresh themselves with sleep after their night of fatigue. As usual, one woman kept watch, and that woman was Nancy Corbett. The ladder had been hauled up, and she was walking up and down with her arms under a shawl to a sort of stamping trot, for the weather was frosty, when she heard a low whistle at the west side of the flat.

"Oh, ho! have I lured you, you traitorous villain," muttered Nancy, "you come in good time:" and Nancy walked to the spot where the ladder was usually lowered down, and looked over. Although the moon had risen, it was too dark on that side of the platform to distinguish more than that there was a human form, who repeated the whistle.

"What's o'clock?" said Nancy, in a low tone.

"Do you want the right time to a minute?" replied a voice, which was recognized as Cornbury's. Nancy lowered down the ladder, and Cornbury ascended the platform.

"I am glad you are come, Cornbury. Have you heard any thing of Wahop?"

"No one has seen or heard of him," replied the man, "but I have found out what boats they were. Did the lugger come over to-night?"

"Yes," replied Nancy, "but I must go in and let Mistress Alice know that you are here."

Nancy's abrupt departure was to prevent Cornbury from asking if the boat had remained, or returned to the French coast; for she thought it not impossible that the unusual circumstance of the boat remaining might induce him to suppose that his treachery had been discovered, and to make his immediate escape, which he, of course, could have done, and given full information of the cave and the parties who frequented it.

Nancy soon re-appeared, and familiarly taking the arm of Cornbury, led him to the eastern side of the platform, asking him many questions. As soon as he was there, the leader of the gang, followed by half a dozen of his men, rushed out and secured him. Cornbury now felt assured that all was discovered, and that his life was forfeited. "Bind him fast," said the leader, "and keep watch over him; his case shall soon be disposed of. Nancy, you will call me at daylight."

When Cornbury had been secured, the men returned into the cave, leaving one with a loaded pistol to guard him. Nancy still remained on the watch.

"Nancy Corbett," said Cornbury, "why am I treated thus?"

"Why?" replied Nancy with scorn, "ask yourself why? Do you think that I did not know when I sought you at the beach that you had sailed in the cutter, had brought the boats here, and that if it had not been for the lieutenant taking his dog in the boat and its barking, you would have delivered us all into the hands of the Philistines?—wretched traitor."

"D——n!" muttered Cornbury, "then it is to you, you devil, that I am indebted for being entrapped this way."

"Yes, to me," replied Nancy with scorn. "And, depend upon it, you will have your deserts before the sun is one hour in the heavens."

"Mistress Nancy, I must beg you to walk your watch like a lady, and not to be corresponding with my prisoner any how, whether you talk raison or traison, as may happen to suit your convanience," observed the man who was guard over Cornbury.

"Be aisy, my jewel," replied Nancy, mimicking the Irishman, "and I'll be as silent as a magpie, any how. And, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you'll just be plased to keep your two eyes upon your prisoner, and not be staring at me, following me up and down, as you do, with those twinklers of yours."

"A cat may look at a king, Mistress Nancy, and no harm done either."

"You forget, Mr. Fitzpatrick," replied Nancy, "that I am now a modest woman."

"More's the pity, Mistress Nancy, I wish you'd forget it too, and I dying of love for you."

Nancy walked away to the end of the platform to avoid further conversation. The day was now dawning, and as, by degrees, the light was thrown upon the face of Cornbury,

it was strange to witness how his agitation and his fear had changed all the ruby carbuncles on his face to a deadly white. He called to Nancy Corbett in a humble tone once or twice as she passed by in her walk, but received no reply, further than a look of scorn. As soon as it was broad daylight Nancy went into the cave to call up the leader.

In a few minutes he appeared, with the rest of the smugglers.

"Philip Cornbury," said he, with a stern and unrelenting countenance, "you would have betrayed us for the sake of money,"

"It is false," replied Cornbury.

"False, is it?—you shall have a fair trial. Nancy Corbett, give your evidence before us all."

Nancy recapitulated all that had passed.

"I say again, that it is false," replied Cornbury. "Where is the woman whom she states to have told her this? This is nothing more than assertion, and I say again, it is false. Am I to be condemned without proofs? Is my life to be sacrificed to the animosity of this woman, who wishes to get rid of me, because—"

"Because what?" interrupted Nancy.

"Because I was too well acquainted with you before your marriage, and can tell too much."

"Now curses on you, for a liar as well as a traitor," exclaimed Nancy. "What I was before I was married is well known; but it is well known also that I pleased my fancy, and could always choose. I must, indeed, have had a sorry taste to be intimate with a blotched wretch like you. Sir," continued Nancy, turning to the leader, "it is false; and whatever may be said against me on other points, Nancy Dawson, or Nancy Corbett, was never yet so vile as to assert a lie. I put it to you, sir, and to all of you, is not my word sufficient in this case?"

The smugglers nodded their heads in assent.

"And, now that is admitted, I will prove his villany and falsehood. Philip Cornbury, do you know this paper?" cried Nancy, taking out of her bosom the agreement signed by Vanslyperken, which she had picked up on the night when Cornbury had torn it up and thrown it away. "Do you know this paper, I ask you! Read it, sir," continued Nancy, handing it over to the leader of the smugglers.

The paper was read, and the inflexible countenance of the leader turned towards Cornbury,—who read his doom.

"Go in, Nancy Corbett, and let no women appear till all is over."

"Liar!" said Nancy, spitting on the ground as she passed by Cornbury.

"Bind his eyes, and lead to the western edge," said the leader.

"Philip Cornbury, you have but a few minutes to live. In mercy, you may see the holy father, if you wish it."

"I'm no d—d papist," replied Cornbury, in a sulky tone.

"Lead him on then."

Cornbury was led to the western edge of the flat, where the cliff was most high and precipitate, and then made to kneel down.

"Fitzpatrick," said the leader, pointing to the condemned.

Fitzpatrick walked up to the kneeling man with his loaded pistol, and then the others, who had led Cornbury to the edge of the cliff, retired.

Fitzpatrick cocked the lock.

"Would you like to say, 'God have mercy on my treacherous sinful sowl,' or anything short and sweet like that?" said Fitzpatrick; "if so, I'll wait a couple of seconds more for your convanience, Philip Cornbury."

Cornbury made no reply. Fitzpatrick put the pistol to his ear, the ball whizzed through his brain, the body half raised itself from its knees with a strong muscular action, and then toppled over and disappeared over the side of the precipice.

"It's to be hoped that the next time you lave this world, Master Cornbury, it will be in a purliter sort of manner. A civil question demands a civil answer any how," said Fitzpatrick, coolly rejoining the other men.

(*To be continued.*)

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## DIARY OF A BLASÉ.*

### CHAPTER XXVII.

Dovor, June, 1836.

THERE is a species of taxation in England, which may be said to be almost peculiar to the country. That there will be extortion or begging everywhere, even in America, is undoubted; but these two principles are, in England, carried on upon a system quite unknown in any other country. It is not the applicants for your money who are the real beggars; it is their employers, who, to increase their own profits, throw upon the public all the minor expenses, much in the same way that the farmers used to contrive that the parish should pay the wages of their laborers. To a constant traveller these expenses become enormous; and even to one who travels seldom, they are at the time vexatious and irritating. They may be chiefly included under the heads of waiters, postillions, coachmen, guards, porters, and all those connected with embarkation and debarkation: the real mendicants are the innkeepers, coach proprietors, and general Steam Navigation Company, who, to reduce the nominal amount of their own charges without reducing their profits, have thrown upon the shoulders of the public all this variety of expenses, which ought to be defrayed by themselves.

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* Continued from page 268.

I took up a small volume to amuse me during my journey, without further attention to it at the time, except that it was one that I had not read. On opening it I found it was stated to be from the pen of Grant Thorburn, the seedsman and nailmaker of New York. After I had read a dozen pages, I felt convinced that although his style was well imitate *i*, that it was from a superior hand. It is styled, "Men and Manners in Britain; or, a Bone for the Trollopes and Fidlers," a passage, indicating these extortions, arrested my attention.

I laid down the book, and determined to ascertain how far the observations were borne out in my present trip.

Drove in a cab to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross—stopped close to the heads of the leaders of the coach—a porter seizes my luggage. "Which coach, sir?"—"Dovor."—"Just in time, sir."—"That's all I wished to be."—Takes my luggage into the coach office.—"Please to remember the porter, sir."—Gave him sixpence for walking five yards, a common agricultural laborer would have worked hard for three hours to obtain the same.

Inside the coach.—"Your luggage was one portmanteau, carpet-bag, and a dressing-case?"—"Yes."—"They are all safe, sir, in the foreboot. Please to remember the porter, sir."—Another sixpence, the man looked a shilling at me, demurred, holding the coach-door open, then slammed it to.

On the road.—Stop half an hour at Rochester.—"Waiter, a glass of brandy and water, cold without."—"Coach is ready, sir."—"How much, waiter?"—"One shilling the brandy, sir."—As much as to say, and sixpence for myself.

Stop at Canterbury.—"Coachman; Gentlemen and ladies, if you please," says the party, waking us out of a sleep too difficult to be obtained, to be renewed for the rest of the journey. Two-and-sixpence forked by the three gentlemen passengers; the last, a French lady, watching what was given, and very unwillingly, and evidently with surprise mixed with unwillingness, following the munificent example. But what are you to do? No one likes to be exposed to insult, and such would certainly be the case. I once recollect giving a shilling, and was told by the coachman that I had made a mistake in my vehicle, and should have come by the waggon, as my mother had always done before me. Although the quietest man in the world, I turned round and thrashed the fellow. But was that any consolation? Would it not have been better to have paid one-and-sixpence more than have run the risk of a black eye, and have obtained the certainty of my knuckles peeled bare, and hands disfigured for a week? Most surely; but then my mother! It was all filial duty. Canterbury being but sixteen miles from Dovor, it was imagined that the new coachman would hardly have ventured to ask for a fee; but, alas! they had selected a man of such consummate impudence, that he boldly came in upon our arrival, and obtained from each one shilling.

The guard also now claimed his half-crown, and then all was paid up from London to Dovor; but now let us calculate the per centage. The coach fare inside was nominally twenty-eight shillings; and during the journey I had contributed to the support of no less than six individuals attached to the establishment, paying them seven-and-sixpence, or about twenty-seven per cent. And this is about the mark; that is, twenty-five per cent, is paid extra in England by this system of pauperism and robbery combined. The same ratio of expense attends embarkation of yourself and your luggage; nay, you cannot set your own person in the steam-vessel, although it is alongside the quay, without paying sixpence to the ladder-men, a species of accommodation which one would imagine that the proprietors of the vessels are bound to afford. But the worst of this is that it is a regular organized system by the proprietors. Not only do their servants work without being paid, but they even pay the proprietors for their situations, as is well known to be a fact, in some of the principal London coffee-houses, and in all the hotels. And it is not the fault of those who demand the money, for they tell you truly that it is all they had to depend upon. How different is the case when you travel abroad! On your arrival at the seaport you will meet with extortion; but it is chiefly from English commissioners, your own countrymen, who have there introduced the English system. Travel post, or by dilligence, there is no begging, no extortion of any kind from the postilions or conductors. Your luggage is put on and taken off without any demand, and if you choose to give *à pour boire*, it is thankfully received, but never asked for.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Habit and association blind us. No nation can well judge of its own merits and demerits. It is only the traveller *par excellence*. I refer not to the mere tourist; but the man who has been round and round the world, commencing from boyhood—who has, from continued absence, broken the links which would otherwise have bound him to the national *pro aris et focis*, who can truly judge, and whose opinion may deserve to carry some weight. He must be in the truest sense of the word, a cosmopolite, free from all prejudice, and looking philosophically, but kindly, upon all countries alike, who can fully perceive the faults and the virtues of his own countrymen. Whether I have that claim I hardly know; as far as being torn from my paternal roof in childhood, and for a period of thirty years having wandered, not having remained, perhaps, more than four years out of that thirty in my own country, I may be considered as not wedded to national custom and prejudice; but whether I am competent, in other points, it is not for me to decide. I was reflecting

last Sunday evening, when alone in my rooms, upon a very serious question.

Are the English the religious nation which they claim to be? and are they justified in their pharisaical contempt of the French? I thought for many hours, and it may be a matter of surprise, that I was unwillingly obliged to find a verdict against my own countrymen.

We are a sombre nation, a matter-of-fact nation, and in the middle and higher grades, perhaps, a moral nation, but not a religious nation; and the very outward observances are inimical to the true religion of the heart required by the Omniscient.

Let us first put the general question. Are we not the most gainseeking nation in existence? It is undeniable. Can we therefore serve Mammon so dilligently for six days in the week, and then turn round with all sincerity to God on the seventh? Impossible; it is contrary to nature. We may observe outward forms, but is the heart there? Can any man who has been ruled by what has become a habit, confirmed by years, divest himself of that habit at volition? He may try to do it, and in the trial lays the merit; but he can no more prevent his thoughts wandering back to his worldly affairs, than an inveterate snuff-taker, with the box open before him, could deny himself a pinch of snuff, because it was the hallowed day.

It is the fact that, as a nation and in communities, our virtues and our vices in this world depend more upon circumstances than upon ourselves. This may be considered to be a bold assertion, but it is borne out by investigation in every race and in every clime.

I have said that we are a sombre nation. There is more than one cause for it. Our climate has some effect; but what has more, is the national feeling with which we are inoculated from our cradles as a money getting community—to obtain the greatest possible results by the least possible means—a law of mechanics, which actuates every motive of action in the English community, and to which they sacrifice every thing. It is this pervading first principle which has made us a sombre and suicidal nation, not our climate; for actuated by it in all we do, we never study to please the imagination. There is no relaxation, no relief to the mind, which, like the machine, works on and on in its calling, till it wears out.

To prove the truth of this assertion, let us make a comparison between the two metropolises of England and France.

In London, where we suffer under a damp and foggy climate and the smoke of coal fires, there is little or no ventilation in the narrow and confined streets,—and why? Because distance is time, time is money, and money is every thing.

In Paris, a merchant, when he takes a warehouse, will look as much for a cheerful situation as he will for a convenient one.

Bricks are cheaper than stone, and the very sombre hue of brick edifices is reflected upon the imagination. Does not the feeling of exhilaration rise when we pass through the light-built cheerful skirts of Paris, or saunter in the Boulevards, and the eye reposes upon the foilage of the trees?

The plan of building in London is equally productive of gloom. Space is money, and money every thing. The old and never-lost-sight-of principle appears, of the greatest possible results by the least possible means? What is the consequence?

We have staircases just large enough to get up. With us, staircases are staircases. Our rooms are equally confined, and more dark from a want of sufficient light. The servants live in cellars, for the kitchens are cellars, and nothing more. There is no space for ornament, nor light to display it. The walls are mostly bare,—there is nothing to catch and please the eye—no attempt to win the imagination for a moment, and allow other thoughts to be dismissed. All is matter-of-fact, of necessity, and no more.

Examine the interior of a house at Paris, see the space that is sacrificed, the lightness, neatness, loftiness of rooms, the cheerfulness occasioned by the mirrors, the paintings, the good taste of the ornamental department in all its branches. You will then perceive that all this affects the imagination, and that the contrary occasions you to be sombre. You may feel the truth of this when you recollect how strong the effect of a fine sunny day is upon the spirits of an Englishman. And why so? because he is cheered by an accession of that light and air which he has denied to himself.

It is not the house of the rich man in Paris that I refer to; the same feeling pervades from high to low. Go into the porter's lodge, you will find that he has his decorations, his small mirror, his framed pictures, his little library, his flowers in the window-sill. It is but a hole, but it is as cheerful and gay as that hole can be made.

I feel convinced that the above observations are so true, that if London could be pulled down and rebuilt upon a better plan, a few years would materially improve the character of the inhabitants. We have sacrificed every thing to profit, and by so doing we have built ourselves dungeons. Who can be gay under such confinement, and actuated by the one only feeling of obtaining wealth?

I have said that we are a sombre nation, and in the middle and higher classes a moral one.

And here I am afraid that I shall not give satisfaction; for as there can be no true morality without religion, so then, as I have denied religion, some other cause must be found for our morality. It is to be found in the ever-acting principle of the community, in the constant seeking after the attainment of wealth. In a commercial nation like ours, it is absolutely necessary that probity should be upheld as one of the first principles of guidance. If a man has once established his character in this point, he has half established his fortune. The notorious Colonel Char-

tres is known to have said, that he would give twenty thousand pounds for a good character, if such were to be obtained by purchase; and on being asked his reason, very honestly confessed that it was because he would make one hundred thousand pounds by it.

Now a man is seldom honest in one point and not in another; and the moral code is, generally speaking, either received or rejected in toto. The youth of England are brought up morally and religiously; it is their interest in advanced life to be the one, and to appear to be the other. In fact, they would perhaps be both, if circumstances would have permitted it; but they prove the truth of the Scripture, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Although the higher classes have religion in their mouths, talk of the Established Church, danger of popery, &c., as I cannot pretend to say what they have in their hearts, I will only observe, that as legislators, they have done much harm both to the cause of religion and of morality. It is generally supposed, that a man will be moral first, and religious afterwards. Now our government have attempted to force religion, or rather, the outward observance of it, upon the lower classes, without in any way legislating for morality. The discrepancy of this conduct has been more than absurd. They refuse to the poorer classes innocent amusements, and at the same time wink at, and almost sanction, the most degrading vice.

It is a well known fact, that there are whole streets in the metropolis occupied only by thieves, pickpockets, and the most abandoned of females. Streets utterly deserted, unlighted, the houses in them spacious and lofty, once perhaps, the abode of all that was respectable, and wealthy, and good, now dark and dismal purlieus, appropriated as dens for vice and immorality. I have been through them at night from curiosity—not without danger—and have beheld this extremity of vice, dissipation, and misery. In these streets there is no landlord who can call for his rent, but two-pence or three-pence a-night is charged for the inhabiting of rooms full of filth, where promiscuously are heaped together the abandoned of both sexes, who, after prowling for their prey, return to their lairs either moody from disappointment, or flushed with gin and success. And in these streets are permitted to advance to maturity, thousands of children of both sexes, a nursery for prostitution and pickpockets, who live in a state of abandonment, supporting themselves by petty thieving, until they become ripe for their respective professions. And yet, although this is well known, the government do not interfere. No, this nursery of present and future crime, is not worthy of their consideration!

Again, we have, as it is calculated, forty thousand unhappy women walking the streets of London, all with their respective *beats*, which are not interfered with—hundreds of houses *virtually* licensed by the police for the accommodation of the public.

But this is not the greatest of the evils. We have the gin palaces decorated at an enormous expense, with their numerous gas lights flaring and pointing out where inebriety holds his court. This is horrible, most horrible; call England a virtuous nation after this—when the government, showing in a body the national folly, think only of an increased revenue, and nothing of the demoralization of the people. A man may be guilty of some crimes when sober, but he will do what he would otherwise recoil at when intoxicated. There is a very apt fable of a man who was obliged, from some previous contract or another with the devil, to choose to obey him in three offices. The devil gave him his choice, to murder his father, to ruin his sister, or to get drunk. The man chose the last, as the least crime of the three; but what was the consequence? as soon as he was drunk, the devil persuaded him to commit the other two.

It may be urged, that the laws are severe, and are put in force. This is true, and, until lately, the laws were much too severely imposed; but is not prevention better than remedy? and is it not the duty of a paternal government to put an end to this nursery of crime? At present, they are acting in the same way as landed proprietors do, when they allow their rabbits to get a-head, that they may have the amusement of destroying them; for, by not interfering with this juvenile delinquency, they procure a continual supply of subjects for the hulks, the colonies, and the gallows.

Now that I have shown what our legislators for the last century do not think it their duty to interfere with, I will point out what they do interfere with, viz. the rational amusements of the people, such as dancing, theatricals, and any species of relaxation, particularly on a Sunday.

And here we come to a very important question, which is, upon what is, and what is not a due observance of the Sabbath day. I feel that I am on dangerous ground; but I have my opinion on the subject, and if I am wrong, it is not from not having reflected upon the subject.

In England, the universal principle which guides every thing, has sunk the lower classes into mere machines; they are worked to excess during the six days of the week, and the utmost possible amount of labor is extracted from them at the lowest possible cost. Amusement is unknown and unthought of during the week days. Unlike the Catholic countries, we have no festival days except Easter and Christmas, in which a man can lay by his work and be merry. If he did, he would not have bread for his children for the day after.

The poor man in England has fifty-two days of rest in three hundred and sixty-five. Abroad, the poor man does not work more than two hundred days in the year. Now, with such incessant toil, our legislators will

tell the poor wretches, that they are to keep the Sabbath in due observance—according to their reading of the word due observance, which, be it observed, is outward form only. There are no Sabbath laws for the rich—they may, and they do, do as they please. It is true, that they observe the Sabbath as far as going to church, some, perhaps, twice a day; but are "*the cattle within their gates*" allowed the benefit of the commandment? Does even the bishop walk to church? Besides, be it remembered, that there is a great deal of difference between keeping one day sacred after having *amused* yourselves the other six, and keeping that day sacred after having toiled for the same period. I will not pretend to say what may be implied by a due observance of the Sabbath, as given out in the commandment, but this I do know, that our Savior walked in the corn-fields with his disciples on that day. I know that the Sabbath is not observed by the higher classes, according to their own reading of the commandment as legislators and as divines, and that the measures taken by them to enforce the due observance of this day by the lower classes, is productive of much crime and misery, and that merely because the lower classes are denied rational amusement, which cannot be offensive to God.

The absurdity of legislating upon this point is fully proved by the inconsistencies which it has produced; for instance, barbers are not to shave on Sundays; is not cleanliness a duty, and is it not a part of the respect paid to the Lord's day? The upper classes may have their beards taken off by their valets, or with their own razors on a Sunday morning, but the poor may not. Might you not just as well prohibit washing hands and faces on a Sunday? for ablution is quite as necessary as shaving, if people are to appear clean.

Some devout legislator, I forget who it was, gets up a petition from the journeymen bakers, who, by cooking the Sunday dinners, complain that they are not able to attend Divine service. Now, in the first place, as all the Sunday dinners are out of the oven by half-past one o'clock, if they were prevented attending morning service, they were not prevented going to church in the afternoon; and in the next place, allowing this petition to have been attended to, what must have been the result? Say, that there are five thousand journeymen bakers throughout the kingdom who are detained watching the dinners of fifty families in each oven. Had these five thousand journeymen bakers gained their petition and baking on Sundays been put an end to, instead of one journeyman baker being kept away from church, there would have been fifty people obliged to remain at home to watch each separate dinner; or, that to enable these five thousand to go to church, if so inclined, two hundred and fifty thousand people must have remained at home in the cottages to watch the separate cooking. And this is legislation!

The whole system, at present, is such as to drive the lower classes into vice and dissipation. Dancing is totally prohibited every day in the week, but a man may get as drunk as he pleases. Now, there is no recreation so valuable or so innocent as dancing; it affects the imagination, for the time absorbs all other ideas, the mind is exhilarated by the exercise and by the music, and it should be encouraged as much as possible. Upon what plea is it denied—because it leads to immorality? On the contrary, it checks immorality: the man who is amusing himself with dancing will not get tipsy half so soon as he would otherwise; in all probability not drink more than he ought. But we insist upon idleness, which is the root of all evil, and having nothing better to do our people get drunk. Why are the French such a sober people? Because they are exhilarated by amusements, and do not require further stimulus. In England, the people get drunk in a corner like hogs, because they are not permitted to do any thing else.

Some months ago, a friend asked me whether I would accompany him to the play. I consented, without caring which theatre we might visit. He led me through a part of St. Giles's, until we arrived at a gateway leading into a yard. At the gateway he gave a man twopence for our entrance, and we received two dirty bits of card. We walked to the end of the yard, mounted an outside staircase, and found ourselves in what had once been a large hayloft, and was now fitted out as a rude theatre. The sight was curious. There were about two hundred people collected, all unwashed except ourselves. Chimney-sweeps, apple-women, journeymen of all descriptions, boys and girls. Behind me sat in a row seven old women, each with a short pipe in her mouth. The man who acted as, I cannot say boxkeeper, for we sat upon forms, but as master of the ceremonies, was deficient in that necessary appendage called a shirt, but he was very polite. Perceiving that we were rather respectable, he handed us to the best places, and in a few minutes, during which I was astonished at the quiet and decorum which were maintained, the curtain drew up and the performance commenced. The first piece was "Frankenstein:" I will not say much for the merits of the actors; but they acted with all their heart and soul, and we were much amused. They concluded with the "Mayor of Garratt," and here I could not help being surprised at one circumstance:—there is a part of this farce not very delicate, where Jerry Sneak comes in and relates to Bruen what he has seen through the keyhole relative to the Mayor and his wife. This is generally said out aloud in the theatres, but here it was *whispered*. But in other points, this penny theatre set an example to those licensed by the Lord Chamberlain. When the curtain drew up, the order for hats and bonnets off was immediately complied with; there was the greatest decorum and quiet throughout the whole of the performance, and, when it was over, the spectators separated without noise or confusion.

Now, I would put the case to the reader—

were not these two hundred people much more rationally employed for two or three hours in spending a penny, and being thus amused and instructed, too, than in getting drunk at one of the gin palaces? And yet, had the police known of it they would have broken in, taken some of us up and lodged us in the watchhouse till we could make our appearance before their worships, the magistrates, on the following morning, who, in their horror of such profane and unlicensed doings, might have, perhaps, sent me and my friend for a week or so to the treadmill as an example to evil-doers.

We must now return to the sabbath-day, and examine how it is spent in this country in consequence of unwise legal enactments: the great object of legislation is to correct as far as possible—to render man perfect is impossible—but we have to choose the minor evil and the major good. If we cannot force people to keep the commandment, we must do all we can to induce them to keep it as far as possible: and, in our legislation, we must always bear in mind the peculiarities and the circumstances which bear upon the case. Under the present system, the most immoral day of the seven, in England, is the sabbath-day. It is singular that, while legislating upon such trifles as a man's beard, it has never occurred to our rulers that the sabbath is not the day of rest, but the day of hard work *par excellence*, for our noble friend the horse. Every animal that can be mounted or driven is put into requisition on that day: to the horse it is a day of misery. Away they go out of London in every direction, to distances beyond their strength, and do not return till late at night, driven furiously back by people in a state of inebriety. You may drive a noble animal to death, you may get drunk, you may seduce a virtuous girl, in short, you may be guilty of every species of vice and immorality, and cruelty on a Sunday, provided you do not shave, or play cricket, or dance in the evening, after having attended divine service and thanked God for his mercies in the morning of that day. And this is legislation!

I have said that the poorer classes of England require relaxation and amusement, which is denied them *in toto*. Circumstances will not permit them, even if it were allowed them to benefit by it on the six days in the week; it appears to me that sound legislation would permit it on the Sunday, and that, by its being permitted, the cause of morality would be upheld; and with all due respect to those who think otherwise, I do not think that it would be an offence in the eye of a merciful and kind God. We are told to keep that day holy, but the question is, what is the meaning of the word holy; is it not explained by what follows in the commandment, that it is to be a day of rest from worldly labor to all, not only to yourself but to your household and to your cattle? Does holy imply that you are to wear a grave face? Does holiness consist in outward observance? Is it a sin to laugh or be merry? Are we required to pray during the whole of that day? Did not our Savior rebuke the Pharisee for his ostentatious public prayers, and justify the publican who ejaculated shortly and in secret? But the question is this:—Are we required of the Almighty to do more than our nature and infirmity will permit? And can any man—can the Archbishop of Canterbury, declare solemnly that he can dedicate that whole day to the service of God, without wandering? Impossible. Then if such is the case, let us make the day as holy as we can, and not attempt to desecrate it by hypocrisy. Let us enjoin a due attendance at church, and let us not forbid rational amusements which will put a stop to vice and immorality. The mind cannot be kept on the stretch, it cannot direct its attention to serious subjects for a whole day, nor is it required. If the rich, who have no excuse for the *outward* observance of that day, fail in their duty, how can they expect the poor man, after his six days of toil, to accomplish it, when he feels that relaxation is absolutely necessary for his existence?

At present, the day is desecrated. It is a day of beastly intoxication, because nothing else is permitted except idleness. It is a day which is the cause of bitter tears, of wretchedness, and infamy to many a poor girl; for it is a singular fact, that the idleness and want of amusement on that day is the cause of their ruin, and it has been proved by inquiry that nine out of ten of the unfortunates who have been seduced have to recall the evening of some Sunday as the cause of their misfortune.

Let me conclude by observing, that there are more ways of worshipping and honoring the Deity than falling down before him on our knees. Why the chosen of God danced before the ark I leave to be explained by the divines; but this is certain, that cheerfulness and thankfulness, innocent mirth, good-will towards others, gratitude for mercies received, amusement and exercise, creating happiness and injuring none, are as acceptable to a merciful and loving God at the close of the day dedicated to him, as devout prayer and meditation at the commencement.

(*To be continued.*)

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## MY ISLAND HOME.

They tell of the breezes of Araby,
With spices on their wings;
But Albion's gales are the breezes for me,
Which the broad blue ocean brings.

Some talk of the thrill of the bulbul's notes,
In a perfumed eastern bower:
Far sweeter the song of the nightingale floats,
At England's sunset hour.

Some sing of the maiden of Georgia's face,
And the sunburnt dames of Spain;
But I am content with my land's native grace,
Nor seek it across the main.

Not the clime where the turrets of Venice rise,
Like a queen from out the sea;
Not the colors of Italy's glowing skies
Can vie with the isle of the free.

Show me the source of the eastern wind,
And the forests of the west,
Ye will not banish this thought from my mind,
That *here* is the isle of the blest.

Not the home of the Arab, the Persian, or Greek,
Where the myrtle and olive twine,
And the sunbeams tarnish the virgin's cheek,
Would I exchange for mine.

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## CLEVER MEN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I AM exceedingly fond of the phrase a "Clever Man;" it is not always well applied, but it is always well intended; it implies respect on the part of the speaker, and conveys agreeable ideas to the mind of the hearer. I was somewhat baffled in this theory a few months ago, by a gentleman, of whose abilities I have a high opinion, who assured me, that he had often heard the term clever applied to men, whose only sign of acuteness lay in a keen, cunning, attentive eye to their own interests; but when we came to discuss the point, he allowed that such men were only called "clever fellows."

Now this gives the phrase a completely different bearing; the familiarity of the substantive in a great degree neutralises the praise of the adjective; people speak of a clever fellow in a tone of contemptuous admiration, as they do for instance of a rope-dancer, who performs feats which they cannot do themselves, but which they would not do, even if they could. A "clever man," however, is spoken of with the deference which mental superiority must always command: for my own part, I consider an introduction to a clever man as a decided favor and benefit. I do not, at present, say a word about clever women, because it is my wish to treat only of the highest order of talent; and I am no disciple of Mary Wolstonecraft, no advocate for the equality of the sexes. I am certainly of opinion, that there are many women of decided intellect, that the education of the present day unfolds such intellect more than that of the past century, and that the improvements of future days may unfold it still more, but there my concessions must cease; as the education of women progresses, so does that of men; they must always keep far in advance of us, and the cleverest woman of this age, or of any other, if in company with a really clever man, will, if she be prudent, give up all thought of rivalling his conversation, and be contented to admire, and to profit by it. This would be a delightful world if all the clever men we hear of deserved the term; but alas! I have so often been introduced to a clever man, with the assurance that I shall be enraptured with him, and so often found the cheating phantom fade into air in the first ten minutes of conversation, that, in fact, I begin now to have a kind of premonitory horror of the clever men who are introduced to my notice with a flourish of trumpets, and prefer those whose abilities I find out for myself. It is the custom to decry the society of watering-places as trifling and frivolous, but I must in justice to them say, that some of the very cleverest men whom I know, have been met with by me at a watering-place; and the perfect freedom of intercourse enjoyed under such circumstances, renders the conversation of the clever man a source of far greater satisfaction than if he were encountered at the crowded assembly of a lionizing dowager, or the formal banquet of some ostentatious dinner-giver, who, secure that his service of plate is no counterfeit, does not care whether his clever man be so or not. Let me now, however, give my own notions on the subject. I was once asked in company to define my idea of a clever man. I answered, "A man who combines original genius, with extensive reading." I was told that my definition was a good one, but that I required too much; now, here the *vox populi* was, as it is very apt to be, in the wrong; it was *not* a good definition, and the fault of it was, that I did not require enough. I should have added, that my clever man must possess practical knowledge and experience of the world, for without that qualification, he could never bring his abilities to bear, so as to be generally useful in society.

A clever man should have tact enough to know when to be silent, and when and how to speak; he should be as well versed in the study of men as of books, and a person who has lived in retirement, or in a limited circle, can no more be fully acquainted with the former, than one who has merely opened a few authors, can be thoroughly skilled in the latter. My definition, therefore, was as faulty as if I had been asked to define a good singer, and replied, "A person who unites a fine voice with an accurate ear:" these are certainly important requisites, but knowledge of musical science is indispensable, to regulate and keep them in order; and knowledge of the world, in the same way, can alone enable the clever man to turn his originality to good account. One of the disappointments which I have suffered so often, that I have now become quite hardened to it, is, being introduced to a clever man, and finding out that he is an eminent classical scholar, and *nothing else*. I do not mean to deny that a classical scholar may be a clever man in all the particulars I have enumerated, but his classical abilities do not necessarily render him so. I have sometimes also been entrapped into the idea that I am going to meet a clever man, and have found that he is only clever and distinguished in his own profession. What is it to me that a man is pre-eminently excellent and skilful in medicine or in the law, unless I wish to become his patient, or his client? The

same remark applies, in some measure, to professors of the fine arts; a sculptor, a painter, a musician, may be clever in his profession, and much may be learned from his conversation on professional subjects, but if he be not clever out of it, he ought not to receive the praise due alone to general talent.

Authors are more usually clever men than any other class of persons: an author, if at all eminent, must possess two of my requisites—he must have studied and digested the thoughts of others, to enable him to arrange and harmonize his own: as to knowledge of the world, he is rather likely to have too much than too little of it; the rivalries, the enmities, the jealousies, the littleness of human nature, have been too plainly revealed to him. On that account, although I am always glad to meet authors, I would rather that my clever man *par excellence* should not be an author, at least not a decided and professional member of the world of letters. An author must be more than mortal if he can converse on the works of his brother-writers without the slightest mixture of prejudice and party spirit; it is probable he has met with injustice and unkindness from some among them, whose talents are undoubted and splendid; and the feelings of the man will, in such a case, often prevail over those of the clever man, and he will be tempted to decry those abilities which he would naturally be inclined to admire and extol. Of all those whom the world denominates clever men, the most insufferable to me is the show-off man, the wit, the punster, whose every sentence is chorussed by a laugh, who is the life of a large party, but who we hear, from private information, is apt to be extremely dull and stupid by his own fireside. No wonder, the sobering-down of the spirits and feelings after violent mental excitement, must be, at least, as painful and depressing as the recovery from intoxication. Next to the wit, I dislike the teller of good stories. I was once introduced to a gentleman, whom I was told I should consider a clever man, and an amusing companion. I could not concede the former title to him, for I soon discovered his ignorance of books; but I was willing to allow his claims to the latter; he told a variety of original and entertaining stories, and told them in very good language, and in a striking tone and manner.

The second time I met him, my opinion remained unchanged; but the third time, to my great consternation, some of the stories of the first day made their reappearance, not only the same stories, but related in the very same words, and with the same action and emphasis. In short, I found him to be a complete barrel-organ: when he had got to the end of his tunes he began them again; he was the delight of new acquaintance, and the torment of old ones. There is a description of half-clever men very superior to the one whom I have been sketching, and yet falling far short of the reality of talent:—I mean the man who reads cursorily and superficially, but who wishes to be thought to read deeply and universally; who makes himself up for conversation by studying the reviews and magazines, and generally figures in the evening with the freshly-acquired knowledge of the morning. Such a man is usually assuming and overbearing in his manners; he claims the lead in conversation, and always leads it to the point calculated to show himself to the best advantage; he touches, in the course of his visit, on new novels, poems, volumes of travels, works of science and philosophy, and quotes a striking passage from each, and the wondering hearers say, "What surprising general knowledge Mr. —— has!" when the whole of it is most likely gleaned from the "Athenæum" and "Literary Gazette" of the preceding week. Having thus touched on a few of the classes of pretended clever men, I will now mention several signs, besides the three grand requisites before enumerated, by which my readers may be enabled to discover the really clever man. In the first place, he is thoroughly easy and unaffected. Moore, speaking of Crabbe, feelingly and beautifully says,

> "True bard and simple, as the race
> Of true-born poets ever are;
> When stooping from their starry place,
> They're children near, though gods afar!"

That character which Moore applies to poets in particular, I should apply generally to all the sons of genius; dogmatism, stiffness, and pedantry are utterly foreign to their feelings and manners. I can never understand what people mean when they say, they are afraid to talk to a clever man; there is no description of person to whom I can talk with so little fear, no one whom I feel assured will pass over my deficiencies with so much charity and candor. Another characteristic of the clever man is, that he is quite free from all propensity to quizzing and banter. I do not mean that he may not enjoy a joke, and and occasionally join in a laugh against folly and absurdity, but the setting up any one person as a butt, and constantly striving to expose his foibles and weaknesses, is an instance of bad taste, of which the clever man is never guilty. The acknowledged quizzer's character has, indeed, never been better described than by Miss Pardoe, who calls him, "the professor of an art which, born of flippancy and self-conceit, is nursed by malice, and is the fitting concomitant of low birth, low breeding, and low ideas!" The clever man never talks very long on one theme, however interesting; he always avoids what is quaintly called, "wearing a subject to rags," and he can well afford to be liberal of his mental expenditure, for his range of subjects is so extensive and varied, that he can dismiss each with some portion of the gloss upon it, and call forth another to his auditors in all the bloom of novelty. The clever man does not only read much, but he reads miscellaneously; he has most likely some particular description of study, which he prefers, but he reads all publications of any note, partly to enlarge his already expansive mind by ex-

tended research, and partly, because he feels that it is a duty which he owes to society to be able to give his opinion, if asked, on every variety of literary topic. You will never hear from a clever man the vulgarly self-sufficient boast, "I never read none but standard authors; I have no time to waste on modern trash!" In effect, the clever man finds that a little leisure time enables him to read a vast deal. I do not think I can fix on a more decided characteristic of the clever man than his exceeding rapidity in reading; it is such as not only to excite the wonder, but even to puzzle the comprehension of the dullards of society. There is an idea that those who read rapidly are not able to retain what they read, but it is a mistaken one; the same quickness of understanding and vividness of mind which enable them to do the one, will befriend them in the other. I must acknowledge, however, that people of talent lay themselves open to that observation, for they are very fond of saying, that they have bad memories, when, if they compared them with those of their neighbors, they would have every reason to be satisfied with them; but they expect impossibilities from their memories, and therefore, of course, meet with disappointment. One of the cleverest men I know is constantly lamenting his want of memory, although it is scarcely possible to mention a book that he cannot discuss, or to begin a quotation that he cannot finish. There is nothing unnatural in this feeling; he who reads and remembers much, so far from being vain of his knowledge, is always sure to regret that he does not know more. The clever man talks with great fluency and command of words, but with great simplicity; there is never anything in his manner which puts you in mind of a speaker at a debating society, and if he find the whole company silent, attending to him as if he were a public orator, he is rather annoyed than gratified.

Were any one whom I thought really qualified to enjoy the conversation of a clever man to ask my advice how they might insure that benefit in its fullest extent, I should say, "Do not attempt to draw him out, as it is coarsely and presumptuously called; endeavor to engage him in immediate discourse with yourself; in a large party you will probably find an opportunity of doing so; let him start his own subject; do not speak much yourself, but, at the same time, do not speak affectedly little; let him see that you can understand and appreciate him; be respectful and easy, but, at the same time, do not allow your respect to amount to awe, or your ease to degenerate into familiarity; he will be pleased to meet with a congenial mind, even although of an inferior grade to his own, and you will probably enjoy more of his really good conversation than the whole herd of flatterers and worshippers remaining in the room. A clever man can, in a moment, discern between the sycophantic fawning of those who applaud merely because others do, and the natural unsophisticated admiration of a kindred spirit."

Having thus sketched my clever man, I will add a few particulars, the combination of which is desirable to exist if he is to be seen in a thoroughly advantageous light. He must not be rich or poor: if the former, we are disgusted by seeing common-place people fawn upon him; if the latter, we are incensed at their affectation of patronising him: he must not be handsome or ugly; a clever man's person should never be such as to claim any notice in conversation, we should only talk of his mind; of the two extremes, I should much rather that he were ugly than handsome, for he would talk away the impression of his ugliness in the first half hour of his introduction to any one whose good opinion was worth having. One is sensible of this charm even in a book: I do not know any modern hero of fiction whom I like so much as Colonel Manners, in the "Gipsy," and yet I felt decidedly prejudiced against him by the description in the opening pages, of his exceeding plainness. If, on the other hand, the clever man be handsome, it does not render him at all more agreeable, most probably it makes him less so, and it gives his own sex an opportunity, whenever he is commended by a lady, of insinuating that his personal rather than his mental recommendations are the objects of her admiration. The clever man ought not to be too young or too old; presumption and flippancy are the faults of young men, dogmatism and prosiness those of old ones; and, although extreme cleverness will keep these qualities in subjection, they may occasionally be apt to peep out; I should, therefore, like the clever man to be somewhere between thirty and fifty, if at the precise middle arch so much the better. In regard to marriage, I would decidedly wish the clever man to be single; would he indeed marry the cleverest woman of his acquaintance, who was suitable to him in other respects, it would be an excellent thing for society. What a treat I should consider it to visit at the house of a clever couple! the "Will you pass a long day with me?" which Miss Landon now playfully designates as one of the "penalties of friendship," would then become a cabalistic spell of enjoyment, an "Open Sesamé," which would introduce us to untold stores of treasure. But, alas! the idea is quite as much a vision of imagination as "Open, Sesamé" itself: the clever man, if he marry at all, makes a point of choosing a remarkably silly woman, a pretty wax doll, whom he idolises through the honeymoon, and is ashamed of all his life afterwards. Why this should be I cannot profess to say. I am aware that a hundred voices will immediately reply to me, that the clever man is jealous of the idea of being rivalled and outshone by his wife. This feeling may probably exist among the lower order of literati.

"Fellows
In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink;"

concerning whom we may continue the quotation, and say,

"Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink,
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper!"

But such a clever man as I have been attempting to describe, would never fear the rivalship of a woman, because he would feel the thing to be utterly out of the question. It cannot be that the clever man is indifferent to the conversation of a woman who can understand him; for, in general society, he always selects such an one as his companion. Sometimes, in old fairy tales, when the benevolent fairies are loading a young prince with gifts, one more judicious than the rest bestows on him some drawback, that his head may not be quite turned with the multiplicity of his advantages; perhaps, in the same way, the clever man is destined to act foolishly in one of the most important of worldly transactions, that in the contemplation of such folly, and subsequent repentance of it, he may imbibe a salutary lesson of humiliation. This may be very well for himself, but it is very bad for the world. Let me, however, do this piece of justice to the choice of the clever man: if he will not marry a remarkably intelligent woman, I think the next best thing he can do is to marry a remarkably silly one; because, in such a case, he only makes himself unhappy, and does not make his wife unhappy also. I can imagine few situations more pitiable than that of a woman of slender talents and confined reading, married to a man of exalted abilities. I will suppose her to possess sufficient mind partly to appreciate him, and deeply to feel her own inferiority, and sufficient activity of spirit to attempt to repair her deficiencies, but with a measure of intellect so limited, that all such endeavors are ineffectual. I can imagine her striving to conquer all early distaste of books, sitting down to study, not as a delight, but as a wearisome task: seeking the conversation of the talented without deriving the least pleasure from it; but still hoping that by some mysterious process of affinity, the electric spark of genius may communicate itself to her; and finding, after all, that like the poor unfledged bird prematurely trying its wings, she must submit to fall to the ground, and behold others around her soaring into the bright and beautiful sky. How I should pity such a woman if I knew her, but I never did know her; the clever man benevolently spares his wife all these feverish aspirations, vain longings, and exciting heart-burnings, by choosing one so silly as not only to be unconscious of her own deficiencies, but actually proud of them, and disposed to shun and dislike the society of all those who are wiser than herself, however they may wish to please and conciliate her. A lady of this description once said to me, complaining of a friend of her husband's, "He is so terribly bookish and pedantic; he called on me yesterday morning, and talked of nothing but magazines and annuals all the time." This observation was very entertaining to me; for I happened to know that the gentleman in question had been most laboriously and politely "talking down" to her, and that if he had been conversing with a person of intellect, although he might have touched on the subject of magazines and annuals, he would soon have left them behind, and soared into the region of philosophy and metaphysics. If, however, it be difficult for the friend of a clever man to converse with his wife in a *tête-à-tête*, the case is much worse if the husband be present. After a few desultory remarks, the gentlemen, from old habit, will engage together in intellectual conversation; and the unfortunate wife, who can bear no part in it, immediately becomes animated with the spirit of the lady in the comic duet, who indignantly says to her husband,

> "With that odious Captain Trench,
> You are always talking French,
> And *do I understand it*, Mr. John Prevost?"

The language of mind is indeed a foreign tongue to her, and instead of being ashamed of her ignorance, she makes it a matter of reproach to those who unintentionally expose it. The clever man must now take his choice of three measures. Either he must confine himself exclusively to the society of his fair automaton, with the revealings of his mind unanswered, his beautiful sentiments unmarked, his extensive knowledge unvalued; or he must leave her at home, and seek more congenial society; (and it is a sad and bitter thing for any Englishman, whether clever or not, to be obliged to look for comfort away from his own hearth;) or he must take his wife with him into company, and steel his nerves to all the comments that will infallibly be made upon her. Let him not flatter himself that she will not expose her silliness; in the same way that intellect, like lightning, developes itself by a single flash, folly, like water, will burst forth at an almost imperceptible opening, and the sayings and doings of the wife of a clever man will be criticised far more severely than those of the wife of anybody else. All who have envied him, and have been wounded by his superiority, will now exult in his mortification; whenever his admirers quote one of his clever remarks, they will be immediately answered by the recital of some absurdity or weakness on the part of his wife; and, perhaps, to crown his trials, one of the most common-place men of his acquaintance, whom he had always rather shunned as a bore, will have the good fortune to procure an intelligent, well-educated wife, and will draw a comparison (which will be kindly repeated to him by a mutual friend) between their respective partners; and conclude, by triumphantly observing, "that all poor Mr. ——'s great cleverness don't seem to have been of much use to him in his choice of a wife!"

Let, then, the clever man remain single: he is the property of society; his brilliancy ought not to be dimmed, his spirit depressed, and his feelings wounded by an uncongenial associate. If the clever man be philanthropic and benevolent, how many sources of happiness are in his power; he can raise the tone of conversation, encourage the timid, instruct the young, and give additional knowledge to the intellectual. Among the latter class, his

observations will not merely conduce to the pleasure of the moment; but they will be cherished, preserved, and perhaps turned to advantageous account. This is peculiarly the case when any literary talent exists among his associates; and I am persuaded that many a brilliant essay, and many a touching poem, which travel into far distant countries, delight the social circle, and cheer and soothe the chamber of sickness, derive their origin from some idea casually caught up by the writer in conversation with "a clever man."

I have reserved, however, the most important of my remarks to the last. The clever man is raised by his talents immeasurably above his fellow creatures, but this elevation involves an awful responsibility. He must remember that he is sent into the world, not only to adorn and gratify, but to correct and amend it; and it must be his constant aim to advance, by his example and conversation, the cause of morality and religion. If he neglect to do this, still more, if he countenance any violation of the former, or join in any slight to the latter, I can only regard him as a brilliant peril, whom I would earnestly counsel my friends to avoid rather than to seek. After all, when we consider the sum and substance of human acquirement, how poor and trifling must it appear in the sight of Omnipotence; and should its possession be abused, how easily may its owner be deprived of it in a moment at the fiat of the Divine Giver. Let not, then, the wise man glory in his wisdom;" but let that wisdom be the means of impressing his heart with a deeper feeling of gratitude towards the God who has bestowed it upon him. While enjoying and enabling others to enjoy the treasure of intellect, let him strive to provide for them and for himself "a treasure in the heavens that faileth not;" and, while gladly seizing every opportunity to increase and improve his already abundant knowledge, let him reflect that, in its utmost superiority, it can be but poor and frail compared with that knowledge which maketh 'wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

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## THE GIPSY KING.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

THINKING very highly of this poetical sketch, in which opinion we feel assured that our readers will join, we give it publicity in our Magazine; or, at least, that part of it to which the title strictly refers. The poem, as written by the talented author, is altogether too long for insertion in a periodical. We shall, therefore, give a short abstract of the parts that we have omitted, and which immediately follow this proem.

All hail! ye British Buccaneers!
Ye English Ishmaelites, all hail!
A jovial and marauding band,
Against the goodliest of the land
Ye go—and ye prevail.

Man's cultured Eden casts ye forth,
Where'er ye list to wander wide,
Wild heaths, and wilder glens to tread,
The spacious earth before you spread,
Your hearts your only guide.

Like clouds that move about the heavens,
Still varying to the winds their forms,
Erratic through the earth ye go,
Companions of the sleet and snow,
And mists and mountain storms.

Companions of all lovely weather,
Ye are no less: Spring's earliest traces
Insensibly into you melt;
And Summer's charms by you are felt
In earth's most desert places.

The Indian in old forests far,
By Mississippi's wandering floods,
With his small hut of cane or reeds,
A life of similar pleasure leads
In his ancestral woods.

And there, e'en there, ye roving tribe,
Ye meet the red man in the wild,
Ye camp beside those giant floods,
And share the fortunes of the woods
With nature's tameless child.

Hence—hence it is, ye look with scorn
On the poor peasant's endless toil;
Pressed down with rents and taxes: rents
Nor taxes pay you for your tents,
Nor till for lords the soil.

The wind that blows where'er it lists—
A wave that dances on the sea—
A reinless steed—a gushing spring—
A falcon soaring on free wing—
Are not more free than ye.

Boswell Kemp, the father of the gipsy king, is a very sad dog indeed, even for a gipsy. Being lordly among his tribe, he puts away his wife, and takes unto himself Amy Lee, the favored lady's maid ot a vicar's wife. Though Boswell Kemp has increased his responsibilities, he does not increase his happiness, whilst the deluded Amy finds nothing but heart-rending misery in the rash step that she has taken. At length, the manifold crimes of Boswell Kemp overturn his reason, and he dies, confessing to much sin, and the murder of his wife among the rest. The distracted Amy, now a mother, and not a wife, remembers her mistress's former kindness, returns to her, and repenting, dies. The child, the future Gipsy King, is adopted by the family, and then commences Part III.

The harvest moon is in the sky,
The fullest moon in all the year:
And where it yet unreaped doth stand,
In golden patches on the land,
The corn is rustling sere.

Now groan and rock the loaded wains,
And tinkle gears on hill and dale:
Stout labor triumphs on the earth,
But with his labor mingles mirth,
Inspired by nut-brown ale.

It is a time of large delight,
And plenty fills her ample horn;
How jovially the time doth pass;
The reaper eyes the reaping lass,
The farmer eyes his corn.

"The stars are out," cried Ellen Brooke,
"The moon is up and fair to see;
And I will pace our shrubbery walk,
And with my buried mother talk
In pensive reverie.

"How pleasantly, and with what calm
Fills all the earth this silver flood:
'Tis day, but with a softer shade,
A time for love and memory made,
To charm the fair and good.

"How do I love these moonlight nights,
How love the mingled light and gloom;
When on me, in the dusk alone,
By sighing winds is softly blown
The breath of fading bloom."

And ever thus alone she walked,
As fair as in her Eden, Eve;
With lightsome step, and pensive brow,
Beneath the beach, or linden bough,
Her lonely thoughts to weave.

And there was one those haunts who loved,
Who comes this night old scenes to see;
Who had her early playmate been,
But whom for years she had not seen,
The son of Amy Lee:

Of Boswell Kemp's despair, the son:
That orphan-boy, misfortune's heir;
Whom, for their servant Amy's sake,
The vicar and his wife did take,
Their Ellen's sports to share.

Twelve years beneath the vicar's roof
The smooth stream of his life had run;
He there a sister found, and mother,
And unto all who knew no other,
Had seemed the vicar's son.

He had his father's raven hair,
His father's dark and piercing eyes,
Bold front, and sinews firmly knit,
Which early marked him out as fit
For hardy enterprise.

To run, to wrestle, or to leap,
To climb the forest's topmost tree;
To dart along the stream, to dive,
Or with the torrent's might to strive,
Brave equal, none had he.

And soon he felt his father's blood
On, through his veins, more strongly flow:
Desires intense had he to roam,
Like birds which seek a foreign home,
Unknowing why they go.

The school became a weary place;
The vicar's kindness was a pain;
He read of Bamflyde Moore Carew,
Till nothing for his heart would do,
But gipsies and the lane.

"Be mine, my father's life," he cried,
"Although I suffer pains severe,
There is a something in my breast
That wars with this inglorious rest,
I cannot linger here."

"And who can tell what I may be?"
That feeling was ambition's spring:
In fancy forward far he ran,
He was a youth, he was a man,
He was the Gipsy King.

He fled: and wandered through the land;
And worked or starved, as chance befel:
He saw the various lives of men,
And often in the beggar's den
It was his lot to dwell.

His was an undirected mind—
He ever undetermined stood:
Unskilled the *fitting* to discern:
Too quick to rest, submit, or learn;
And ready was at any turn,
For evil or for good.

But want and travel sharpen wit;
And by degrees he grew in knowledge;
And, as he was a lad of parts,
He soon the master was of arts
Taught in the wide world's college.

He 'camped with gipsies in the wolds;
And gazed in tall young gipsies' eyes:
And with much guile and little truth,
He had the ready tricks of youth
To stir their tears and sighs.

Early a father he became—
But left his children in the land:
He soon forsakes who soon deceives—
He left them as the ostrich leaves
Her eggs amongst the sand.

Although by nature taught, he shunned
The dull disquietude of towns:
Where in the foxglove hummed the bee,
With wildest things he wandered free
Across the waving downs.

Not that he ever paused to look
Intently on a summer flower;
Not that to him a soul was dealt
That of the soul of nature felt
The presence and the power:

He would be free—like the wild steed
That tramples on the desert wind:
On mountains, and beside the floods;
On heaths, and in the lanes and woods,
His soul was unconfined.

From year to year, from strength to strength,
Firm as a tower his manhood grew:
His energies of soul untamed,

Alike in mind and person framed
To suffer or subdue.

It is the spirit of the times
That breathes the soul into the man—
That builds him up or overwhelms;
Thus what Napoleon was in realms,
Was he in his own clan.

And now the crew with whom he went
Were 'camped beside the river Grete;
And he, unknown unto that crew,
In the clear moonlight night withdrew
To Elmsley's calm retreat.

Sought he direct the vicar's door?
Thither he went not—through the grounds
By sinuous ways he closely crept;
And thence, like Satan, lightly leapt
The garden's sacred bounds.

Back looking through his heart he saw
The wild career that he had run:
He knew the vicar's noble heart—
And felt it was his proper part
The vicar's face to shun.

He went to where beneath the shade
There fell, but with no fall profound,
A sheet of water, broad and white,
That made amid the quiet night
An ever-murmuring sound.

The grounds, the walks, the waterfall,
Distinctly in the moonlight seen,
So forcibly brought back the hours
That he had spent within those bowers,
So showed what he had been;

That no fallen spirit from the skies,
Repentant, sad, yet unforgiven,
When turned the bowers of bliss to see,
Felt more than felt young Harry Lee,
When in his boyhood's heaven.

And when he started from that dream,
It was to meet a piercing look:
To feel himself more keenly foiled,
More back into himself recoiled,—
For there stood Ellen Brooke.

But soon another mood assuming,
Ashamed to feel what he had felt,
And in the sight of one so fair,
He took the free complacent air
Of one unused to melt.

He smiled—but met no answering smile—
And then as promptly questioned he—
"You look as though you knew me not,
It may be that you have forgot
Your playmate, Harry Lee?"

Then of his life he told the story,
Far ranging past the bounds of truth;
Of wrongs and griefs that he had borne,
Since cast was on the world forlorn
His inexperienced youth.

She chid him for his wandering life,
For disobedience to her sire;
And then, as moved by his distress,
In words, the soul of tenderness,
She bade him thence retire.

He went: but duly when the moon
Looked down on that delightful place,
He left the camp, the gipsies all,
And to the walks and waterfall
His steps did he retrace.

And still she chid him for his coming;
Still blended pity with her blame:
All unsuspicious as the dove,
Unknowing by such arts how love
Most fans his conquering flame.

None yet had praised fair Ellen Brooke,
None fondly gazed upon her face;
As yet Love had not found her out;
From prying eyes well fenced about,
In that secluded place.

Alone she read, alone she thought,
Alone, or by her father's side;
Maiden companion had she none;
And half her life seemed from her gone,
The day her mother died.

And now she loathes the light of day,
And more than ever loves the night:
And many an anxious glance she turns,
To where her father's taper burns,
As though she feared its light.

For very wondrous is the tale
The gipsy tells of his free life;
Of revels in the woodland tent;
That even now does she consent
To be the gipsy's wife.

He thinks not there is in the deed
Ingratitude as black as hell:
What for past goodness should he care?
He only thinks the maid is fair,
And has a noble step and air,
And that he loves her well.

Awake, awake! good Vicar Brooke!
That theme may be a glorious theme:
Peruse the glowing page no more,
For grief is knocking at thy door,
To chase away the dream.

The presence bright, the steady light,
Thy wife, thy morning star, has set:
And soon the star that cheers the eve,
Is doomed thy aged sight to leave,
Though sadly lingering yet.

A day of stealth, a day of tears,
A day of watching and of dread,
Was that on which the bands were tied,
When Ellen Brooke, a thoughtful bride,
Was to the woodlands led.

And when she reached the gipsies' camp,—
Fain would I here conclude the story,—
Such scenes uncouth distressed her sight;

The death of love's created light,
The dimming of its glory.

The radiant arch, the heavenly bow,
With which she the life invested,
And trib with whom she link'd her lot,
Utterly vanished when the spot
She reached, whereon it rested.

She saw what love should never see;
What truth and honor grieved behold;
Regards upon the worthless squandered;
A faith that should be fixed that wandered;
A heart beloved, grow cold.

And thence was her's a troubled mind;
A breaking heart, a soul of fears;
And thence, in many a place apart,
She sought to ease her burthened heart
With unrelieving tears.

She fled—in utter woe she fled:
And but one living wish had she:
With wandering and with sorrow worn,
Cast down, despairing, faint, forlorn,
One wish—her home to see.

She reached it—stood beneath the shade,
Where fell, but with no fall profound,
That sheet of water, broad and white,
Which made, amid the quiet night,
An ever-murmuring sound.

She stood, and there unto her heart
A sense of all the past was given;
And to her anguished soul it seemed
Ages of sorrow had she dreamed
Since she forsook that heaven.

She felt her pulse more strongly beat,
Her blood rush on, then cease to flow,
And the world vanished from her sight,
And down she sank amid the night,
As falls a wreath of snow.

There lay she in the moonlight calm,
Like some fair statue overthrown;
Grief, that has silent stood for years,
Imaged too sorrowful for tears,
Unweeping in the stone.

Could she have wept, she had not died.
Unto her heart the purple flood,
Too powerful for her wasted frame,
In one o'erwhelming torrent came,
And there for ever stood.

Send back no thoughts into her youth:
Behold her not as there she played;
When to her own sweet songs she danced,
Or like the butterfly she glanced
Out in the sun and shade.

Behold her not in after years,
Attended by her own fair light,
Like morning walking through the skies,
As with the glory of her eyes
She would dispel the night.

For vain it were to cherish grief
By dwelling on a mournful theme;
The dews are dried, the leaves are shed,
The fragrance and the bloom are dead,
And all is but a dream.

The nightingale has ceased to sing;
The cuckoo now is seldom heard:
The whetted scythe is ringing now,
And sadness rests on bush and bough,
And on each singing bird.

The kine are couched beneath the trees,
From the broad sultriness of day:
The warmth and silence are profound;
And many a lovely face is browned,
Amongst the tedded hay.

Hushed are the winds—the very leaves
Are tranquil as an anchored bark:
And high the swallow skims, how high!
A level line along the sky,
Above the soaring lark.

Now come in groups the gipsy tribes,
From northern hills, from southern plains:
And many a panniered ass is swinging
The child that to itself is singing
Along the flowery lanes.

Stout men are loud in wrangling talk,
Where older tongues are gruff and tame:
Keen maiden laughter rings aloft,
Whilst many an under voice is soft
From many a talking dame.

There beaver hats are weather-stained,—
The one black plume is sadly gay!
Their squalid brats are slung behind
In cloaks, that flutter to the wind,
Of scarlet, brown, and grey.

This day a glorious day will be
To them upon the blossomed heath;
Where, tranquil as the brooding dove,
Bright blue is all spread out above,
And purple all beneath.

See Harry Lee pass by the hall;
Then by the steward's buildings range;
Thence through the hamlet stalking fast;
And hear him when securely past
Beyond the farthest grange.

"How knowing look these wealthy men,
Slantly upon me from the door;
Their looks declare that I am stout;
A wandering fool, a vagrant lout,
Deserving to be poor.

"God help them, for their narrow souls:
For mean and narrow souls have they!
Want I a buck? there is a park—
Want I a time? there is the dark—
And well I know the way.

"They talk about their parks and farms,
And nicely show the boundary line:
There's little truth in what they say—

These things seem only theirs by day,
Which in the night are mine.

"I love to see the farmers feed
Their poultry at the back-door sill;
I spare them for the time—I spare—
They thrive beneath the farmers' care—
I have them when I will.

"The sly old mastiff in the yard
Would fill another's soul with fear;
But, ere I prowl for boiled or roast,
I take good care he at his post
Can neither see nor hear.

"It is a goodly land we live in;
It is a glorious trade we drive;
And who their pleasant sports would bridle;
And who amongst us can be idle,
With ample room to thrive?"

Thus mutters he his moral notions,
When winding through the woody lanes;
'Tis thus his guileful soul he pleases;
And thus it is his heart he eases
Of pride-inflicted pains.

And now he joins the gipsy tribes,
Who there from all the land are met,
Brought to one point by his renown,
Intending there the gipsy crown
Upon his head to set.

Proud are the people of their chief
As he is of that people proud—
And hearty greetings from them broke,
Beneath the sturdy forest oak,
Reciprocal and loud.

It were a long and weary task
To trace our hero's growing fame,
Through open boldness or disguise,
Till he for all the gipsies' prize
Had gained a wondrous name.

Never was statesman of the realm
In cunning more completely skilled:
Throughout their tribes he could command
The ready heart, the ready hand,
To do whate'er he willed.

By kindness done, by gifts bestowed,
With money fetched in busy marts,
By sure degrees he cleared his path;
And, fearing not a Joab's wrath,
He Absalomed all hearts.

Their king then growing old and weak,
Was pleased his spreading fame to hear;
No jealous doubts disturbed his breast;
Of who should reign when he should rest
He felt no jealous fear.

He knew that in their little state
The sway was not from sire to son;
That no dull blockhead could inherit
A throne, due only unto merit,
And but by merit won.

To him well-known was Harry Lee—
Oft had he tried, and praised his mettle:
Had praised him—sweet is praise from kings—
For Harry oft with choicest things
Had filled the royal kettle.

Thus years before the old king died,
(And in good time his reign he ended,)
Our hero saw above his head,
No sword suspended by a thread,
The gipsy crown suspended.

And now their king was in his grave,
And they, on Sherwood Forest met,
Brought there by Harry Lee's renown,
Intended there the sylvan crown.
Upon his head to set.

There Harry Lee from tent to tent
Was welcomed with obsequious smiles;
Greetings of old familiar faces,
That he had met in loveliest places
Throughout the British Isles.

And many a leman did he see,
Whom he in earlier days forsook;
'Twas strange he once had deemed them fair,
But now he saw amongst them there
Not one like Ellen Brooke.

Like Ellen Brooke,—thought he of her,
Whom early to the grave he led?
Not he, it were a foolish thing
That he, who soon would be a king,
Should thing about the dead.

But see, about him come his tribe,
A thick and motly convocation:
And looking round from side to side,
In language near to this allied,
He makes them an oration.

"The God who made the heavens and earth,
Each spreading field, each shadowy tree;
Endowed with them no human brother
To the exclusion of another,
Who made them, left them free.

"Man makes, and man may claim his own,
His ships, his temples, towns and towers,
But the wild creatures of the woods,
Free rangers of the fields and floods,
Are God's, and therefore ours.

"We are the only real kings,
The rightful sovereigns of the soil:
As kings we stand on danger's brink,
But still, as kings who rule and think,
We live on those who toil.

"And since that here your king you make me,
Your king I will not be in vain:
My right is hence a right divine,
I all prerogutives of mine
Will faithfully maintain."

Then did he take the royal oath,
A larger never king could swear;
Whereat went up a deafening shout:

Nor was there one his faith to doubt
Amongst the many there.

All eyes were fixed upon their chief;
A thousand gleaming eyes intense:
All lips their chosen leader praised,
Whom solely his own "merit raised
To that bad eminence."

Then did he crown himself. Forsooth
He of Napoleon must have read,
Who, scorning priests, took up the crown,
Upright, instead of kneeling down,
And placed it on his head.

The slouching hat our hero wore,
The crown wherewith he king was crowned,
Wherein a pipe and a crow's feather,
Were stuck in fellowship together,
Was by a hundred winters browned.

Yet he so prized it, he had scorned
A golden diadem, made bright
With ruby lustre round it thrown,
Such favor found it in his own,
And in his people's sight.

His sceptre was a stout oak sapling,
Round which a snake well-carved was wreathed:
Cunning and strength that well bespoke,
Whilst from his frame, as from an oak,
"Deliberate valor breathed."

No throne of ivory, pearl, or gold,
With diamonds studded, could surpass,
Though fashioned for an eastern king,
Our hero's throne of purple ling,
And of the emerald grass.

His footstool was the solid earth,
His court spread out in pomp before him,
The heath arrayed in summer's smiles:
His empire broad, the British Isles:
His dome, the heavens arched o'er him.

And unto him who thus could look
On the fresh earth and sun new risen;
Who breathed the free and odorous air,
Grand robes were wearisome to wear,
And palace walls a prison.

Antique and flowing was his dress:
And, from his temples bold and bare,
Back fell in many a dusky tress,
As liberal as the wilderness,
His ample growth of hair.

Like Cromwell's was his hardy front,
Where thought, but feeling none, was shown
Where underneath a flitting grace,
Was firmly built up in his face,
A hardness as of stone.

No king in the old Saxon times,
When crowned beneath some royal tree,
With all his noble Thanes around,
With all the fitting honors crowned,
Felt more a king than he.

Even Abraham, pitched on Mamre's plains,
Had never tent more broadly calm,
When on their dreadful mission bent,
Three angels rested in his tent
Beneath the shadowy palm.

And Harry Lee was now a king,
Joy filled his tent to overflowing;
Hope had he none, nor any fear;
Won had he all he counted dear;
Elated roamed he anywhere,
Nor what he did was knowing.

Bewick alone the scene could show,
In groups, or singly here and there:
The vagrant dress, the careless grace,
Of many a gipsy form and face,
The manly and the fair.

Old wayworn asses, grey, grotesque,
Coarse bull-dogs, elder children wild,
The poverty without distress,
And disregarded wretchedness,
In mother and in child.

But Bewick's burin, Crabbe's true pen,
Could never give to sketch or book,
The revel, racket, romp, and rout,
And jousts, with each concluding shout,
In which their king partook;

Could never show how quiet fled,
And darkness by their fires was chased;
And round those fires how beldames strong
Danced to the screaming of a song,
Like witches on the waste.

Never since Robin Hood was king,
In merry Sherwood had their been,
'Mid haunts that hallowed seemed to quiet,
Such jolly uproar, jovial riot,
Amongst the bushes green.

They squeezed, and fiddled, strained, and blew:
True harmony was put to death;
The dissonance more drunken grew,
The fiddle-strings were scraped in two,
And bagpipes out of breath.

They danced, or capered, which you will:
Their action nothing could excel:
To thread the maze, retreat, advance,
They knew, if not the Pyrrhyc dance,
It pleased them just as well.

They wrestled; for the Isthmian games,
If aught they knew, they nothing cared;
They boxed, they fought, such war had charms;

And dreadful were their brawny arms,
When for the battle bared.

About the farm the farmer raged,
And cursed the dog that did not bark,
As many a theft was brought to light,
When from the plundered roost the night
Withdrew its curtain dark.

Fish had they from the freshest streams;
The goodliest pheasant from his perch;
Where'er above, beneath, around,
Aught worth the seeking might be found,
They had not shunned the search.

Wine had they from old cellars, rich;
That was not brought by Mab the fairy;
Nor witch upon her broomstick fleet:
To which was added many a treat
From many a farmer's dairy.

The dawn had met them open-eyed,
Had love and wine not conquered numbers:
Some fell, and made the heath their bed,
With nothing but the stars o'er head,
To sentinel their slumbers.

At break of day they took their way
By various tracks throughout the nation,
Past park, and farm, and mill, and wood,
Laying their hands on all they could,
All following their vocation.

To pleasant meads of freshest grass,
To fields of rich luxuriant clover,
Well knew they how their way to win;
And nightly turn their asses in,
All merry England over.

The peasants feared them: not for nought:
Often their king received a bribe,
That fruits and fowls untouched might be;
Well-known the veriest knave was he
Of all the wandering tribe.

And lucky was the farmer thought
Who had the fortune to compound:
Nabal's good hap did he possess,
When David in the wilderness
With safety hedged him round.

Henceforth what of their king became?
He had the fate of other kings;
To his last gasp his power he kept,
He reigned his time, then soundly slept
Amongst forgotten things.

Yet was not totally forgot,
Amongst his tribe he left a name,
With stains of deepest dye defaced,
Yet with some traits that would have graced
The greatest in their fame.

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## THE YOUNG PRETENDER.*

### A TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

So many circumstances govern and control the actions of men to whom the adventitious advantages of birth, fortune, and education belong, that, even to themselves, they may hoodwink the motives of those actions that carry a sounding trumpet to the world; but the simple, unlettered child of nature, without any of the leaven of pride or ambition, that sets the passions in a ferment, goes straight forward in the path love points out, never seeking to enter the dark labyrinth in which selfishness loses sight of all but the golden clue.

Donald, proud of the trust reposed in him, and no less happy in the knowledge that the person he was to oblige was the identical Charlie Stuart, grandson of "King Jamie, o' blessed memory," soon got everything arranged for the prince's accommodation in the place of concealment, which a fifty years' servitude at the castle had made him better acquainted with than his lord. Thus far all was well. Donald's next step was to visit the servants' hall, and there, with the authority of an old confidential favorite, informed them, under the rose, as it would seem, that the stranger who came from England brought despatches with him of so important a nature, that the earl sent him back again without allowing him time to rest. "'Tis mair than probable, ye ken," added Donald, with a significant nod, "that the Pretender, as they ca' young Charlie, hae gotten footing in England, whilk the troops joost sent over by King Geordie ken naething o', rinning a' the country round on a gowk's hunt, he! he! he! like sae mony daft boys, to put saut on a birdie's tail."

Having lulled all suspicion about the visit of the stranger, and plied the servants well with genuine mountain-dew, Donald had the satisfaction of seeing them all depart to their beds, when he hastened to conduct the prince to his concealed dormitory.

Left alone with his sister, the earl was silent for some time, pacing backward and forward with the air of one much disturbed. "This has happened most unfortunately," said he at last, striking his forehead.

"It has, indeed," answered Lady Jane mildly, "but I hope no evil will arise to you from an action so natural and praiseworthy as saving the life of a fellow-creature."

"That is nothing to the purpose, Jane," said the earl somewhat testily, "we are not bound to save all that fly to us, at the risk of our own life, or, what is yet dearer, our good name."

"But, as he put himself into your power," said Lady Jane, remonstratively—

"I could not well give him up to his enemies, you would say," rejoined her brother.

* Concluded from p. 272.

"No: but I need not have found him a hiding corner in this castle of all places; there are plenty of cottages on the island where he might have found shelter for a night: however, the thing's done, and cannot be undone; but mind me, sister, to morrow morning I depart for Edinburgh, where Argyle expects me."

"So soon as to-morrow," said Lady Jane, affectionately.

"Yes," replied the earl; "as matters stand, it would be impolitic to prolong my stay here. All I have to request of you is, that you do not suffer your pity for Charles Stuart to get the better of your good sense, which will point out the madness of harboring in this castle the sworn enemy of my king: be careful then, or my life may pay the forfeit of your romantic generosity to a stranger. Say not one word to oppose the Chevalier's departure on the morrow."

My grandmother promised obedience, and the earl, lighting a taper, kissed the cheek of his sister and left the apartment.

Donald having seen the prince comfortably settled in the chamber, returned to the sitting-room, where he found Lady Jane standing by the fire meditating upon the conversation she had just had with the earl.

"Well, Donald, do you think the prince is safe from all hazard of discovery if the English troops should come?"

"Ye'll see, ye'll see," said Donald, rubbing his hands with glee; "diel a southern o' them can track the puir laddie, wha lees snug as ae chick under the wing o' the auld hen."

"And did you leave him the things I mentioned to you, Donald?"

"Ye needna fash for that he'll want a gude tass o' the primest wine in a' the cellar, or ony ither refrashment whilk auld Donald can fin for Charlie Stuart; gude troth, but he's a braw-looking mon, wi' a bonnie face o' his ain, and for speech can crack wi' ony ane, gentle or simple. Weel, weel, it maun a' be right, I suppose, whilk the Southrons do naethless; to my min' it's unco straunge that the rightfu' king o' Scotland maun be hunted down by his ain subjects, like the puir hart whilk the arrows o' the huntsmen kills on its ain proper hills."

"Well, Donald," said my grandmother, willing to put an end to the old domestic's loquacity, "we have nothing to do with these things; ours is an office of mere humanity and Christian feeling."

"Troth is it," muttered Donald, "and sham to a' the staney hearts that wad turn tail o' the princely laddie sin the jade Gude Luck hae turned awa frae him."

"Good night, Donald," said Lady Jane, as she laid her hand upon the handle of the door.

"Gude night, my bonny leddy," said the old man as he hobbled after his young mistress into the hall, whence each departed on their separate way, Lady Jane to her chamber in a remote part of the building, and Donald, (whistling as he went the favorite air of the rebel army, "The king shall enjoy his own again,") to a new dormitory which he had chosen for his night's repose near the hiding-place of the fugitive prince, that he might be on the alert in case of intruders.

On retiring to her chamber, Lady Jane threw off her travelling dress, and combed down her long redundant tresses, whose dark hue, as they swept almost to her delicate feet, formed a beautiful contrast to the virgin snow of her loose wrapping gown of fine lawn. She opened the antique casement and looked out upon the sky. The moon shone faintly through a dense atmosphere of mist; the night winds swept in loud gusts over the old battlements, and ever and anon she fancied voices mingling with the gale: it was a night when the genius of romance loves to be abroad, and to people the rolling clouds with spirits once of earth.

Lady Jane's mind was but little tinctured with those feelings of the supernatural common to youth, and more particularly the youth of Scotland, whose infant senses are lulled to sleep by the wild songs setting forth the wonders of fairy land and the fearful tales of witches and goblins. Yet, the solemn hour and passing events gave a more sombre coloring than of wont to her thoughts. The circumstance of the prince's concealment at Bute, where his noble progenitor once held lordly sway, produced a train of melancholy reflections upon the instability of human greatness, from which starting at times, she listened to some of those strange sounds so often heard in old buildings, though so rarely, if ever, reasonably accounted for.

Her lute lay upon the window-seat; she took it up, and sought to calm her spirits by playing one of those exquisite airs, which have immortalized Scotland as the land of song. "Mary's Dream" was one of her most favorite strains, and with a voice subdued she sung to it the following words:—

Thou wakeful star o' silent night,
That guidest my Donald far frae me,
I envy thee, serenely bright,
That look'st on him I canna see.
'Tis past—'tis gane—my dream o' bliss,
Like gather'd roses crowning death,
That mock the brow they coldly kiss,
Wi' mortal bloom and simmer breath.

Oh! dinna let the worldling say
That woman's heart can faithless prove;
Her love is but a stolen ray
Frae glowing shrines that burn above:
And when the tender heart is cold
To a' that fann'd its earthly fire,
'Twill breathe again in purer mould
To wake love's unforgotten lyre!

As she concluded the last stanza, a sound, not loud but continuous, broke upon her ear. Lady Jane's chamber, as I before stated, was in a remote part of the castle, and the sound came broken by long passages and strong doors. The noise increased in loudness as of many persons speaking together; it came nearer and nearer, and now, more fully displayed, step after step, seemed ascending the stair leading to her chamber. Voices of men

now distinctly sounded near her door. Who these midnight intruders were she could not for a moment doubt. "Oh!" said she, "if they should discover the prince's place of concealment, and drag him forth! Merciful God! save him from his foes." Her gentle heart sickened at the thought of his danger; the next instant a loud knocking at her door blanched her cheek, but determined to say something if possible to blind his pursuers, she, though with trembling hand, unbolted the door, when a party of English soldiers rushed into the chamber. At sight of the young beauty in her night gear, with her rich flowing hair almost covering her person, they halted, and one who appeared to be their chief, stepped forward, and apologized for their unseasonable intrusion.

"It grieves me, lady, that our unhallowed feet should profane the sanctuary of beauty," said he, gallantly bowing to my grandmother; "but our duty imposes a painful task, and we cannot leave this castle till we have searched every part of it, for the Chevalier Charles Stuart, whose steps have been traced to Bute. Not," said he smiling, "that I suspect he is hidden in this chamber."

"Indeed he is not," answered Lady Jane quickly, and blushing beneath the ardent gaze of the young soldier, "nor will you find him, be assured, under this roof. My brother, the earl, is too staunch to the King of England to be the friend of the unfortunate prince, and without the earl's approbation he could never have found shelter within these walls."

The beauty and address of Lady Jane acted like magic upon the hearts of all, and after a slight survey of the apartment and dressing closet adjoining, the captain withdrew with his men.

Jady Jane, when they had all descended again, taking up a taper, followed softly on tip-toe down the stairs, and having reached as far as she deemed she could prudently venture, stood with suppressed breath to listen, but the beatings of her heart almost prevented her hearing distinctly. The murmur of voices sounded at intervals, but far off, and blended with the shrill bleatings of the wind: her hope was now strong that the troops, after an unsuccessful search, were departing. Footsteps approached, it was Donald, "Hist, leddy, is that you?"

"Yes, Donald, are they gone? Is the prince safe?"

"Thanks to the gude God, Charlie Stuart's safe enough," said the old man; "the maundering deevils past clase to his hiding place, and niver kenn'd o' it; but I maun rin, my lord's wi' them in the cedar chamber waiting for samthing to gie the hungry loons, diel tak them. I'd fin' heart to loot them a' gang back the gate they cam wi' naething to fill their empty bellies but the whistling wind, or a little saut water. I'd refrash them wi' a witness for hunting down royal Charlie; but I maun rin, sae be o' good cheer, leddy;" and away hobbled Donald to the cellar and buttery to get most grudgingly the best he could find to feast the Southrons, whom in his soul he detested.

Comforted by the news old Donald had given, Lady Jane tripped lightly up the stairs to her own chamber again, but without any intention of going to bed. The night was far spent, in another hour or two day would be dawning. As she sate at the casement watching the grey clouds that herald the infant dawn, Donald tapped at her door.

"Well, Donald, when will they depart?"

"Weel, they are a' on the wing, yo'll see them gin ye like the sight o' their Southron backs as weel as mysel'."

"Indeed I do, Donald," said Lady Jane, smiling; "is my brother still with them?"

"Na, na, he didna care to be o'er lang o' their company, seeing aiblins they wad be cracking of Charlie Stuart; no, but my lord hae a gude bould face o' his ain for keeping a secret. He! he! he! I'd match him wi' the best o' them; sae he wished them a' luck, and went quietly back to bed, and there hae the loons been iver sin' guzzling o' the best o' the cellar wi' nae mair decency nor savages."

Lady Jane watched the sun rise, and still no appearance of the troops made her fear they had taken up their abode as spies upon the proceedings of the castle. At last, they sallied out with their captain, whose beautiful face and chivalrous figure my grandmother could not but admire. Looking up as he passed, he glimpsed the fair face of Lady Jane, and gracefully doffing his plumed cap, proceeded on to the water's side, where a boat soon conveyed them from Bute.

The events of the past night had caused the earl much disquietude, and, at an early hour, he was on the alert to depart for Edinburgh. "Remember," said he to Lady Jane, "what I told you last night. On no account suffer the Chevalier Charles to prolong his stay here beyond the shades of Evening. At dusk Donald can lead him by the private way to the water's side; it might be advisable also for him to change his dress, the better to disguise his person." Lady Jane promised to attend to all her brother said, and the earl departed.

When my grandmother had dismissed the business of the toilet, always a light labor to real beauty, she stole to visit the prince. If his personal attractions shone over night through the eclipse which fatigue had spread over them, they now appeared with double claims to admiration after repose had renewed the bloom of his cheek and lustre of his eye; he was in sooth, my grandmother said, "as beautiful and noble looking a creature as ever wore a star." After the first salutation, Prince Charles thanked Lady Jane with grace and feeling for the friendly interest she had taken in his safety. "I cannot feel," said he smiling, "the gratitude towards the Earl of Bute, who, I believe, would very willingly have given me up to the English last night." Lady Jane excused her brother, as well as she could, on the plea of his great loyalty to the king. They then fell into a desultory conversation highly interesting to my grandmo-

ther, who could not but admit the rank injustice of party spirit which had so often described him either as an "effeminate Italian," or "lawless bandit," whichever best suited the purpose of the speaker; when, in fact, his language and manners were those of the accomplished, well-bred, and elegant man. He had great facility in speaking both in English and broad Scotch. And, as to his being effeminate, all his actions gave the lie to the shameless remark; for he had braved every toil and danger with the utmost ease, marching all the day on foot, and every river they had to cross, he was the first man that leaped into it; he dined in the open field, and slept on the hard ground, wrapped in his plaid."

My grandmother's heart melted at the prospect of those fearful dangers and hardships in which the prince seemed destined to end his romantic attempt to win back the crown of his grandfather; but do not, gentle reader of these records of bygone years, give Lady Jane credit for any of those Jacobite feelings which animated so many of the Scottish maidens at that period, for such was not the case. She had never been zealous in his cause till his misfortunes pleaded for him at the bar of human feeling and Christian justice.

It is very remarkable, that many of the prettiest ladies in "bonnie Scotland" were Jacobites, and members of non-juring meeting houses. The Laird of Mackintosh's lady, who joined the rebel army at Inverness, was accounted the greatest beauty there. She got together all her clan, and marched at their head, (with a white cockade,) and presented them to Prince Charles. The Lady Seaforth also headed a clan of the Mackenzies, and many other fair faces put their blushes to flight in the cause of a young and chivalrous prince.

Perhaps of all the fair friends of Charles Stuart, none merited so little the praise bestowed upon her services as Flora Mackdonald, who, so far from playing the heroine, and entering heart and soul into the plan which the faithful O'Sullivan (the devoted friend of Charles in his fallen fortunes) concerted as the only means of saving the prince's life, absolutely refused, at first, to lend him her help. I would not be severe upon that fair northern flower, but only show how prone the foolish multitude are to run after every will-o'-the-wisp, often mistaking that for a star which is but the glimmering of a glow-worm.

As the day wore away, and the shades of evening began to fall over the face of nature, my grandmother felt very acutely the unpleasant situation in which her brother's commands had placed her: to send the prince forth, again a wanderer, upon the chance of the troops being gone, when perhaps they were lying in ambush, ready to spring upon their victim, was against all her notions of Christian charity, or human sympathy. The prince, however, with a nobleness characteristic of his chivalrous nature, declared to Lady Jane his determination to run all hazard, rather than break his promise given to the earl, to avail himself of only one night's shelter at the castle.

Day wore apace, and, with the gathering shades of eve, Donald's face became more and more clouded, and his speech teemed with more bitterness against the "southern bloodhounds," dashed with occasional caustic witticisms, covertly directed at the earl's timidity and want of hospitality.

"Weel ye ken," said the old man, eyeing the prince with affectionate glances, "the warld's no the same as langsyne, the auld canna mak the young o' the sam mettle wi' themselves; na, na, thae days have flitted frae Scotland, when a leal heart an a bra han tauld mair nor onything, for now feint a crumb cares ony o' the great lords whilk is the right, seeing they hae gane the safe gate."

The prince, having equipped himself in the dress which old Donald had procured,) as a safe disguise,) consisting of "a loose jacket of coarse tartan, stuff gray breaks, and blue cloth bonnet," and put up in a wallet his own more costly wardrobe, together with some provisions, and a bottle of mountain dew, followed Donald from his place of concealment just as the old clock in the hall struck the hour fixed upon for his departure.

Lady Jane accompanied the prince to the private door, through which they could pass unseen by any of the servants, when my grandmother, with the tears of pity standing in her eyes, pronounced her farewell to the prince, mingled with many wishes for his safety. Charles, respectfully raising her hand to his lips, exclaimed god bless you, lady! and, whatever may be the fate of Charles Stuart, he will never forget your generous sympathy;" then turning away, he followed Donald a few paces, when looking round and seeing Lady Jane still standing to watch them, he waved his hand again, repeating with energy, "God bless you!" and then quickly passing onward was soon out of sight.

Deep and heartfelt were the wishes of my grandmother for the prince's escape;* but, alas! wishes are but the idle blossoms of the tree of human life, seldom bearing fruits. Yet still we wish on, even to the gates of another world, where alone the promise made to the ear is not broken to the heart. To conclude, the times are now happily gone by, when to speak of the Stuart could, by possibility, be liable to either misunderstanding or misrepresentation. The last of that most unfor-

* "The young prince, after sustaining an innumerable variety of hardships, well worthy of a romance, at last made his escape out of Scotland with Cameron of Lochiel, Mac Donald of Burrisdale, Stuart of Ardshield, and some other of his faithful adherents, who had long wandered, or followed him from shore to shore, and from island to island, encountering the most incredible difficulties, surrounded with imminent dangers, and partaking of all his calamities while eluding the vigilant search of the royal forces, everywhere dispersed, and constantly on the watch to take him captive."

tunate race is now extinct, and the present illustrious family have been long securely enthroned in the hearts of the people.

Yet, that such a people as the Scotch, brave, free, and chivalrous by nature, should still among their mountain homes invoke the shades of their native kings, and love the legend and the song that embalms the memory of their fathers, who fought and bled for the rights of the expatriated Stuarts, cannot be wondered at; and though, as the immortal bard beautifully and truthfully says,

"Old times are changed, old manners gone,
A stranger fills the Stuart's throne;"*

and though Scotland now beholds in that stranger a father and a benign ruler of the nations, yet the hardy highlander will tell you, as he treads with free step the pine-covered hills and bracken shades, that the memory of other days and other men is still "green in his soul."

That there's a pleasant odor still,
Time has na swept away,
It haunts the stream, it haunts the hill,
Like friends remembered aye!
It hangs around the wassail bowl,
It scents the cotter's sang;
O' Scotia's harp it is the soul,
And steals the strings amang.

Touching these records, it may be necessary, perhaps, to assure the reader that they are undeniably true. The circumstance of the young pretender having been concealed at Mount Stuart, in the Isle of Bute, at the time the British troops arrived there in search of him, is an actual fact, which can be proved by many, now living, of Lady Jane's relations, although the knowledge of it was, for obvious reasons, confined to the Earl of Bute's own family, and has never before been, as the writer of these records believes, publicly divulged. The plaid, or tartan cloak of the fugitive prince having been left behind him, in the hurry of his flight from Bute, it fell into the hands of Lady Jane Stuart, who carefully preserved it during the remainder of her life, in memory of its illustrious but unfortunate owner. It also served, indeed, to commemorate an event, to herself personally, most interesting and extraordinary: for on the night of Prince Charles Edward's concealment at Bute, she first saw, in the young officer who commanded the king's troops, her future husband, for literally, as I before stated, Lady Jane was preparing to retire to rest, when Captain Courtenay entered her chamber, at the head of his soldiers, in search of the pretender; a mutual attachment arose between them, they were subsequently married, and lived together many years the happiest and most united pair in the world.

I have a part of the identical plaid, in which the unfortunate Charles wandered perhaps many a stormy night, houseless and heart-sick: and when I look upon its faded colors, and reflect upon all the changes it has undergone, I cannot resist the wish, that it had a voice to tell the tale of other years.*

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## A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.†

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

### CHAPER IX.

"They entered the dungeon . . . . ."

* * * * *

"This dungeon is no place for trifling. Prisoners ten times more distinguished than thou have died within these walls; and their fate hath never been known."

IVANHOE.

LET us now, all three of us—that is, Pedestres, Clavileno, and my most sapient and worthy reader—(with which qualifications there is not the slightest doubt but that thou art richly endued, if thou hast just bought the book thou art reading)—let us all three, since the conclusion of the last chapter, fancy we have travelled sixteen miles through a very pleasing country, and that we now find ourselves safely arrived in Tiverton: (which, by-the-by, as we are entering the town, Cambden derives thus:—Twy-ford-ton—Two-ford-town:) let us think we are come to Tiverton, the town of lace notoriety.

This wise and appropriate name, as Cambden gives it, tells of the situation of the place with regard to position—that is to intimate, that it is situated near two fords or rivers, or that two fords, and, perconsequence, two rivers, exist in the neighborhood. For, be it remembered, the Saxons of a thousand or more years ago, knew little of pontine architecture; or, if they did, their knowledge was like the miser's gold, which lacked a Telford

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* "Some years after the rebellion in Scotland, the pretender came in disguise to London. This was a natural, but a dangerous curiosity, to behold the place where his grandfather, King James the Second, had been on the throne. Ministers being apprised of the circumstance, went in haste to King George the Second with the information, and strongly recommended his immediate apprehension. The monarch, with one of those shrewd answers for which he was remarkable, replied, 'No—let the poor man satisfy his curiosity; when done, he will quietly go back to France;' and the king's observation was verified."

* A singular case of deuteroscopia, or second sight, is recorded. "In April, 1744, a man of the name of Forbes, walking over Culloden Muir, with two or three others, was suddenly, as it were, lost in deep thought, and when in some short time after he was interrupted by his companions, he very accurately described the battle which was fought on that very spot two years afterwards, at which description all his companions laughed heartily, as there was no expectation of the pretender's coming to Britain at that time."

† Continued from page 296.

to know how to spend it. One of these rivers is the Exe, or *Isca*, as Ptolemy says, that afterwards flows through Exeter, and the other, the Lowman, passing on the opposite or eastern side of the town: which name comes from the Saxon word Duning, signifying *slow*. The Saxons crossed these rivers by fords, and not by bridges, and hence the name *Two-ford-town*.

Tiverton was known by the appellation of *Twyford* as early as the year 872, which was in the beginning of the reign of Alfred the Great; but the appearance of it then, and during some centuries subsequently, was miserable to a degree. It consisted only of a few Arab-like hovels huddled together near that part of the town now occupied by Frog Street—this was all. When the Saxons set themselves earnestly to build a house—perhaps, we should imagine a pig-sty—they, in the first place, cleared the ground of stocks, stones, rubbish, or other impediments, and formed a level surface of earth, which surface was to be the floor of the interior. When this was done to satisfaction, they sketched the plan of the intended edifice on the spot it was destined to occupy, without paper, without pencils, without pens or ink, and without rules and scales; but, like some ancient mathematic an, drew the figure on the sand with (for all I know) their fingers; and then they were better able to see what they were about. On this circumferen ial line, so drawn, for it was but a boundary without divisions, they drove into the ground a closely-set row of stakes, and cut them off even at a proper height, where they were to support the conical roof. Then their fingers again came in requisition, and they crammed the crevices and interstices in this framework with wet clay or mud, thereby setting a fair example to our modern workers in "*wattle-and-dab*." A few sticks overlaid with straw completed the building, by covering it in with a rudely thatched roof. There was a *mulum-in-parvo* hole on one side, which, in itself, contained all the requisites of doors, windows, ventilators, light-holes, and, in short, every other luxury to be found in more recently-constructed houses; and the interior was not divided into compartments or rooms—perhaps it was not spacious sufficient in area to admit of it.

> But this one "stall,
> Served them for kitchen, parlor, and all."

They were kind and considerate enough, however, to allow the smoke of the enkindled fire the fullest privileges and blessings of liberty. It was not only permitted to range at large amongst the assembled company within the hut, but was suffered by its own free will to escape either by the door or through a hole in the roof left for that purpose.

Such, then, was the ordinary Saxon mansion. Who would not have lived in those days?

> "Their houses were like Dirty Dick's,
> And built with mud, for want of bricks."

The whole town at first consisted merely of a small number of these, concentrated close under the castle walls, as a brood of chickens crowded around the old hen for safety; for when the island was so full of foreign as well as civil enemies, when Britons, Saxons, Picts, Scots, and Danes, were all ravaging the same territories, and were all contending among themselves, using as well as speaking daggers, no man, for one night, could with certainty call his life his own. He was liable to be surprised at any unguarded hour, pillaged, burnt out of his house, and murdered. The people, therefore, very naturally congregated near the walls of the stronghold of the powerful baron who might reside in the neighborhood, and who by them was looked up to as their immediate king, and from whom they received that protection from unforseen attacks which they, in their helpless state, could by no means give to themselves.

Some historians assert that Tiverton castle bears not the date of such remote antiquity as that of which I have been speaking; but there are very good reasons for supposing that this hypothesis has been advanced like an unsupported piece on a chess-board. That it kept the surrounding country in awe and subjection long before the conquest there is little *rationale* to deny; yet the most authenticated documents lay its foundation so late as the year 1106, by Richard deRiparis, Redvers, or Rivers, Earl of Devonshire, and first Baron of Tiverton, who, about that time, obtained a grant of the barony from King Henry the First.

Baldwin Rivers, Earl of Devon, and successor of him who built the castle, was driven from his fortress by the arms (not the fists and toes) of King Stephen.

It suffered many sieges and assaults during the contests between the two roses, by cause of the active part that several of its lordly tenants took in those fierce wars.

After the union of the two families of Lancaster and York, when the white and red complexions were amicably blended in the persons of William Courteney, Earl of Devon, and the fair daughter of Edward the Fourth, this castle rose to its highest pitch of strength and splendor. "Here was held the court, and this was the constant place of residence of the widowed princess fifteen years." Her son, the Marquis of Exon, or Exeter, lived here occasionally with great magnificence. It was from this castle that he was taken to the Tower of London on his attainder, and thence to the scaffold, where he suffered through the severity and unrelenting rigor of Henry the Eighth.

From the time of this king, who seized on the estates of the marquis, it gradually sank into decay: the parks and pleasure-grounds were neglected, metamorphosed, and finally sold to various persons by the crown, but the parks were not disparked till the fifteenth of Elizabeth.

Wherever there is a castle of any antiquity, and which is known to have experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, fertile brains, a love

for the marvellous, or the power of superstition, generally creates some mysterious legends respecting it, which are to be found in the mouths of the inhabitants in the vicinity. Tiverton Castle has not been without its changes and chances; it has risen high and it has fallen low; and conquered, affrighted, or endangered garrisons, as well as some of the town refugees, have had recourse to various stratagems in order to secure safety to themselves and their property from the threatening enemy that might surprise them. The most usual and favorite place of security (in romance) is undoubtedly a dungeon or subterranean passage:—what castle is without it somewhere (though no one can find it?)—and who is it that has ever been to Tiverton and has not heard of the "dungeon," that passes from the castle the whole way under the town? To resort thither with half a dozen candles "to explore," has often been the frolic of a holiday afternoon among schoolboys. I remember when I was about twelve years of age, and at the time forming one of a large body of rebellious subjects, who groaned under the despotic and harsh government of that tyrannical sceptre, (as all boys fancy,) the ferula, that some five or six of us formed the design of making a visit to the dungeon, under the sweet persuasion that our antiquarian search and research could not but be attended by such success and discovery, as would shed more light on certain obscure passages in events of by-gone ages than had ever been enkindled by the laborious pens of all the historians that ever wielded a goosequill. The conditions and *items* of the bill of enforcement when drawn up were so far complimentary to me, (being the projector,) inasmuch as it was resolved, in that scarce document, that I should lead the way at the head of the forces, and conduct them through the whole enterprise. This was the substance of the first article, but to which I would by no means agree. It would have been ridiculous indeed if I had; for there was a circumstance born amongst us afterwards which tended to prove beyond question, that one or two of the party had, some time before, ventured into the said Tartarean shades, and who subsequently confessed the fact. A very brief harangue reduced matters to their proper positions; they quickly perceived and acknowledged the absurdity of urging the blind to lead those that saw clearly—for it was the same thing—and of making such as would be useful as guides follow one who was an utter stranger into so fearful and dismal a place. When I look back upon this compliment of their promotion, I consider it as a fair page of courtesy, never, perhaps, until then detected in the volume of scholastic annals;—for Lord Chesterfield polished not himself by the study of such. An overwhelming majority instantly sided with me—the truth was great, and did prevail; the tide flowed strongly and favorably, the oppositionists were borne down—obliged to submit, and agree, in fine, to become guides for the whole party.

The second *item* tended towards me, in the imposition of a tax or forfeit: but no tax placed on humanity was ever levied with such facility and good-will. The law enforced, *secundo*, that I should find candles, tinder-box, and matches, *and that I should steal them from the cook*, for it was sagaciously perceived that, as my home was nearer to the scene of action than the residences of any of the others, there would be the greatest advantages arising from the enactment of such a clause as this second article compelled. Proximity, and, therefore, convenience of transportation, was the great incentive and insubvertible argument. And as to the matter of stealing what we wanted, of course I could do that as well as any body else: there was no objection to it whatever, either on their parts or on mine:—it was fair and just, and nothing was so longed for as to convert unsubstantial words into actual and accomplished deeds. True it was, the cook shortly found herself *minus* candles, tinder-box, and all the *et ceteras*, and nine points of the law very soon confirmed that manœuvre.

We set off, giving tongue lustily, like a pack of hounds on full scent, making our way through Saint Peter's churchyard, up the path opposite the richly-carved façade of John Greenway's chapel.

"What a funny ship that is!" said *Gradus*, a boy about ten years old, as he pointed with his candle towards the upper part of the chapel, "I never saw such a clumsy one in my life."

"Yes," answered *Ille-ego*, who claimed seniority over us all, "I suppose 'tis like what they used to build in former days: there is a boat alongside of her, and they seem to be lowering a cask by a rope—"

"And there's one man upon the stern," cried *Hic-hæc-hoc*, interrupting *Ille-ego*, "did you ever see such a great high stern?—not a bit like Curwood's boats:—see, there's a man pulling a fish out of the water."

"I swear 'tis a bigger one than *Tityre-tu* caught in the Loman the other day with a *black palmer*," resumed *Gradus*.

"And his line's as thick as a rope," said *A-B-C.*, who was our youngest volunteer, and at the bottom of the lowest form in school.

"Ah, and there's another ship," rejoined *Hic-hæc-hoc*, "oh, and a good many more:—and what are those men doing?—but the nose of one of them has been knocked off, and the nose of the other has been rubbed quite flat."

"There is a man up there," said *A-B-C.*, "with a long stick in his hand:—I wonder if 'tis a fishing-rod—but it's got no reel."

A hearty peal burst forth from all sides, at the expense of the simplicity of *A-B-C.*

The whiles they laughed a gleam of sunshine struck across the chapel, and unconsciously drew their attention upon two ancient dials.

"Almost three o'clock," said *Gradus*, perceiving the shadow fell over that figure.

"Come, come along then," rejoined *Hic-hæc-hoc*, catching hold of his neighbor's arm to pull him away.

"'*Nesciunt reverti,*'" said *Ille-ego*, reading the inscription on one of the dials.

On arriving at the destined spot, there arose a call for ammunition and stores. Pockets, hats, coat sleeves, and holes cut to get between the lining and the cloth of trowsers (where pockets were not long enough) were pregnant with candles, matches, tinder, *and potatoes to make candlesticks of.* There was a most prolific birth.

The only entrance now known, and before which we stood, is under a small archway, about a foot and a half span, and not rising more than two feet out of the ground. Tradition says, that this arch is in reality the head of a doorway, which formerly rose high enough to allow soldiers egress and ingress, when they wished privately and by secret passages, to pass this way: but, that time and neglect have suffered so much earth and rubbish to accumulate there, that the door has been filled up as it now appears, to within only two feet of the top. Thus speaks tradition—but tradition sometimes tells fibs—and a slight examination of the spot will convince any one, that the honest god of Veracity prompted not those that unloosed such a tale upon the world. Prometheus never struck brighter sparks from the flint, than *Hic-hæc-hoc* had been doing for a minute or more with great assiduity. But the tinder was unwilling to light. It was either damp—or else the striker did not let the hasty sparks fall properly into the box—or else, by-the-by, the said tinder grievously lacked a little of *Staghl's phlogiston.*

"Let me try," said *Ille-ego*, taking the flint and steel out of his hands. "Many a time have I struck a light and lit a candle to explore here."

"I' faith you may take it," rejoined the other, resigning every thing to him, "for I have nearly knocked my knuckles to pieces, the flint is so small."

*Ille-ego* was stronger in the arms, and the tinder was soon a-light.

"Give me a match!" he cried, "before it goes out again." The match was unwilling to ignite, as the tinder had been before."

"There's fire, there's fire," exclaimed *Hic-hæc-hoc*, "put the match there!"

"And now there's a deal of fire running about on the farther side of the box—let me put another match there!" added *Gradus*, offering his assistance.

Five minutes—perhaps more—had been consumed in the fruitless attempt to kindle these matches: five minutes to us, just then, appeared a long time. *A-B-C.* now stepped in, to tender his ready powers.

"Why don't you blow it?" said he, puffing into the box with all his might.

"You cursed little fool!" roared *Ille-ego*; "and now you've blown all the tinder away! D—nation and the devil!"

"Vexed as we were at this ill-judged puff, we gave vent to a laugh—all but *Ille-ego*, and the innocent offender. True it was, the smoking ashes were scattered far and wide. "Pick it up, pick it up?" was the spontaneous cry. Another five minutes served to replace the tinder in the box, and also to select two or three good matches from the bundle, that appeared to hold the greatest quantity of brimstone on their points—and moreover, what was supremely joyful—to enkindle a *throbbing* flame on the end of one of them.

(*To be continued.*)

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## ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ.

On his own shield, to fair Eurotas' shore,
The brave Thrasybulus, from battle 's borne;
From seven deep wounds had flowed the purple gore,
And who is near, his early death to mourn?
Tunychus comes,—his aged hoary sire,—
Looks on the youth by Argives' swords laid low;
"Place him," he calmly said, "upon the pyre,
'Tis cowards only let their weak tears flow;
And ye shall see, that I to the damp earth
Can, with a tearless eye, return my son;
It was for this that he received his birth,
And bright has been his course, though early run."

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## ON SEEING MR. STANFIELD'S PICTURE OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

IN THE EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE, OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

All honor to thee, Stanfield!—thou hast done
For thine enduring fame, but little less
Than He, th' immortalized, who dying won
His country's safety;—He, whom we address
As Nelson, th' unconquered, whose excess
Of glory, brightest at its setting shone;
Oh, might he deign our artist's toils to bless,
And, looking down from his celestial throne,
See victory gained once more—once more his triumph own.

Let England's sons before this canvass stand
With holy awe, and first a tribute pay
Of wonder due to the all-powerful hand
That made perpetual this triumphant day;
Then to their feelings let them give full sway.
This, the best record of their country's might,
Of their sires' glory, this the brightest ray;
So shall their bosoms glowing at the sight
Of vanquished navies swell, and future Nelsons fight.

Here, as before an altar, stand and view
The holocaust of men—dread sacrifice,
But veiled in vapor. Those th' artillery slew
Were anthemed by their slayers. In the deep lies,
Graved as they died, a host;—and the shrill cries
Of the dismembered and the not yet dead
Ne'er from the caverns of those vast ships rise:
For naught is heard, but when some mast is shred,

Or huge beam riven in twain, among those thunders dread.

Peal follows crash, and crash succeeds each peal,
War shrouds himself in smoke from Heaven's pure eye,
His stern voice awes the winds, the mute waves feel
The common fear, and slow and mournfully
Heave their clear bosoms. Without power to fly
Dismasted ships, magnificent wrecks, around
The conquering Victory in confusion lie;
Safety have some in their submission found,
The rest desponding fight, defeat with valor bound.

Such is this picture, an historic page,
By heaven-born genius given—trophy sublime
Of England's prowess—to the latest age,
When other deeds shall be devoured by time,
This still shall flourish as in early prime;
This still shall cause unnumbered hearts to swell,
In countries distant, yea, in every clime,
The British youths shall glory as they tell,
Of Nelson's battle won, which Stanfield drew so well.

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*The Mascarenhas; a Legend of the Portuguese in India.* By the Author of "The Prediction," &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co. London.

The whole history of India is one continued romance,—a romance tinged with horrors, darkened by superstition, and prodigal of blood. The banner that old Time has ever waved over that country of antiquities has borne upon it the dread symbols of the most revolting superstitions quartered with the blood-red hand of rapine; and, though a few flowers may be discovered wreathed among the more horrible types, they are not enough to relieve the dire emblazonry of crime mingled with fanatical mystery. Even when the good few, with a truly christian zeal, endeavored to supplant this terrible banner, by elevating upon its fertile soil the glorious cross, this beautiful sign of glory to God and peace and good-will to men, too soon became a symbol of mad persecution, an apology for licentious barbarity, and an index to point out where stood the walls and where were sunk the dungeons of an inquisition that has blasphemously arrogated to itself the title of "Holy."

If ever a country was pre-eminently persecuted and devoured, if ever man in his various tribes had his better energies crushed out by the madness of hostile, God-insulting and man-defacing faiths, that country was, and still is, India; and it is in its various and beautiful regions, that we find him the most debased by a contemptible notion of his future self, and a childlike subserviency to the jugglery of a false priesthood. It may be thought, that with such materials with which to operate, the engrafting a well-written romance upon the annals of India, is a task boldly to be undertaken and easily to be executed. But never was an idea more fallacious. The very variety of the matter, the richness in incident, and the abundance of startling events, make the amalgamation into a connected story a completion of the utmost difficulty. The abundance offered to the writer tempts to discursive improvidence, and would insensibly lead on the unskilful to failure. A romance founded on Indian history must be like a tessellated pavement: every stone different in hue and color from the other, individually brilliant, requires the master-hand so to arrange the whole, that out of apparent incongruity harmony may arise, and the mind be satisfied in contemplating the multifarious arrangement, that of the many minute and seemingly opposite elements, a perfect whole is produced.

How far Mrs. Stewart, the author of this singularly well-told tale, has effected this object, we will leave the reader to decide. Should he think that she has not quite reached perfection, that a few of the precious materials that she has placed in juxtaposition do not look well beside each other, and that one, perhaps two, of the stones that she has placed in the tessellated pavement of her story, are but pebbles put foreign to their purpose, and ought to have been wholly omitted, we beg to remark, that these discrepancies are less imputable to the authoress than to the taste of the times, and to the very nature of her subject. This will be fully shown as we proceed to give some faint notion of the work.

It is opened by a well-written introduction, fixing the exact epoch of the tale, and giving a rapid but very lucid description of the then state of India. At that time, the Portuguese domination was fast declining, whilst that of England was just beginning to extend itself slowly but surely, and the great, or rather the famous, (for the terms are not synonymous,) Aurungzebe was at the zenith of his power. This emperor was, as everybody knows, a Mahommedan, and he was rather severe upon the great majority of his subjects, the Hindoos. Their interests and their religion were energetically espoused by a Mahrattah chief, Rajah Sevagi, who is certainly, whatever the fair writer may have intended, the hero of the romance. He holds a mountain district on the confines of Aurungzebe's dominions, and not only continually annoys him by predatory excursions, but even goes to the length of plotting to dethrone him, and to set up in his place some other emperor, who may be more auspicious to the Hindoos, and more tolerant to the Brahminical code. To carry these views into effect, he does not scruple to league with one Gomez, a lusty, hard-featured, hard-hearted villain, a pirate by profession, and a very brute in all manner of practice. This Gomez is a Portuguese, whose head quarters are situated at Chittagong, and who is in command of some thousand valiant vagabonds, his countrymen, and of several thousand other vagabonds, Hindoos, not quite so valiant, but equally

vicious. Now there is in India, another legitimate power belonging to Portugal, whose principal station is at Goa, plentiful with priests, to make it respectable, and a very goodly inquisition, to make it terrible. The hands of these men are against all, and all against them. The governor of Goa, and consequently of all the Portuguese Indian possessions, is one of the Mascarenhas, a name which gives a title to these volumes. Now this governor had a younger brother, who, in early life, fought against Aurungzebe, and so successfully, that he took him prisoner —the brother, at that time, a very excellent warrior, and a good Catholic. His soldierly qualities stuck to him to the end of his life, but his Catholicism vanished at the sight of a beautiful young lady, about to become a virgin suttee, who was the virgin widow of a very old Raja, and the sister of the Mahrattah Prince Sevagi, above mentioned. This Xavier Mascarenhas rescues the lady from a bed that promises to be so hot for her, and actually turns Turk and marries her. He then assumes the name of Zohac, and gets a very nice slice of Indian territory, and a body of very well disciplined troops. The reader may be sure that Raja Sevagi bears this Portugal Turk no very good will for outraging his religion, and so cavalierly carrying off his sister. We have not space to mention about as many more important characters, who have all their particular histories, and which converge, as it were, to one point, in bringing about the catastrophe. We will now proceed to the opening of this drama. It is with a gorgeous scene in the city of Delhi, on the occasion of a public reception by the emperor Aurungzebe of a most splendid Persian embassy from Shah Abâs.

This is a long and very minute account, which fully evinces the great reading and the patient research of the authoress. Everything is described to the life: men of various faiths, and of all professions, adhere, even in their modes of speech, to all the niceties of distinction. That the authoress has fully caught the spirit of the phraseology of the east may be seen in the following extract. Korrily wishes, contrary to the custom of the east, to unveil and gaze upon the procession.

"'Off to thy distaff, Korrily!' cried the man, in the same tone of mirthful raillery; 'the ware-room of the merchant is not the province of the wife—away! thou art out of custom, Korrily; in thy country such things may be, but here—'

"'And must we keep to such queer customs?' said the female, at once softened down to the pathetic; 'and will you break the faith you swore to, in my own dear land?'

"'Korrily,' interrupted the other, 'thy Cuttub loves thee as the Pundit water, the Parsee fire! the scent of burned ambergris is not so balmy as thy breath, nor silver cymbal dulcet as thy voice—when modulated, love! but in discord 'tis the Arab's diff,* the peacock's scream!—mix more of liquorice than of citron in thy sherbet, Korrily."

* A Drum.

But who is this Cuttub, and who is this Korrily? They are, perhaps, the pebbles alluded to, in our fanciful tessellated pavement. Korrily is nothing more, or to give her due honor, nothing less, than an Irish lady who formerly condescended, being a good Catholic, to act in a menial capacity in Portugal, in the noble family of the Mascarenhas, but now braves emperors on their thrones, wields, or at least influences the destinies of rajahs, princes, powers, and dominions—goes through all manner of adventures, speaks a mixture of all languages, and finally, as a reward, resolves herself, at the end of three volumes, into the simple abigail in the same noble family. There is too much thrown upon the shoulders of this Korrily, albeit they be broad and Irish, and a most particular favorite of ours. Cuttub, her husband, is a complete Scapin. He is, in morality, one of a class that in religion is every day increasing, an Everything-arian! and his character, as Mrs. Stewart has drawn it, is in much better keeping than that of his wife. In countries where the slave of one year may be the ruler of the next, we have no right to be surprised at any vicissitude, provided it be of the sterner sex, but the harem and the sack are impediments to the ladies playing many public fantastic tricks. Led on by incidents too long for us to abstract, Korrily and Cuttub are found soliciting justice. The following is a description of the great Aurungzebe.

"A person of diminutive stature, his demeanor unmarked by any attribute of kingly dignity, half rose from the regal seat at this intrusion. It was Aurungzebe. To a superficial observer the lineaments of this extraordinary man gave no indication of that sagacious, resolute, yet pliant mind, which could at will dissolve into every form, yet lose itself in none, and could veil hatred or displeasure by frankness, and by a show of clemency, where clemency was prudence: he had won not merely toleration but applause, for the imprisonment of his father and the murder of his brothers; and now stood forth, audaciously tranquil in his usurped prerogative, to receive the willing homage of potentate and feudatory.

"Aurungzebe gave a few moments to reflection, a few more to quiet inquisition of the countenances in his immediate vicinity, before he noticed the petition; at length he turned to Seva, a smile of pleasantry gradually brightening his olive complexion, and giving an air of good humor to his half rebuke—

"'Redress would not have been solicited so rudely, for other than the wife of the date-merchant, nor would Seva for nobler, or perhaps worthier object have overlooked the ceremonial due to the majesty of Hindostan, and to the representative of Abâs!—Retire—to-morrow we will weigh this matter.'

"'Great king!' replied the boy, 'we learn from the precept of Aurungzebe, that his light shall be darkened who defers to the next hour what may be done in this!'

"'Prayer should be the precursor of every act of that power which awards condemnation or acquittal,' said the monarch, 'prepare, with Akbar, to attend me to the mosque.'

"'Then will my sister, mighty prince, be torn

from her true protector!' cried the boy, spiritedly, yet with reverence.

"'Thy sister!'

"'If she be the lost ward of the date merchant's wife, I have been taught to consider her as such: within this hour the child hath been recognized and claimed.'"

The reader may now gather an inkling of the mysterious consequence of the date merchant's wife, Korrily; but if the reader supposes that we are going to unravel for him this delicate complexity, he is very pleasantly mistaken. It is our wish to show him or her so much of the excellence of this work, as to make the desire to purchase it almost as strong as a passion.

We will now introduce to the notice of our friends, another exquisitely drawn, and consistently sustained, character. She is an historical personage; and, after the events that are the basis of this novel had transpired, became celebrated by playing a most conspicuous political part in the arena of India, making even the Great Aurungzebe tremble for the stability of his power. She is Cunja, a beautiful gipsy, a woman of fierce passions, and high mental endowments, the concubine of Gomez, the Portuguese leader and pirate. She is required to account for the possession of a beautiful little girl, the heroine of the story, whom she had stolen from the honest Irish Korrily.

"'Silence, bold rebel!—advance!'

"The first command was obeyed upon the instant; compliance with the second would have involved separation from the child, and was unheeded as if unheard. An authoritative signal passed quickly to the Cutwál; a pressure was applied to Korrily's wrists which made her fingers nerveless, and her arms were instantly bound with her own girdle.

"'Is this your law!' she cried, 'a blessed law! kill first and then condemn! Ye call yourselves believers too! ye, who if a man but cough, cry, strangle him!—A fine show ye make, my lords; much like the cinnamon tree, your bark far better than your body!'

"'Stars of the faith!' exclaimed Cuttub, touching with his forehead the steps of the divan, 'grief for the child hath filled the crystal goblet of her brain! she is witless as the bough of the blasted palm is leafless!"—He arose, and gently detaching the little nach-girl from the arms of the Cunja, placed her between the Arab and the Armenian, 'Sunbeams of Mahommed!' he continued, 'these men are neutral—now let the cause be judged: I do affirm that if the Kenchen* bear upon her left foot the mark of a cross, she hath been stolen from my wife.'

"The child, in whose lovely countenance terror had given place to innocent wonderment, as she viewed the splendor of the presence hall, contentedly yielded her little foot for inspection, returning archly the encouraging smiles of Seva and Akbar, in whom, with intuitive perception, she recognized those natures most correspondent to her own, and responding by a burst of laughter to their triumphant ejaculation, when the inquisitor declared that the blue lines of a puncture, tipifying the Egyptian symbol of futurity*, were visible.

"The proceedings of the judge were arrested by the action of Aurungzebe; he stood up and exclaimed—'Who in my dominions hath dared to do this wrong?'

"'Staff of the wanderer, and scourge of the blasphemer!' said the Cunja, touching the ground with the back of her right hand, and drawing the long finger across her forehead, 'thy wisdom will discern whether truth abideth with the Christian or thy slave. Thirty months ago I joined a a kafilah† from Bengal to Allahabad; this Franguy‡ woman, with her husband, journeyed in the train; I knew her once, and questioned her concerning a male child committed to her care by one high in rank and power; her words, swollen by the waters of indignation, were like an angry torrent; she reviled thy brother, Suja, as the robber of the boy; thee, likewise, star of nations! thy people, and the land.—Zemani,'—pointing to the nach-girl, 'was at that time in her trust, given to her care by the parent of the boy.'

"As the Cunja uttered the last sentence, the Arab bent forward, and seemed greedily to drink in her recital. The attention of Aurungzebe became more completely rivetted, and the searching eyes of the Armenian were also fixed upon the speaker.—She continued.

"'One day the caravan halted near a mighty forest: the train dispersed amid the shades of the palm and tamarind; I followed the Franguy woman, because I loved the child.—To the Cunja there is no pollution in the breath of infidels, for since *our* forefathers were driven by *thine* from Hindostan, we have been doomed to the contamination of the Christian's touch.—She went along a pathway which led to a thick jungle; the tiger and the jackal lurked therein. I spoke of danger, but she heeded nothing. The sun-ray struck upon our heads, the sky slept in flame. A nullah crossed the path; it branched from the great river; the bamboo dropped upon the water, its shadows rested on a sheet of fire. The child was parched—she wept—we sat beneath the tree—I spoke of former years, and other lands; once more I dared to ask her of the boy.—The Franguy did again revile—the Moslem and the Pagan were the children of the dark one; theirs was the soil of the heavy curse!—Rage stained the current of her mind;—'The Hindoo mother leaves her thriveless babe to perish,' she exclaimed, 'so will I leave this luckless creature, lest she dwell with the heathen and blasphemer!'—Zemani was frightened; she crept into my arms;—the child had only numbered forty moons, yet was she shrewd, and very beautiful!—I would have bought her with my store of riches—a golden toman and a sapphire ring.—The fury of the white woman increased; she seized the child; the finger of the mighty one 'pressed upon her brain; her bosom was the den of evil spirits,—they prevailed—she flung the child into the nullah! she fled!—I was bold and vigorous; I had wrestled with the wave before; I tore a branch from the bamboo, and sprang to save the innocent. The river monster glared, its horrid jaws were opened for the babe! her little cry gave fearlessness to courage; I battled with the current—I stretched the branch towards her; she caught it—shewas saved!—Say, is she not mine, great king!—I bore her through the tangled jungle and the tope.—An evil dewtah

* Dancing Girl.

* The cross. † A caravan.
‡ Frank or Franguay, European.

yeiled the day; the sun was dimmed, the dread typhoon was up, its roar was mingled with the tiger's cry; the forest quaked, the limbs of mighty trees were driven like their leaves; I heeded not the curdling of my heart's blood! the vulture screamed: I would not despair! I clasped the child; we shrunk within the jungle grass.—The eye of the unseen, alone, was on us; we were saved!—Messenger of the Unchangeable, is she not mine!"

This extract, though long, is apposite, as it evinces the power of the authoress. We will merely state that the child, which was thus energetically and eloquently pleaded for, was carried off, on an Arab courser, from before the eyes of the whole court, which was fortunately, in the literal sense, *an open one*, by the Raja Sevagi, of whom we have before made mention. This is one of the improbabilities with which we could well dispense; but though we might, perhaps the plot of the story could not, so we are fain to be content, with perhaps a real fact, which certainly looks like a fiction of the most brazen description.

He is pursued, this Mahratta and child-stealing Raja; but, of course, as it did not suit the tale that he should be overtaken, he gets safely through the crowded, narrow, and caravan-impeded streets of Delhi unscathed, with his precious burthen; and at length finds security among his own retainers. Aurungzebe, now finding that his determined enemy is in some force in his immediate neighborhood, and in the heart of his dominions, very naturally despatches numerous troops to annihilate or bring them to him in chains. They go, and are defeated. We cannot here detail all the intricacies of the plot, which is more involved than that of an old Spanish play. Suffice it, that Seva, the nephew, and Akbar, the Sultan, and eldest son of Aurungzebe, fall into the hands of Sevagi. This chieftain now entertains projects the most ambitious; he aspires to the entire authority throughout India, and the making the Hindu faith the dominant, perhaps the sole, religion. The extirpation of all the Europeans, both private and legitimate, comes within the scope of his plans. To effect this great object, he wills it to be believed that Zemani, the abducted child, is his daughter, whom he intends to marry to the captured Akbar, who has already Hinduized. Akbar is a weak prince, and a coward. He is to depose his father Aurungzebe, and to be allowed to live and to appear to rule India under the guidance of Zemani and himself. All these fine-spun schemes, like the wreathing mists of a summer morning, vanish into thin air. Then comes love scenes, and romantic adventures, the tug of war, the assassin's dagger, and the poisoned bowl. We have also the abhorrent rites of the suttee described, and all the imposing pomp of priestcraft is paraded before us. We must not omit to mention a beautiful and most touching delineation of a pariah, that pariah the fair sister of Sevagi himself, and the mother of Zemani. The development of this many-complexioned plot, we shall refrain from giving.

As a whole, these volumes must tend to establish a high and enduring reputation for their author. She has a fertile imagination, a high sense of the sublime and beautiful, a cultivated mind, and no small share of that appreciation of the ridiculous, that is called humor. She is naturally eloquent, and, from the reading displayed in this work, must be indefatigably industrious. Her few faults are trivial, but, we fear, are not easily remedied. They are interwoven in the very tissue of her mind. One of those blemishes, which, in vulgar minds, always becomes garrulity, in her assumes the shape of amplification. She leaves a favorite subject with reluctance, she dwells upon it long, she does more than exhaust it, she exhausts her readers. As a proof, we instance the ascent of Korrily to the mountain-hold of Sevagi. She is also too minute. She gives us grand pictures, but she finishes all of them too highly. But for these slight failings, with how many beauties does she indemnify us! She is also that most rare thing—very original. Her creation of the Imp Goojah may grin ambitiously beside the boldest of Sir Walter Scott's inventions. We have given the review of this novel in the body of our work, because we honestly thought that it was deserving of the distinction.

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## TO JUNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONGINUS," A TRAGEDY; "THE ANGLO-POLISH HARP," &c.

THRICE welcome, genial month! whose balmy wing
Fans into fresh expansion the rich show
Of blossoms that, around, their splendors fling,
And, in the fructifying sunbeams, glow—
Thou, on life-stirring odors, dost carouse,
And thine are robes immaculate to wear,
The snow-white favors of the cherry-boughs,
The starry promise of the luscious pear;
Thy reign the pink-ey'd apple-cup prolongs,
Each lowlier smiling flower, and loftier tree,
The hawthorn hedge alive with warbling songs,
The soothing, happy humming of the bee!
All nature holds a festival as thou,
The garland-graces' queen, with blooms bedeck'st thy brow!

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## LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.*—No. V.

Γνωθι σεαυτον.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*15th May,* 1836.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I have now to speak of the principal actions concerned in the nutrition of our bodies—that is, in converting our food into *ourselves*.

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* Continued from page 277.

These are four in number—ABSORPTION, CIRCULATION, RESPIRATION, and SECRETION.

If you have read attentively what I have already written concerning the absorbent vessels, and concerning those arteries which, when convoluted and conglomerated into those little balls called glands, perform the office of secreting the several juices of the body, as the saliva, &c.—if, I say, you have read all this with attention, you will now have no difficulty in understanding what is meant by the terms ABSORPTION and SECRETION. I shall now, therefore, briefly describe the circulation of the blood, and the effect which respiration has upon it; and then I shall endeavor to exhibit to you these important phenomena of ABSORPTION, CIRCULATION, RESPIRATION and SECRETION, in active operation, by tracing a given portion of food through all the changes wrought upon it by virtue of these four actions, until it has become assimilated to the body.

First let us trace the CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

The blood, of a bright vermilion hue, and richly laden with the elements of living matter—the new materials for repairing the wasted body—starting from the *left* side of the heart, enters the aorta. From the aorta it is distributed into branches of the aorta, and hence into the branches of these branches, being divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller streamlets as it proceeds from branch to branch. In this manner it proceeds until it has been subdivided into as many minute hair-like streamlets as there are *points* in the body, there being no point of the body which is not supplied and nourished by one of these scarcely conceivably minute streamlets of blood.

While these countless myriads of currents of blood are thus traversing the body, each, as it were, intent on reaching some one particular point or other as the end of its journey, they may be appropriately likened to an innumerable swarm of bees laden with stores, and hastening onward in order to deposit, each his particular share, at some point or other of the honey-comb which they are all mutually engaged in building or repairing.

When the blood has thus arrived at every point of the entire body, and each streamlet has fulfilled its office of renovation, by parting with the new materials which it contained, and depositing them in the place of the old and worn-out materials which have been removed the instant before, by the absorbents—when, in a word, the function of nutrition has been performed, the little hair-like arteries, which brought these several minute streamlets of blood from the heart to the several points of their destination, bend back upon themselves, lose the structure peculiar to arteries, assume that peculiar to veins, and commence their journey back to the heart.

The little streamlets of blood, which fill these little backward-running veins, having now parted with those living elements—those fresh materials—which they brought for the renovation of the body, may be likened, not inaptly, to the same swarm of bees mentioned before; who, having deposited their precious burdens in various parts of the honey-comb, are now hastening back for a fresh supply.

The blood, therefore, having fulfilled its function, quits the arteries and enters the veins.

I have said that when the arteries cease to be arteries, and become veins, they *bend back upon themselves*. The veins therefore, in their passage towards the heart, run alongside the arteries, and parallel with them; and wherever you find an artery bringing arterial blood *from* the heart, you will also find, by the side of it, and enclosed in the same sheath with it, a vein carrying back venous blood *to* the heart. Thus the several streams of venous and arterial blood pass each other on the road, as it were—like two trains of carriages moving side by side, but in contrary directions—the one train going out, the other returning home.

As the termination of arteries form the beginnings of veins, it follows that the number of the veins, at their commencement, is equal to the number of the arteries. But these numerous minute veins, as they travel towards the heart, are every now and then uniting together to form larger ones, and consequently the streams of venous blood, as they approach the heart, are constantly becoming larger and larger also, and thus the whole quantity of venous blood is eventually collected into two large veins, which empty themselves into the *right* cavity of the heart, like two Fleet ditches into the Thames.

We have now completed what is called the greater circle of circulation—that is, we have traced the vermilion nutritious blood from the heart to every point of the body. We have seen it there part with its nutritious particles, in order to repair the waste of the body; and thus deteriorated in quality, altered in color, and rendered oppressive and unwholesome in its properties, we have traced it back to the same organ from which it set out, viz. the heart. But although we have brought it back from the same organ from which it started, we have *not* yet brought it back to the same *side* of that organ. It set out from the *left side* of the heart, and we have only traced it back to the *right*. Let us therefore proceed.

When the black deteriorated blood has been brought back from every part of our structure, collected into the two large veins, which I have denominated Fleet ditches, and poured by them into the right cavity of the heart, the walls of that cavity contract upon it, and propel it into a large vessel termed the pulmonary artery, by which it is conveyed to the lungs. In the lungs the pulmonary artery is divided, and divided, and subdivided into an infinite number of infinitely minute branches, which traverse every part of the lungs. The black blood, therefore, carried to the lungs by the pulmonary artery, is divided into an infinite number of minute streamlets, which are conducted, in every di-

rection, through the lungs, by the innumerable hair-like branches of the pulmonary artery.

The lungs are made up of a countless number of small cells, through among which the little streamlets of black blood are, of course, conveyed, and every time we draw in our breath, these cells become filled with air, and the air which they then contain comes in contact with the little vessels containing the minute streamlets of black blood, and, acting through the delicate coats of these, it operates those changes in the blood which it was sent to the lungs for the sole purpose of undergoing.

What the whole of these changes are is not thoroughly understood. But this much is certain—that, whereas the blood enters the lungs of a black color, and in a condition unfit to effect the nutrition of the body, it no sooner becomes exposed to the influence of the air in the cells of the lungs, than it loses its black color, acquires the brilliant hue of vermilion, and becomes at once endowed with all the properties necessary to the nutrition of the body, and to the production or secretion of the several juices, such as the gastric, the pancreatic, &c.

The black blood, then, having been exposed in the air-cells of the lungs, to the action of the air, and having been by it purified, re-impregnated with nutritious particles, and every way requalified to fulfil its appointed offices in the body, is collected into four veins, called the pulmonary veins, by which it is brought back to the *left* side of the heart, from which it first started. And thus the lesser circle of circulation has been accomplished, and the whole circulation of the blood completed.

Allow me to recur, for a moment, to the metaphor of the bees. I like it—it is a little fanciful, perhaps, but nevertheless appropriate, and not inelegant.

Consider the lungs, then, as a bed of sweet flowers upon which a swarm of bees (the little black streamlets of blood) have settled. These bees, having laden their thighs with honey, quit the flowers, and, taking their flight through the garden gate, (the heart,) pursue their way by various routes, (the arteries,) in order to deposit their little burdens, and distribute them equally throughout the honey-comb, that is, the body. Having done this, they take wing once more, and returning in the same direction, but by different routes, (the veins,) they re-enter the garden-gate, (the heart,) and again settle themselves down upon the flower-bed, (the lungs,) in order to collect a fresh supply of honey, that is, of nutritive properties. Observe—a stream of *arterial* blood is a bee *laden* with honey; a stream of *venous* blood a bee *despoiled* of its honey.

Now if, as I hope, you understood my former letters, you will recollect that the old body is constantly being dissolved and carried away and emptied into the venous blood by the lymphatic absorbents, and that the new materials afforded by new food are also emptied into the venous blood at the same place, (viz. just before it enters the right side of the heart on its way to the lungs,) by the lacteal absorbents. The black blood, therefore, when it reaches the lungs, has, mixed up with it, a portion of the old body in a fluid state called lymph, and also a certain quantity of fresh nutriment, also in a fluid state, called chyle. But the fresh nutriment, that is, the chyle, has not yet *become* blood; it is merely mechanically *commingled with* the blood. The effect, therefore, which the air exerts on the blood in the lungs, is not merely to revivify old blood, but likewise to *convert* the chyle *into* blood. This conversion of chyle into blood is called sanguification.

There is another important office fulfilled by respiration—viz. the expulsion from the body of such portions of the lymph as are no longer fit to remain in it, in the shape of that watery vapor which we denominate breath. The mouth, therefore, is a portal through which you receive the materials for a new body, and also through which you blow away the worn-out materials of the old. Every time you breathe, you blow away a little bit of your nose, (would it were a larger piece!) a little bit of your ears, a fragment of your eyes, a particle of your brain, an atom of your heart, in short, a part of your whole person. If you chance to be walking in the fields, a portion mounting through the air assists in forming the clouds, and again descending in showers of rain, contributes its share towards the formation of the multitudinous ocean. Another portion falls upon the green herbage of the meadow, and constitutes a part of the nourishment upon which that herbage subsists. Thus, not only is "flesh grass," but grass also is flesh.

I shall now endeavor to exhibit the principal actions concerned in the nutrition of the body, by tracing a portion of food through all the necessary changes, until it has ceased to be food, and has become an integrant part of yourself.

Let us suppose you to be in the act of despatching a hearty meal, consisting of animal food and various kinds of vegetables. You first introduce it into your mouth—("first catch your hare," says Mrs. Glass)—with your teeth you masticate it—by means of your tongue you roll it about your mouth. This rolling about brings it in contact with the several excretory ducts of the salivary glands, which open on the internal surface of the mouth, as we have before seen. These ducts, by virtue of their SENSIBILITY, become aware of the presence of a stimulus (the food). The stimulation which the food in the mouth exerts upon the ducts, is propagated along them to the arteries which, as we have before seen, form the salivary glands, by being coiled up into those little knots so called. The arteries, thus stimulated, are excited to increased action. They bring a greater quantity of blood to the glands, and those parts of the arteries which constitute the glands, being also excited to greater action and having an increased supply of blood, separate from that blood an increased quantity of that juice or secretion, which is called saliva. And this

increased secretion of saliva is the first of that series of actions by which the nutrition of the body is effected; and in this, the very first stage, you see exemplified those three important properties of which I have said so much in my two last letters—STIMULATION, SENSIBILITY, and CONTRACTILITY. For it is by virtue of their contractility that the arteries supplying the salivary glands with blood, and also constituting the gland itself, are capable of acting, that is, of contracting, and of so supplying the gland with blood, from which blood the saliva has to be secreted. It is by virtue of the stimulating property of the food that their contractility is roused into action; and it is by virtue of their sensibility that they are aware that a stimulus is acting upon them.

The nutritious bolus, then, having been thoroughly masticated and rolled about the mouth until it has been well mixed up with saliva, is, by a very complicated movement, mounted upon the back of the tongue, and by it jerked into the throat, by which it is propelled downward into the stomach. Its presence in the stomach stimulates that organ as it stimulated the glands of the mouth, and a copious secretion of gastric juice (that is, stomach-juice) is brought about in the same way as a copious secretion of saliva was effected by its presence in the mouth. But as there are neither teeth nor tongue in the stomach, the food, when there, cannot be so readily and at once mixed up and kneaded, as it were, with the gastric juice, as it was, by means of those instruments, comminuted and commingled with the saliva in the mouth. It is not, therefore, subjected all at once to the action of the gastric juice, but gradually, layer after layer. While the food is lying, in mass, in the upper part of the stomach, the gastric juice poured out from the sides of the stomach, above and around it, falls upon the surface of the nutritious mass. When this upper surface or layer has been sufficiently acted on by the gastric juice—when, by virtue of the inherent properties of this juice, it has been converted into a semifluid peculiar to itself, and called chyme, it floats off and away from the rest towards the lower part of the stomach, where it is united to the upper extremity of the bowels. The upper layer of the alimentary mass having been thus converted into chyme by the action of the gastric juice, and sent away from the remainder, the next layer becomes exposed to the action of this juice, and having, like the first, become converted into chyme, swims away after it to the pylorus, that is, the lower extremity of the stomach. Thus, layer after layer, the whole mass eventually becomes changed from the nature of food into chyme; gastric juice, during the whole time this change is going on, being poured out from the internal surface of the stomach upon the surface of the alimentary mass. The whole quantity is usually converted into chyme in about three hours.

Now mark. Whatever has been the nature and kind of the food which you have eaten—however heterogeneous the several viands may be—they must all be reduced to this unique homogeneous semifluid, called chyme—they must all lose their own several natures and take upon themselves the one sole nature of chyme, and so become chyme itself—before they can leave the stomach and enter the bowels, in order there to undergo the next necessary change.

Now if you have eaten any matters at your meal which are what is called difficult of digestion, that is, which are not easily reduced to chyme by the action of the gastric juice, when these matters become exposed to the action of the gastric juice they will necessarily require to be so exposed for a longer time than is natural because of the difficulty which the gastric juice experiences in reducing them to chyme. It will be therefore a longer time before these float off from the surface of the alimentary mass, so as to leave the next layer exposed to the action of the gastric juice; and the under layers, or portions of food, which are waiting for their turn to be exposed, will be kept so waiting for a longer than the wonted space of time. The consequence of this is, that they are kept waiting, untouched by the gastric juice, until they begin to undergo those changes common to all vegetable and animal matter when placed in a warm, moist, and confined situation, viz. fermentation; the vegetable matter undergoing the acid fermentation and the animal the putrefactive. For it must be remembered, that the food in the stomach still continues to be food, still remains unaltered, still continues, therefore, to be obedient to the common laws of fermentation and putrefaction, until it has its nature and identity destroyed, and a new nature and identity bestowed upon it by virtue of the action which the gastric juice exerts upon it. It ferments and putrefies, therefore, in the stomach (if not acted upon by the gastric juice) as quickly as it would do, on a sultry summer's day, in a small pantry, with its windows and door kept shut. And this shows you the reason why such matters as undergo putrefaction with the greatest rapidity, as some fish and fresh pork, do not well agree with weak stomachs; for that which putrefies most rapidly in the pantry, will do so in the stomach also.

While, therefore, the indigestible matters are slowly submitting to the action of the gastric juice, the good and wholesome portion of the food is actually putrefying, and can, therefore, afford no more nutriment than if you had dined on putrid carrion. During the process of fermentation and putrefaction, moreover, as all the world knows, a number of fetid gases are given out. These poisonous gases distend the stomach, weaken its energies, oppress its sensibility, enfeeble its contractility, diminish the secretion of gastric juice, and, in a word, disturb, interrupt, and wholly overturn the whole process of assimilation in the stomach, and there is tumbled into the bowels, instead of a bland, smooth, homogeneous, healthy chyme, a filthy, fermenting, yeasty mess, smoking with offensive

gases, and consisting of little else than sour vegetables and putrid meat. For the sensibility of the pyloric valve, of which I am to speak directly, is overcome by the oppressive influence and expansive nature of the gases which are distending the stomach. Is it possible, I ask, that healthy chyle and sound blood can be formed out of such a villanous compound of nastiness as this?

As soon as this precious hodge-podge reaches the bowels, it will generally be expelled by them with violence; and this is the way in which bowel complaints are so often produced by salmon and fresh pork, when eaten by persons whose stomachs are too weak to furnish a sufficient quantity of gastric juice to reduce them to chyme before they have had time to run into putrefaction; and the wind, which such persons discharge by the mouth after eating, consists of the offensive gases above-mentioned. Strong, healthy stomachs, pour out their gastric juice so rapidly and abundantly, that the whole meal is reduced to chyme before the process of putrefaction has had time to begin. Now let us proceed.

The food, having been properly acted upon by the gastric juice of the stomach, is now no longer food, but a bland, smooth, homogeneous semi-fluid called chyme, which, quitting the upper part of the stomach, flows downward to the lower extremity—that part where the stomach is joined to the bowels. This junction of the lower extremity of the stomach with the upper extremity of the bowels is called the pylorus; and the pylorus is furnished with a peculiar valve which accurately closes the communication between the stomach and bowels at all times, excepting when chyme is in the act of passing out of the stomach into the bowels. This valve is endowed with a singular and most beautiful kind of eclectic sensibility, which enables it to know, by the feel, whether the matters which come in contact with it be pure chyme or not; and nothing can enter the bowels from the stomach without coming in contact with it.

Now let us suppose that a portion of food has been reduced to chyme, has flowed down to the lower extremity of the stomach, and has presented itself at the pyloric valve for admission through it into the bowels; and let us suppose that there is, swimming in the chyme, a particle of food which has not yet been sufficiently acted upon by the gastric juice. I will tell you what happens. As soon as the pyloric valve *feels* the presence of the smooth and bland chyme it instantly opens and allows it to pass through; but no sooner does the particle of food, which has not yet been reduced to chyme, attempt to pass, than the valve instantly closes the aperture, and refuses to suffer it to go through. And this particle of food must return to the upper part of the stomach, and be again submitted to the agency of the gastric juice before it can be permitted to escape from the stomach into the bowels. Is not this a beautiful exemplification of the importance of the sensibility of our organs?—and said I not true, when I called it our guardian angel? For what is the sensibility of the pyloric valve, by which it is enabled to distinguish between perfect and imperfect chyme?—what is it, I say, but a watchman, a sentinel, posted at the entrance into the bowels, in order to watch over their safety, to see that nothing be allowed to enter them which is likely to disturb or irritate them; to take care that nothing injurious, nothing offensive, nothing which may be in any way hostile to their safety, nothing, in fact, which has no business there, be permitted to tresspass within the sacred precincts of organs so important to the health and welfare of the whole being, of which they form so vital a part?

That imperfectly chymified food cannot enter the bowels without injury to them is sufficiently proved by the very existence of this valve. For surely it is foolish to suppose that nature, who does nothing in vain, would have been at the pains of establishing so beautiful, so wonderful, so inestimable a contrivance, if the office which it fulfils were not, in the last degree, essential.

What mischief, therefore, do those persons inflict upon themselves—what a wide door for the admission of all sorts of evils do those persons throw open, who, perpetually stimulating the pyloric valve by the unnatural stimuli of ardent spirit, and highly-seasoned sauces, enfeeble, wear out, and eventually destroy its sensibility; so that whatever the caprice of the palate throws into the stomach, is tumbled, right or wrong, assimilated or unassimilated, good, bad, and indifferent, altogether, without let or hindrance, into the bowels; for the sentry-box is deserted—the watchman is dead.

When I contemplate this state of things, I think I see a whole army of diseases marching in file out of the stomach, through the pyloric gateway, into the citadel of the bowels. I see pale-faced and bloated Dropsy with his swollen legs,—livid Asthma struggling for breath,—grotesque and tottering Palsy,—yellow-visaged Jaundice,—red-eyed Delirium,—Fever, with his baked lips and parched tongue, looking piteously around and crying, "Water! water!"—limping Gout, grinning with pain,—musing Melancholy,—hideous Insanity,—but let us drop the curtain over a picture so horrible. My mind's eye aches with looking at it. Above all things, my dear John, take care of your pyloric valve.

Now let us get on a step further.

The food, having been thoroughly and properly acted on by the gastric juice in the stomach, is reduced to a uniform, bland fluid, called chyme, and this is the first great change in that succession of changes which is ultimately to convert it into blood. There is now neither bread nor meat in your stomach,—there is nothing there but chyme, which is neither meat nor bread, but a fluid, the nature of which is *one degree nearer* to the nature of blood than it was before it became chyme.

The chyme, then, flows to the lower extremity of the stomach, presents itself at the py-

loric valve, and having been examined, as it were, by the SENSIBILITY of that valve, and reported "all right," is admitted into the duodenum.

The first twelve inches of the bowels, reckoning from their junction with the stomach downward, are called the duodenum.

Now the chyme in the duodenum has precisely the same effect upon the excretory ducts of the liver and pancreas, which open into the duodenum, as the food had in the mouth upon the excretory ducts of the salivary glands: that is to say, it stimulates the mouths of these excretory ducts, and this stimulation is propagated along the ducts to the glands themselves,—the liver and pancreas. These glands, so stimulated, pour out an increased quantity of their individual secretions, viz. bile and pancreatic juice. The surface of the bowel itself, too, the (duodenum,) pours out an increased quantity of fluid, called the intestinal juice. The chyme mingling with these juices, another remarkable change is effected:—the chyme is no longer chyme; it has lost its identity, and the result is a milky fluid, called chyle, destined to become blood, and an excrementitious matter—the dross, if I may so speak—destined to be expelled from the body by the bowels.

This conversion of the chyme into chyle forms the *second* great change, by which that which was once food—bread and meat—has been advanced *two* degrees more nearly to the nature of blood.

I hope you have not yet forgotten that the *chylous* absorbents arise, by open mouths, from the internal surface of the bowels. As the chyle, therefore, flows along the duodenum, it comes into contact with these same open mouths of the chylous absorbents.—These, by virtue of their *sensibility*, become aware of the presence of the chyle, which is stimulating them to action. They answer the call by erecting themselves, by protruding themselves forward, dipping, as it were, their mouths into the chyle, and then retracting and closing them; they thus perform an actual suction, by which the chyle is drawn within the calibre of these beautiful little vessels.

The chyle, thus absorbed, travels along the lacteals, (that is, the chylous absorbents,) is filtrated through their glands, is emptied into the thoracic duct, and by it is poured into the blood of the veins about the bottom of the neck, and is carried by the current of the blood through the right side of the heart, along the pulmonary artery, into the lungs.

While the chyle is traversing the chylous absorbents and their glands, it undergoes a change the nature of which is not understood; but it is a change which advances it *another degree* nearer to the nature of blood. By the time, therefore, that your dinner, or, rather, that which was once the food which constituted your dinner, has reached your lungs it has become *almost* blood; but it has not yet become *quite* blood.

When the chyle has reached the lungs, it is then exposed to the action of the air which we inhale, in the manner which I have described when speaking of the circulation of the blood. Here the final change is effected, and that which was bread and meat has entirely lost all its prior characteristics. It was first food, then chyme, then chyle. Now it is none of these. It has acquired, by virtue of the agency of the air in the lungs, the color and all the other qualities and properties of blood. In a word, it has become blood itself. Thus, comparing the animal economy to the economy of vegetable life, one might say, that the stomach and bowels are the *soil*, the food is the *seed* which is sown in it, and blood is the *fruit* which that seed produces—a fruit which is destined to become the food of the animal. For, as was justly said by Hippocrates, "there is but *one* food, although there are several *forms* of food." However various the viands may be which we put into the stomach they must all be converted into one and the same fluid, viz. blood, before they can have any effect whatever in nourishing or strengthening the body. Blood, then, is the sole nourishment on which we subsist; the food which we eat being no more than so much seed sown with the view of producing a nutritious fruit, by which the body is to be *fed*, and its health and strength sustained, viz. blood. We are no more nourished or fed by the food we eat than sheep are nourished by the turnip-seed which the farmer sows. The turnip-seed rots and loses its identity, but in doing so it gives rise to a *turnip*, and it is upon this *turnip* that the sheep feeds, and not upon the seed which was sown. And, in like manner the food which we eat loses, like the seed, its nature and identity, but in doing so it produces blood, and it is by this *blood* that our bodies are fed, nourished, and sustained, and not by the bread and the meat that we put into the stomach. For as the turnip is not the seed, but the *product* of the seed, so neither is the blood food, but the *product* of the food, and it is from these *new products* that both the sheep and ourselves derive our strength. Hence becomes manifest the utter impossibility of deriving any manner of nourishment or strength from substances which are incapable of being converted into blood; for example, ardent spirit. No mechanism, no chemistry, no power, no magic is capable of converting brandy into blood.

Hitherto, then, we have only seen the seed sown and the proper fruit produced. We have now to mark the manner by which the body is fed and nourished by this fruit. By the way, I may as well take this opportunity of calling upon you to take notice how little the *quantity* which we eat has to do with the *quantity* of nourishment which we derive from it. For as the stomach, liver, &c. can only furnish, at one time, enough of their several juices to convert a *certain portion* of what we eat into chyme and chyle, it is manifest, that only a *certain portion* can be converted into *blood*. And as blood is the *sole aliment* from which we can derive nourishment, it is equally manifest that we can derive no nourish-

ment from what we eat except from that portion of it which is converted into blood. All that we eat, therefore, *beyond* what can be converted into blood, is left in the stomach and bowels to ferment and putrefy, serving no other purpose than to distend these organs with all sorts of pernicious and offensive gases.

You will also see, now, how true it is that to talk about *strong stomachs* is, in fact, only to talk strong nonsense. For you have been reading for the last ten minutes to but little purpose if you have not remarked, while tracing the food from its existence as food to its existence as blood, that the stomach answered no other purpose than simply that of a bag, whose office it is to receive the food, to detain it for a given time, and then empty it into the bowels. The *strength* which is requisite to assimilate our food in the stomach, to convert it into healthy chyme, is not the strength of the *stomach*, but the strength of the *arteries*, whose office it is to bring to the stomach an abundant supply of blood, from which an abundant supply of gastric juice may be poured upon the food; and the strength of the *heart*, whose office it is to propel the blood into those arteries; and the strength, if I may so speak, of the *nerves*, whose office it is to ascertain the presence of food in the stomach, to communicate the information to the heart and arteries, and thus to make these organs aware of the instant necessity which there is that they should exert themselves, in order that a ready supply of blood may be furnished, in order that a ready supply of gastric juice may be secreted, in order that the food may be readily and speedily reduced to chyme. The strength of the stomach has about as much concern with the chymification of our food as the strength of an iron pot has to do with the boiling potatoes. My dear John, never talk of the strength of your stomach, since it would argue marvellously little for the strength of your understanding; discard the phrase from your vocabulary; "I pray you avoid it altogether." False phrases give rise to false notions, and false notions to false applications. For instance, must not wrong notions of disease necessarily occasion the exhibition of wrong remedies? They have done so; and hence it is that our excellent progenitors conceived the beautiful idea of *strengthening* the stomach; and forthwith that most unhappy organ (which is to the rest of our organs what the costermonger's ass is to the rest of the animal creation, the focus, as it were, towards which every species of abuse and cruelty is directed,) was smothered, and deluged, and drowned in all sorts of villanous infusions, and decoctions, and solutions, the bitterer and beastlier the better; and bark and wine, bark and milk, (precious compound!) camomile tea, the filings swept from the floor of a blacksmith's shop, and, in short, almost every thing in the animal, vegetable, and mineral creation, provided always that it was very nauseous, was, in its turn, esteemed "the sovereignest thing on earth" *for a weak stomach.* But conceive my meaning rightly. I do not deny the utility of these drugs in certain diseases.—bark, for instance, cures the ague, *but not by strengthening the stomach*; and my object, in these letters, is to give you a *right* notion of things, and not a *wrong* one, which I should certainly do if I were to allow you to suppose that the benefit occasionally derived from these remedies depended upon any power which they possess of strengthening the stomach. If we are weak, nothing but a copious supply of blood furnished to all our organs can strengthen us. I tell you, nature has appointed but that *one* source from which we can derive strength, and in order that *that* source might never fail us,—in order that sufficient blood might always be derived from the food we eat, she placed us in a situation *favorable* to the conversion of our food into blood. She established a fixed relation between ourselves and the rest of the world; she taught us, by the very manner in which she fashioned us, what were the habits proper to our nature: she said, "Here shall you stand, and thus shall you do, and while you are content to remain thus all shall be well; disobey, and you shall surely suffer." But we have quitted the position appointed us, we have forsaken the habits which she allotted us, we have disregarded her tokens, derided her counsel, broken her laws, overleaped her boundaries, and now that we are paying the penalty of our frolic, we stand gaping at each other like fools, and wonder what is the matter with us. The matter? why we are like Rabelais' wooden pegs—we are *square* men, who have thrust ourselves into *round* holes;—no wonder we are uneasy—we don't *fit*. Is it possible that a square man can be jammed into a round hole without having his corners pinched—and his corns too? But of this I shall have more to say at a future time, when I hope to ring such a peal in your ears as shall make you heartily ashamed of the lazy and luxurious life you lead.

In order to exhibit the manner in which the body is nourished—that is, the manner in which the *fluid* blood is converted into the *solid* parts of the body, it will, I think, be better to trace to this consummation only a single drop of blood at a time. You will, by this method, more readily understand it. But, by a drop, I do not mean a great, round, pumpkin of a thing, like a rain-drop or a dew-drop, but a delicate, minute globule, visible only to the eye of imagination, like the glowworm's tear of disappointed love when she lighteth her lamp in vain.

You have just seen the fresh chyle taken up by the chylous absorbents, and emptied by the thoracic duct into the veins at the bottom of the neck. Let us follow a single minute globule of this chyle.

Hurried along by the current of blood in these veins, it passes through the right side of the heart, along the pulmonary artery, then along one of its branches, into the substance of the lungs. Here it is acted upon by the air in the cells of the lungs, loses its characteristics of chyle, and becomes blood. It now

turns round, as it were, and hurries back again out of the lungs, along the pulmonary veins, to the left cavity of the heart.

But before we trace its progress any further, let us suppose that a hungry absorbent has just carried off a single particle from the point—the extreme protuberant tip of your organ of smell—"the very topmost, towering height o' *Johnny's nose.*" The carrying off this particle would necessarily leave a little hole. Now let us go back for our little globule of blood which we have just traced from the lungs to the left cavity of the heart.

Rejoicing in its new existence, it leaps out of the heart into the aorta, hence into the carotid artery, thence into the external carotid, thence into the facial, thence into the superior coronary, and thence into a minute branch which the superior coronary gives off, which branch takes its course toward the tip of your nose—a nose, my dear Johnny, which, I must do it the justice to say, would suffer nothing in the comparison, though it were placed side by side with that of the unfortunate Diego, whose nose set all Strasburg in an uproar, and to obtain but a single peep at which, Slawkenburgius, *apud* Lawrence Sterne, declares, "seven thousand coaches, fifteen thousand single-horse chairs, and twenty thousand waggons, crowded as full as they could hold with senators, counsellors, syndicks, beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, the abbess of Quedlinberg, the prioress, the deaness, and subchantres, all set out at sun-rise."

By the time the artery, along which the little globule of blood is travelling, has nearly reached the tip of your nose, (worthy to be called proboscis,) it has become exceedingly minute and its course tortuous, for it is now forming part of the ultimate tissue of the tip of the nasal promontory. The little globule, therefore, now moves along with considerable rapidity. Gradually it approaches nearer and nearer, and just when it has arrived exactly opposite to the little hollow left by the absorbent, becoming suddenly obedient to the secret agency of the nerves, its nutritious elements dart through the coats of the artery, like rays of light through glass, into that hollow, and at that instant become part and parcel of one of the most goodly noses within the four seas. The artery now turns back, soon loses the characteristics of an artery, and becomes a vein, by which vein the *rest* of the little globule is conveyed back, through the heart, to the lungs, there to be mingled with fresh chyle and revivified by the action of the air in their cells.

This transformation of the fluid blood into the solid body is called solidification.

Now this is the way in which all the solid parts of your body are formed and nourished; every inch of it, therefore, once floated in your arteries in the shape and quality of blood, and you see how foolish it is to suppose that there can be any real nutriment in those strong drinks to which the multitude attribute so many nourishing properties. What an inscrutably mysterious power, too, is manifested in this process! How wonderful that so common and simple an affair as a potato should contain within itself all the elements necessary to the composition of an eye, an ear, or a tooth! That this unheeded and unvalued root should be capable, within a few hours, of being changed, by commixture with the juices of the body, and by exposure to common air in the lungs, into blood; and that from this single fluid, made out of this single potato, should be produced all those diversified and heterogeneous matters which make up the total of the body:—the brittle bones, the soft and pulpy brain, the hard and horny nails, the silky hair, the flesh, the fat, the skin, the bitter bile, the sweet milk, the salt perspiration—every thing, in fact, from the corn on my lord's toe, to the down on my lady's cheek—from the sweat on the brow of Labor, to the dew on the lip of Beauty! Does it not seem incredible that the ear which can take cognizance of the subtile impression of a ray of sound appreciating with such accuracy the value of musical tones—that the eye wherewith the astronomer numbers the stars, taking in, at a glance, the half of heaven's whole orrery—nay, that the very brain wherewith he *thinks*, and calculates his problems, and his logarithms, and his equations—that the very brain itself of a Newton and a Shakspeare, should own no better or nobler source than that of a despised potato! And then to think that brain must die—must rot and be resolved into its parent earth! Yet this is but the simple truth; and thus, like Ixion's, revolves for ever the wheel of all existence—round, and round, and round—in an eternal circle of successive changes.

I shall now take leave to call your attention to certain facts which necessarily result from what I have said; and of which I wish you to take especial note.

First, then, you will observe, in following the food from the mouth, through all its intermediate changes, until it has become blood, that almost all those intermediate changes are wrought upon it by the agency of the several fluids, juices, or secretions which it meets with in the mouth, stomach, and bowels; and that, consequently, its due conversion into healthy blood depends upon the healthy quality and abundant quantity of these secretions. But these secretions, like every thing else in the body, are formed out of the blood; and their quality and quantity will, consequently, depend upon the quantity of vermilion blood wherewith the organs in which they are produced are supplied. And the quantity of blood with which these organs are furnished, must depend upon the vigor and activity of the heart and arteries whose office it is to convey it. Thus, then, it becomes clearly manifest that a vigorous circulation is absolutely necessary to the assimilation (vulgarly called digestion) of our food. Whatever causes and habits of life, therefore, are calculated to give strength and *activity to the circulation*—as, for instance, exercise—is clearly of the first importance to the nutri-

tion, and therefore to the health and strength of the body; and whatever causes and habits have a tendency to depress the *energy of the circulation*—to allow the blood to creep languidly through the body instead of dancing along its channels cheerily and energetically—as, for instance, laziness, which rides when it might walk—must, *of necessity*, have the direct effect of impairing assimilation, and therefore of enfeebling the strength and sapping the very foundations of health.

But the energy of the *circulation* must exclusively depend upon the energy of the heart and arteries; and the energy of these, as has been already shown, must depend upon the energy of their *contractility*, and energetic contractility depends on an energetic circulation, and is *incompatible* with a high degree of *sensibility*. Hence it directly follows that whatever causes are calculated to increase *sensibility*—to *make us tender*, if you will tolerate a vulgar expression—have an immediate and powerful effect in impeding the conversion of our food into blood, and therefore of impairing the process of nutrition. Hence arise the incalculable mischiefs of a daily indulgence in what are miscalled the *comforts* of life; but which are, in reality, most pernicious and unnatural luxuries. A few of these are table-indulgences, lounging on couches, warm, carpeted rooms, window-curtains, bed-curtains, blazing fires, soft beds, wearing flannel, (I speak of the healthy, *not* of the sickly invalid,) novel reading, hot suppers, and, though last, by no means least, that precious humbug, called *passive exercise*—that is, lolling along at ease in a stuffed and cushioned carriage. Not that I would *totally abolish* any one of these, except perhaps hot suppers and soft beds; but that I wish, by proving to you their evil influences, to induce you to use them as sparingly as the conventual habits of society will permit. Though I confess, for my own part, I see no reason why any man should feel himself called upon to injure his health—to blur the beauty of God's noblest work—solely to gratify the capricious whim of that many-headed monster, called SOCIETY.

Again, the brain itself is the product of the blood—it is as literally and truly made of blood as the most beautiful china vase is made of clay. Hence the qualities of the brain—the mental energies, as they are called—courage, the powers of abstract thinking, fortitude, patience, generosity, and above all, good-humor,* can only exist in conjunction with, and owe their very *being* to, a vigorous circulation. Hence it seems scarcely too much to say that *thought itself* is produced from the blood, since there can be no energy of thought without energy of brain, and no energy of brain without energy of circulation through that brain.

* If you go in search of good-humor, you must look to find it playing on the ruddy cheek, and laughing in the unclouded eye of athletic strength. The sensibility of the athlete is too obtuse to be easily irritated. The skin of his mind is thick, and causes capable of excoriating others, have only power to *tickle* the athlete.

THOUGHT is an act of the WILL. It is an act by which certain ideas are, to the exclusion of all others, summoned to present themselves to the mind's eye, that judgment may marshal them, compare, and newly combine them. Thus in solving a mathematical problem, the WILL suffers no ideas to intrude, saving only the necessary ones of lines, angles, &c.

But the WILL is one of the energies of the brain, and we have just seen that these energies can only fully exist in conjunction with a vigorous circulation. When the circulation, therefore, is languid, the WILL will be languidly exerted—it will be unable either to *command* the presence of the ideas required, or to expel those whose presence is troublesome, and tend only to perplex and interrupt the process of thought.

When a man, with such a brain, sits down to think, he finds that all sorts of ideas wholly irrelative to the subject on which he wishes to think, are perpetually thrusting themselves into his mind, "against the stomach of his will," and so excluding those which a feeble and irresolute WILL is vainly endeavoring to summon and retain. If he be reading a book, he will find, every now and then, that though his eye has been tracing the words and lines, and his hand has been mechanically turning over the leaves—he will find, I say, that his mind has been wandering far away, and knows no more of what he has just been reading than the man in the moon. In a word, he has no power of *abstract thought*—no power to *fix his attention*. This state of mind is called reverie.

Herein consists the difference between *thought* and *imagination*. Thought, as I said before, is an act of the WILL, and that act, to be efficient, requires a vigorous circulation. It is the office of the WILL to decide, as it were, as to what ideas shall be admitted into the brain, and what refused admittance. But *imagination* resembles a dream, in which the WILL is *asleep*. It is a condition of the brain in which all sorts of heterogeneous ideas, in *despite* of the WILL, come and go, in tumultuous disorder, without let or hindrance, as in a dream. In this state of the brain, the contractility of its arterial tissue is feeble, and *therefore* the circulation through it is feeble, and therefore the WILL, which I have shown to depend on a *strong* circulation, is also feeble. In this state the brain may be likened to an ideal theatre, without either check-takers or money-takers, and with all its doors thrown open, at which doors a multitudinous throng of ideas, of all colors and costumes, collected from all the corners of the earth, and every domain of nature, are perpetually making their "exits and their entrances." And as the little pieces of colored glass in a kaleidoscope will often arrange themselves into figures more beautiful than any art can emulate, so on the stage of this imaginary theatre, parties of these ideas will frequently frolic and gambol themselves into groups more grotesque, more picturesquely beautiful,

than any effort of thought and judgment can accomplish.

Energy of WILL, therefore—firmness of purpose—the power of abstract thinking and reasoning—are all incompatible with a lively imagination; because the three former require an energetic circulation, while the last depends on a circulation of a contrary character.

There can be little doubt, I think, that insanity has its cause in some injury to the vigor of the circulation through some part of the brain.

That the doubts, and fears, and anxieties of the lover, have a depressing effect on the circulation, is a fact long since established. The pensive dreamy sadness, the absent mind, the fondness for solitude, the long-drawn, impassioned sigh, so characteristic of love, is equally characteristic of languid circulation.

The same condition exists in the poet; and the mental characters of all three will be found to possess no small similarity. So great, indeed, is this resemblance, that those who begin by being poets or lovers, not unfrequently end by becoming madmen. They are all three (generally) weak, wavering, wayward beings, incapable of abstracting their minds at pleasure, unable to control their thoughts, and it may almost be said of all three alike, that they have scarcely any will or purpose of their own. Hence,

> "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
> Are of *imagination* all compact;"

and hence, it is true, that the poet does not sit down to think what he shall write, but to write what he shall think. But the word "think," in the last instance is improperly used; he sits down in order to describe the ideas which his mind's eye beholds dancing in antic and ever-varying groups on the stage of his own brain's theatre—to

> "Body forth
> The forms of things unknown;
> Turn them to shapes, and give to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name."

Hence, too, every true lover is a poet, and every true poet a lover.

Finally, my dear John, you will observe that every thing connected with life—all the actions, the energies, and beauties of the body; all the actions, energies, and beauties of the mind, as well as the body and mind themselves, are under the dominion of the circulation of the blood, from which both mind and body must inevitably derive each its tone and character. So that "the body and the mind are like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one and you rumple the other."

I have now described to you as much of the structure of the body and its functions, as I conceive to be necessary, in order to enable you to understand what I have presently to say on the subject of diet and regimen. And you must now know quite enough to be heartily convinced of the unmitigated folly of those persons who, without knowing any thing of the structure of living parts, or of their actions, or of those delicate springs, contractility and sensibility, which originate and sustain those actions—who, I say, being as ignorant as idiotism of all that concerns the nature of life and living things, are nevertheless perpetually tinkering their stomachs with quack remedies; thus stupidly presuming to mend a machine, of the very nature, and structure, and actions of which, they are as uninformed as infant Hottentots.

The health of the body depends upon the healthy performance of the nutritive actions, and disease consists in the unhealthy performance of these actions, or of one or more of them. Medicines, therefore, with a very few exceptions, such as those which seem to cure by chemically combining with and neutralizing the poison in the system which produced the disorder—medicines, with these few exceptions, have no power over disease excepting as they have the power of increasing or diminishing the activity of the nutritive actions, absorption, secretion, circulation, &c.

When a man examines his patient, the question with him is not, Has he got a fever? or this, that, or the other disease? The question is, Which of the living actions is going wrong? And how is it going wrong? Is it going too fast or too slow? The patient has, perhaps, a foul tongue, a dry skin, a quick pulse. But these are not the disease; these are the symptoms—the *outward* signs of the disorder *within*. He has nothing to do with these, except as signs by which he ascertains the cause producing them. The question, therefore, is not what is good for a foul tongue, a hot skin, and a quick pulse, but what medicine possesses the power of controlling that particular living action, a disturbance in which has produced, in this particular instance, the symptoms in question. I say, *in this particular instance*, because in others, the same symptoms will be produced by a disturbance in a *different* living action. The same symptoms, therefore, frequently require different treatment, because the *cause* of those symptoms is different, although the symptoms themselves are the same. I will give you a familiar instance. One man has a foul tongue, a quick pulse, and a dry skin, produced by inflammation of one of the membranes of his brain. He therefore requires leeches to his *head*. Another man has the same symptoms from inflammation of the mucous membrane of the bowels. He requires leeches too—but not to the *head*, but to the *abdomen!* Again, if a medical man finds his patient in pain, he does not forthwith run home for a dose of opium, because opium has the power sometimes of relieving pain. But he first ascertains which of the vital actions, being disturbed, is producing that pain. If it arise from spasm, opium may be of service; but if it arise from inflammation, opium will do *harm* instead of good. If it were only necessary to attend to symptoms, and not to the *cause* of those symptoms, then the proper

remedy for a foul tongue would be a scraper. One man has headache from inflammation of the brain, another from flatulence of the stomach. Brandy will *cure* the one and *kill* the other.

Again, *cough* may be produced by tubercles in the lungs, by inflammation of their mucous membrane, by inflammation of their coverings, by inflammation of their parenchymatous substance, by disease of the heart, by disease of the liver, by an accumulation of water in the chest, of matter in the chest, &c. &c.

I will tell you what happens every day. One of the faculty of ninnies gets a cough, and meeting with another of the same faculty, he is assured that so, or so, or so, is a "fine thing for a cough." The "fine thing for a cough" is straightway procured. Shortly he has occasion to call on his tailor, and his tailor incontinently recommends him another "fine thing." The following week his tinker brings home a mended sauce-pan; and then the tinker's "fine thing" must have a trial also. Then comes the butcher, and the baker, and the tallow-chandler, and the knife-grinder, each armed at all points with "the finest thing in the world for a cough," But somehow or other the cough still goes on, ugh, ugh, ugh, barking away as before. Having frittered away a month or two in these follies, he then does just what he should have done at first—he walks off to the doctor, who finds that the cough was produced by inflammation of the covering of the lungs, which the abstraction of a little blood and a blister would, at the onset, have removed at once; but that *now* coagulable lymph has been poured from the inflamed surface, the covering of the lungs is adhering to the lining of the chest, and the patient has contracted a deadly disease which no art can remedy. The tinker, and the tailor, and the butcher, and the baker, when informed of this, lift up their hands and eyes, and cry, "Lord have mercy upon us, who could have thought it?" And then march away to their other customers, to whom, if they happen to have coughs too, they very composedly recommend their "fine things for a cough" over again.

Is it not perfectly astonishing that a carpenter, or a bricklayer, who would never think of *pretending* to mend your *shoes*, should nevertheless have no hesitation whatever in offering his services to mend your health. If you carry your kettle to be mended to any one but a tinker, he will tell you honestly that he does not know how to do it. But you shall travel from Dan to Beersheba, and should you meet a thousand passengers by the way, not a soul of them but will undertake, should you complain of being unwell, to cure you on the spot.

Now all this folly and mischief is attributable to no less a personage than that respectable old lady, said to be the mother of Wisdom—I mean Experience. It happens thus. Mr. Noaks gets a pain in his bowels—his neighbor Styles *experienced* a similar pain last week, took brandy, and got well. Relying on this *experience*, he recommends brandy to Noaks. Noaks takes a glass, and feels better—another glass, and feels better still—a third cures him. Next year his son complains of a pain in his bowels, and his father, mindful of the *experience* of himself and eke his neighbor Styles, administers to his son, in full confidence, a bumper of brandy. The son gets rather worse, but then his father recollects that the *first* glass did not cure his *own pain*, and so he gives his son another, and advises him to go to bed. Next morning, however, the pain being no better, some other neighbor assures the father that he has often *experienced* wonderful relief, whenever he has had a pain in the bowels, from gin and peppermint. So the father gives the son a bumper of gin and peppermint. But although brandy, and gin, and peppermint, might have cured the colic-pains of his two neighbors, it would not be found to be *quite* the thing for the inflammation which is already raging among his poor son's bowels. At last the doctor is called in, who finds that his patient has been laboring for thirty or forty hours under a disease which will often kill its victim in twenty-four; and that however mild it might have been at its onset, it has now, by the aid of brandy and gin, been urged on to incurable violence.

Experience may be the mother of Wisdom, for ought I know, but she is certainly the mother of Mischief also. Experience may teach a man to make bricks, and to lay bricks, but she can never teach him the practice of of physic. Money is of no use to a man unless he knows how to lay it out; and experience is unprofitable, unless a man knows how to apply it. And as money may be laid out to the injury of the spender, so experience misapplied becomes a curse in the hands of its possessor. Farewell.

E. Johnson.

## TO A DYING CHILD.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

When, tempest-wrecked, 'mid ocean-waves the seaman struggles on,
Though mountain-high the waters rise—though hope be all but gone,—
Yet may one memory cheer his soul amid the breakers' roar,—
The thought of that thrice-blessed home he never may see more,—
The thought of all the loved, the far, to whom *his* life is life,—
Then, then his failing energies regather for the strife.
In the life-struggle on he speeds, with strengthened heart and hand,
And grasps the plank that bears him to yonder friendly strand!
—Thus do I struggle—hopeless all, for oh it is in vain—
Grasping at every chance that health may tint thy cheek again!

Yet is it hard, my drooping flower, to think that there can be
Nought which may glad a father's heart, with bright-eyed Hope, for thee:
For in thy cheek, so wasted now—once like the roses' bloom,—
I read, too well, the omens sad which tell me of thy doom:
In thy faint voice,—thy feeble steps,—thy racking, constant pain,—
Thy patience sweet, which suffers aye, and never doth complain,—
Thy low, deep sigh (for us who weep)—thy fixed and thrilling gaze,
With all the fitful brightness which belongs to dying days.
I feel that Hope were madness, that thy time on earth is brief,
—But tears are vain, my task is now to calm thy mother's grief.

Methinks thou wert as fair a flower as Earth hath ever borne!
Thy cheek was radiant with the hues which tint the dewy morn,—
Thy voice was sweet as is the tone of some dear bird of song,
A sudden burst of melody, as we speed through life along,—
Thy bounding step was free and fleet,—thy lovely form of grace
Well suited with the beauty which adorned thy mind and face,—
Thine eyes! the diamond's light was nothing to their flash
Whene'er they *spoke*, all joyful, from beneath each long, dark lash,—
Thou wert more like the fancy-thought which fills a poet's dream
Than aught that ever glanced across Earth's melancholy stream.

Oh, child of lovely mind and form! if thou wert *not* mine own
Methinks I could have loved thee well for thy sweet self alone:—
But *here*—when in thy features blend thy mother's and thy sire's,—
When from thy fount of feeling springs the love which never tires,—
When sweet Affection, frank and full, flowed with thy slightest word,—
When every lip confessed thy worth, and every heart adored,—
When, early dowered with mental wealth, thy wit surpassed thy years,—
When never yet (till now, in grief) for thee flowed forth our tears,
—How gladly might a father's heart exult in *such* a child,
And Heaven must pardon if it throb with anguish deep and wild.

Oh, early-gifted! seldom yet hath Nature's hand combined
Strength or long years with such a quick maturity of mind:—
The earliest flower, the rarest fruit first withers and decays,
And thus, my child, for thee is not the boon of length of days,—
Yet oh, how bitter is the thought that gifts so rich as thine
Should, for a moment, cheat our hope, and then, for aye, decline:
What wildering dreams have often sprung and fancied all thy life,
Lovely and loved,—with woman's charms,—a bride,—a happy wife,—
With "olive branches round about" thy happy, happy hearth.
—It was a father's dream, sweet child, a fantasy of Earth.

I think on all that thou hast been,—I view thee as thou *art*—
Yet, pallid flower, far dearer *now* to this afflicted heart;
The love which once it cherished so, still holds its primal sway,
Linked with a tender, soft regret above thy sad decay:
The pride, for thee, which swelled this heart, for all that thou hast been,
Falls chastened now,—like fading light upon day's closing scene!
I watch thy couch, at midnight's hush, when silence reigns around,
And, by my side, beloved child, another may be found:
Thy gentle mother o'er thy rest an anxious vigil keeps,
Presses my hand and points to thee, and sadly, sadly weeps.

Thou art our very pulse of life—and must we lose thee now,
Just in the morning of thy youth, with promise on thy brow?
We'll miss our merry songstress, with her melodies of heart,
Snatches of music sweeter far than ever framed by Art,—
We'll miss the winning play-fellow, whose very glance was glee,—
We'll miss the fairy dancer with her motions light and free,—
We'll miss the glad "good morrow!" and the prayerful "good night!"—
We'll miss the thrilling beauty of those eyes so darkly bright,—
—Even here, as I watch over thee, they open on me now
Undimmed and brilliant as if Pain had never pressed thy brow.

Yet, Beautiful!—if God should call thy spirit from its clay—
If, from the tears and cares of earth, he summon thee away:
Wilt thou not come,—if oh, indeed, a spirit-child may come,—
And breathe the blessed air of heaven above what was thy home;
Wilt thou not hover round that home of which thou art the light;
Wilt thou not come to us, in dreams, in the still hour of night;
Wilt thou not sweetly whisper us, "not lost but gone before;"
Shall not the happy day arrive when we shall weep no more;
When, in the better, brighter sphere, the lost of Earth shall rise—
Enfranchised from this world of pain—to yonder glorious skies?

His will is done!—what Time might bring if it had left us thee
Lies hidden from our ken behind the veil of mystery.
A thousand griefs might have been thine in Life's tempestuous wave—
Perhaps, in mercy, God would claim the boon of life he gave!
—Be still, my spirit, think of all his mercy leaves thee here;
Friends, health, and hope to live for yet: whate'er the heart holds dear:
A happy home—though one bright gem be shattered from its zone,—
The trusting love, which, years ago, made *one* true heart mine own.
One bud for hope to cherish, for pride to boast is left,
And while I mourn I still can say "I am not quite bereft."

*Liverpool, May,* 1836.

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## THE EXPIATION;

### OR, ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.*

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

"SEND the men here. All, all!" exclaimed Gavel, as he rose from binding the drunken and felon master. Terrible and revolting was the scene that ensued. The growling brute, whom we had just overthrown, lay bound and helpless upon the deck of the cabin, gnashing his teeth in the impotence of his rage, and giving vent to his exasperation by the most horrid blasphemies. Also, on the deck, the poor old steward, with his silver hair, dabbled in his own blood, was supported in my arms, his life ebbing fast away from the mortal wound. I was vainly endeavoring to staunch the stream that, trickling along the deck, actually came and licked the very hand that had thus ruthlessly wasted it, and life together.

The haggard and worn-out crew assembled in the cabin.

"My men—my good, my dear men," began to whine from the deck, the overthrown and pusillanimous Tomkins. "come to my relief. You see there is mutiny and murder here—I am innocent, totally innocent. It is a vile plot between the passenger and the mate to take the command from me. They have begun by murdering my faithful Williams;" and he looked askance at the poor old man in my arms, but the dying steward neither spoke nor moved. "Up, my men, and fall upon Gavel and Troughton—up, my good fellows, and I'll give every man of you a bottle of rum."

"Liar as well as murderer!" exclaimed the sullen mate, "though dead men cannot rise up and accuse you, your own pistol will. My men, do you believe this drunken assassin? or this gentlemen, Mr. Ardent Troughton, who has been so good and so kind to us all?"

"Don't know what to think," said the boatswain, luxuriating in idea upon the promised bottle of rum. "We know, Mr. Gavel, that neither you nor Mr. Troughton bore the captain any good will; now I calculate, seeing as how short we are of hands, that if Captain Tomkins means to be as good as his word, and he'll hand out the rum, I'll vote that he be released, and all this murdering affair left to be sifted out by the big wigs when we get on shore—now that's my notion."

"And mine—and mine—and mine!" said the rest of the fellows, with one exception.

"Ardent Troughton," said Gavel to me solemnly, "these are your reformed crew—

* Continued from p. 290.

the images of the Deity that it is a profanation to handspike. Not only will they lick the foot of the murderer still wet with his victim's blood, but they would sell their own souls for the privilege of getting drunk. Let the brutes have their way. There is a curse upon the vessel—it will be all one a week hence. She is doomed to destruction, and every living creature in her."

"Thank you for me," said the boatswain; "but all this lingo is neither here nor there. One man's word is as good as another's. So here goes to cut the lashings, and, my lads, we'll have a night of it."

"Hurrah!" shouted the men, and the boatswain advanced to release the wretched homicide, when an unsuspected impediment presented itself.

I have mentioned before, a great and strong negro, that was very active in cutting away the foremast in our late dangerous situation. Of this man I had taken less notice than of the others. I never remembered to have spoken to him. Of course I was a little surprised to see him start out from the group of his shipmates, and, bestriding the prostrate man, seize the other undischarged pistol, and threaten by action, though not by words, to shoot the first man that might attempt to unbind him. The crew gave back, and the mate, at this turn of affairs, indulged himself with a low, deriding laugh, that seemed horribly out of character in this scene of horrors.

For myself, I was still occupied in supporting the dying steward, holding to his wounded breast my handkerchief saturated with blood. The would-be liberators and the boatswain, to use the language of the latter, were taken aback. The black had now his right hand upon the throat of his master, his left still holding the pistol, looking first at me, and then at Gavel, watching for the slightest indication from us to end this dilemma, by strangling him with his neckerchief. The mate gave the ready and self-constituted executioner a grim smile of approbation; but I motioned to him energetically not to harm the prisoner. He obeyed me immediately, making a harsh guttural sound that was frightfully startling.

At length, the boatswain said to Tomkins, "I and the ship's company are very sorry to see you hove down there, captain, and belayed to the deck. All we can do just now is to remember what's going on when this comes before the coroner. Are you, captain, innocent of the poor old man's death?"

"I am."

"Will you swear to it?"

"I will."

"So help you God?"

"So help me God."

Then there was a silence, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all, the dying steward half rose from my arms, and said distinctly, "Captain Tomkins shot me. May God forgive him!" and fell back dead into my arms.

"He is gone," said I, speaking for the first time. "My good men, take the advice of your true friend. Go to your different duties in silence, and praying inwardly for the deceased, commune with your own hearts. Mr. Tomkins can no longer have any control in this vessel. The moment that we arrive in harbor he shall be handed over to the civil power, and be made to answer for the deed that you have partly witnessed. Go, be serious—know me as your friend, and be obedient to Mr. Gavel."

They retired humbled, but not contumacious. As the negro, who was the last about to retire, passed me he knelt down, and taking my hand placed it respectfully to his forehead and his lips, and then rose to depart; but, before he had gained the cabin door, Gavel called him.

"Jugurtha, I want you. Help me to remove this dead body and this living lump of beastiality, into the after cabin. They shall keep each other company. And I'll take care that the watcher of the dead shall remain sober. Away with him."

The whining supplications of the debased drunkard were most disgusting; but, in the sinewy arms of Jugurtha, he was soon conveyed to his place of imprisonment, and afterwards, with much more reverence, the body of the old man was placed beside him.

As the moans and the pitiable howlings of Tomkins were unintermitting and most dolorous, I repaired to the deck, and in the afternoon, the weather being still fine, with baffling winds, I there dined upon the reduced allowance, and on the same sordid fare as the men. James Gavel ate nothing. He seemed absorbed, absent, and at times transported, ever and anon muttering to himself various texts from Scripture, and pious ejaculations, "Lord have mercy upon his soul," being the most frequently repeated.

About five in the afternoon he went below, and I, going a short time afterwards into the fore-cabin, principally to listen if Tomkins was still moaning, found Gavel on his knees, praying so devoutly, with the Bible open before him, that he did not perceive my entrance. I looked over his shoulder, and found the holy book open at that part that narrates the sacrifice of Jonah. I shuddered. A fear crept over me, that I too well understood the workings of his distracted and superstitious imagination. I laid my hand on his shoulder, he started, trembled, and looked up.

"This will never do, Gavel," I said, mildly. "Your thoughts are unholy, unchristian—damnable. In that same book that lies before you, there is an express command, 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

"A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye, and a life for a life. But fear not, I will do no murder. And, Ardent Troughton, if I did, you at least should be grateful for it. This murder, as you improperly call it, will restore you to your father, to your mother, to your sister. But fear not. The Lord himself will decide this question. I am but an instrument."

"You fill me with horror. Let us leave this unhappy man to the laws of his country, administered with due form, and by impartial judges. Do not give way to these wild dreams. We shall make Teneriffe to-morrow. We may then hand him over to the civil authorities, if we do not find a man-of-war in the roadstead. The British consul will advise us what to do."

"We shall never again reach land whilst the murderer is on board. No, not one of us," answered Gavel, doggedly.

"Well, let us then all perish together, rather than peril our souls by a contrived assassination."

"Who talks of assassination, Troughton? The word is yours, not mine. I will not soil my hand with the dastard's blood. His fate is in the hands of the Lord."

"Do not thus prevaricate with me. What is blood? Starvation, poison, strangulation, or the cool depths of the unrevealing sea, are each as effectual. Shall even a man like Tomkins be shuffled out of the way like a loathsome reptile in our path, with no prayer —no rite—no Christian burial? Even if he be condemned by the laws to suffer death—the consolations of religion will not be denied to him during his passage to death, nor its rites afterwards. You have no right, guilty as you esteem him, to deprive him of them."

"He shall have them. I will go in and pray with him, and with the dead."

"Gavel, I swear by all that's sacred, I'll watch you. I will be a guard to this man until the laws determine his fate."

"Be so. Fear me not. I swear to you that he shall have Christian burial."

"Must I be satisfied with this assurance? May I depend upon you?"

"You may. And see, I take this sinner food."

The mate then procured him one ration, exactly similar to those served out to the rest of the ship's company, with half a pint of fœtid cold water. I entered the after cabin with him. The master was in mental agony on the floor, still bound, and had removed himself as far as possible from the dead body. His haggard countenance was cadaverously pale, excepting where it was disfigured by the dark blue blotches of intemperance. He was a wretched spectacle, every muscle in his face quivering, every limb trembling.

"I have brought you food and water," said the mate sternly. "Eat, and then try to make your peace with God."

But he could not eat—he could not drink. He could only plead to be removed from his ghastly companion, and petition for his favorite rum. How ardently, how passionately, did the abject wretch pray for the draught of intoxication! His language was by turns bold, figurative, pathetic, and touching. I had no conception of the powers of his eloquence. What impassioned oratory was wasted, for the privilege of making himself a beast! To all these moving appeals, Gavel answered only by tightening the bands upon his hands and feet, and lashing him more securely to a ring-bolt in the stern-port. His arms had been previously loosened, in order that he might, if he had chosen, feed himself. When the mate thought him properly secured, he locked the door of the cabin, and, with myself, proceeded on deck.

To all my remonstrances on this unnecessary cruelty, he was sternly unheedful. There was a light wind from the right quarter. Every sail that our jury-masts and make-shift yards could carry and spread, was extended to take advantage of it. As the bright haze of the heat dispersed, and the evening approached, cool and clear, the high and snow-white peak of Teneriffe distinctly appeared right before us, singularly and beautifully relieved by the intense blue of the sky. There was joy came upon us all but Gavel, and the prisoner in the cabin. My exhilaration was excessive—the mate, however, grew more and more gloomy. At that moment I could have embraced my bitterest enemy. Full of this gushing milk of human kindness, I addressed the superstitious zealot in the blandest and most friendly tones. I could not move him. I talked to him of his friends, his home, of happiness in store for him, of his approaching promotion. But it roused him not. I spoke to him of his mother, and he softened. But it was only a change from the stony rigidity of despair to its weakness. I could see by the contorted play of the muscles of his face, that he could have wept, had it not been for very shame. He thanked me with a tremulous voice for all my kindness to him—made me write down in my pocket-book the address of his mother—described to me exactly where she lived, in some bye street leading from the Commercial Road—and asked me to be kind to her. Indeed, had he been standing on the scaffold, with the headsman near him, he could not have taken a more solemn leave of me, or bade God bless me more fervently—and all the time nearing land with a favoring and rapidly-increasing breeze.

It was nearly dusk, when we found the wind had risen so much, that we were forced to take in sail. It was done cheerfully and rapidly.

"It is coming," said Gavel to me; "we are drawing near the end of this frightful chapter: before midnight we shall have learned the great secret: I am awed, but yet I am happy.

"Nonsense."

"But I have much to do. I will save as many of you as I can: it is a bitter cup that is offered to me, but I will not, I may not refuse it."

He then again turned the hands up, still further to shorten sail. After this was done, and we were again running along under the foresail only,—that unlucky foresail,—he called the men aft, and spoke to them to the following effect.

"My men, we shall have hard work to-night:—prepare yourselves. I know by signs that you cannot understand that, before midnight, we shall have the sea and the heavens

raging. Let us be prepared. He who is below promised you each a bottle of rum; but I know that you would not now take it if it were offered to you. Let us not stand like beasts upon the brinks of our graves; but, as there has been much malice between me and you, as a peace-offering, I will give to every man on board a half-pint of spirits."

"Too much, too much," I exclaimed; but Gavel did not take the least notice of the interruption.

"Now, if there is any man among you whom I have wronged or insulted, let him come forward, and I will right him if I can. None:—well then, I am, from my very heart, glad to see that there is no ill-will among us. Let us all shake hands. At four bells (10 o'clock, P. M.,) in the first watch, we will bury the dead. If any man thinks his half-pint too much for him, let him refrain. We must not disgrace the last of poor old Williams, for you all know that he was yours and every sailor's friend. Let us attend his burial like men and like Christians. Join me, my dear friends, as fervently as you can in the burial service,—we are threatened with much calamity, for *there is a murderer on board.*

The men were then all sent down except the man at the wheel and one look-out ahead. Gavel then walked the deck with me, laboring under a great depression of spirits. At length, he ordered Jugurtha, the negro, to be sent to him, and then it was, for the first time, that I discovered that the poor fellow was dumb. However, the mate made himself understood sufficiently, and the dark countenance of the black grinned with a satisfaction that I thought almost demoniac.

It was now nearly eight o'clock, or, as it is nautically termed, the beginning of the first watch. By this time, I had become a very tolerable seaman: my schooling had been severe, but not only salutary as regarded my present position, but also of the most vital importance to me in my after-life.

Gavel advanced to me with a great deal of respect in his manner, and said, "Mr. Troughton, will you do me the favor to keep the first half of the first watch? You perceive that the wind is bustling up into a gale; there is a good man at the wheel, and a good look-out placed forward. Do not, if you please, disturb the men from the enjoyment of the spirits that I have served out to them, without there is the most pressing occasion."

"Considering their long abstinence, they will get drunk."

"I know it; but only partly so. I speak under an invisible and supernatural control; they will be sober enough four hours hence. Do not disturb me on any account. Jugurtha and I must go and sew up the dead in his winding-sheet. You know that we bury to-night. A body shou'd not be kept long in these warm latitudes: besides, it is unlucky, and with a corpse on board, one does not feel comfortable. Besides, I wish to offer religious consolation to the drunken reprobate below.

"James Gavel!"

"Ardent Troughton, I meet your look with a calm brow and a clear conscience. We are doomed. In spite of human skill, most, if not all of us, will go down, this night, to their watery graves. It is unsafe to let the drunken madman loose who is below. In the crisis, when the timbers part, and the cold, black death of the wave is amongst us, *can* he be saved?—ought he to be saved? and steeped, as he is, in sin, ought I not to endeavor to awaken in his mind some religious thoughts? The parable of the eleventh hour is honey and balm to the sinner."

"Well, go. Do we not all want those consolations?"

"None so much as he."

He then went below with Jugurtha; and every time, as I turned aft in my solitary watch, I heard a low moaning rise out of the after-cabin, and mingle sorrowfully with the whistling of the winds that came shrieking after us as we hurried on our course.

The night was excessively dark, for the flying scud had appeared with the gale, and obscured what little starlight we might have expected. The moon was voyaging round the earth, the fickle companion of the sun, and was with him now, far beneath the horizon. That my thoughts should have assumed a sombre hue was most natural. The office going on immediately beneath me of sewing the slain steward up in his hammock, at once his coffin and his shroud, the dire events of the day, and the dreadful prognostications of the mate, which I could not, though I wished, despise, altogether lay heavily on my bosom.

I would have conversed with the man who was steering, were it not that all his attention was necessary to keep the brig from broaching to. I continually hailed the man forward to keep a good look-out, but his monotonous, dismal, "Aye, aye, sir," did not in the least tend to dispel my melancholy or distract my thoughts. As is usual in these cases, my mind ran back to the scenes that I had left, and the memory of other days came over me with a mingled bitterness and pleasure. For the first time, I felt a strange tenderness come over me for the little Mira. I dwelt upon her pure and fair complexion, and the honest yet intellectual frankness of her countenance. I recalled to mind the social board of the good old merchant, with all its luxuries, and the smiling and cordial faces around it. I contrasted all this, and much more, with the reeling and crazy vessel that was staggering on, like one just recovering from a fit—the vagabonds of the sea, who were now my companions, and, above all, with the morose and superstitious, though manly mate, with the terrible idea of murder so familiarized to his mind, that he had by some strange and perverted manner of reasoning sanctified it by the approbation of religion.

What I am going to relate may be deemed a wild fiction. I cannot help it. I wish that it were so. To me, it was a dreadful truth, and taught me an awful lesson of mistrust in our weak natures, and the necessity of guard-

ing against presumption, that nursing mother of superstition; but I will hurry over this part of my biography as rapidly as I can.

It was just eight bells, ten o'clock, when James Gavel again came on deck. His features were rigid and stern, yet there was a wild excitement in his eye that was painful to look upon, and which appeared the more startling, from the concentrated light of the lanthorn that he held. He first of all, with studious phrase, thanked me for the diligent watch that I had kept. Indeed, latterly, I had perceived a refinement in his language much at variance with his former nautical phraseology. He then requested me to turn up the hands for the burial of the dead. The wind was mournfully singing among the rigging, and hurrying along the decks, whilst the doleful cry of the boatswain, "All hands to burial," sounded strangely sad. The men did not hurry up quickly, as usual. They came up like so many shadows in the partial darkness, stealing quietly and reverently aft.

By the directions of Gavel, who superintended the preparation, instead of placing the grating on the gangway, as is usual, he ordered it to be placed on the taffrail, that, as we were running before the wind, when the body was thrown overboard, it might the sooner be clear of the vessel. The line was made ready, another lanthorn was lighted, and Jugurtha, the dumb black, with the boatswain and Gavel, went below, and shortly afterwards the corpse was handed up, covered with the ship's colors for a pall. It was then put upon the grating, in order to be launched overboard.

The manner of burial at sea is this. The body is sown up in the hammock of the dead, and if he died of any disease considered epidemical, the bed-clothes are also contained in this canvass shroud. Two or three heavy shot are also sown up at the feet, to ensure a rapid sinking. The grating is used as a kind of bier, on which this mummy-like receptacle for mortality is placed, and that with the body is launched generally over the ship's side. The grating is afterwards, when the funeral service has been completed, hauled again on board by means of the rope attached to it.

The body on the grating, covered with the ensign, was, at the direction of the mate, made ready for launching overboard, the whole of the ship's company clustering round, and one of the seamen holding the lanthorn, Gavel prepared to read the funeral service. Hats were taken off.

"Axing your pardon, Mr. Gavel," began one of the men, "but it seems to me as if you had sown up all poor Wilson's bed clothes, it is so bulky like. Now, as he didn't die of no fever—and my whole kit was washed overboard last gale, I'm willing to pay a fair price for his'n, and you can stop it out of my wages."

Jugurtha grinned, and the mate merely said, "Silence, do not disturb the service."

"Had you not better, Mr. Gravel," remarked the boatswain, "send for the captain? Serve him right, I think, to be made to stand by the man he murdered."

"He is near enough," said Gavel, hurriedly, and with a slight shudder. "Let me have no more interruption. You man at the wheel, there, John Cousins, mind the ship's head, and keep your ears open."

Three times did Gavel begin, and, at each attempt, his voice was, as if in wrath, blown back upon his lips, and, at last, he was obliged to turn his face from the corpse, and thus standing to proceed. This omen, this apparent anger of Him to whom the hurricane is but as a servant, appalled not Gavel. Verily was he a man of strong nerve, or he was more than an enthusiast.

In a loud, clear, and sonorous voice, that the winds could not overcome, he began, "'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,'" &c. &c., still keeping with the left hand a firm hold of the bier, whilst, with his right, he held the prayer-book. There was a savage solemnity about the scene, that did not elevate, but made the heart tremble. The officiating priest, for so, for the moment, must we call this untamed seaman, seemed to be actuated by a spirit of defiance, as much as by a feeling of piety; and there was a scowl of gratified revenge, or of some passion as evil, upon his countenance. That it was dangerous even then and there to cross him, was made manifest by an interruption, that, on any other occasion, would have appeared ludicrous.

The disappointed sailor, who had wished to inherit the bedding that he supposed was tacked up with the body of the steward, cried out in a reproachful manner, when Gavel read aloud, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out,"—"Then why does Williams walk off with his blankets and bed?"

The hand that held on the bier was dashed, in an instant, by this man of fierce passions, into the face of the interrupter, whilst he exclaimed, "Silence, reprobate scoffer."

As the seaman fell to the earth with a blow, he muttered a dreadful imprecation, and a strange and stifled groan was heard, but no one knew from whence it proceeded.

After this, Gavel resumed the book, and read on. The gale was increasing momentarily, but it seemed to make no impression upon the stern officiator. He read more loudly and more sternly. A horror began to creep over us all. Methought, at times, that the corpse under the union jack had a motion not produced by the plunging and rolling of the vessel. I endeavored to repel the horrible idea that seized me. It was in vain. My suspicions increased every moment. I knew not how to act.

Gavel read on.

It was now a perfect storm, yet he seemed to be trying his strength against it. His voice became shrill, and still mastered the rushing of the mighty winds. Twice had I laid my hand upon his arm, and besought him to forbear. I might as well have addressed the tempest that was hurrying us to destruction.

He was laboring—laboring did I say?—revelling under the influence of a superstitious excitement. Nothing but sudden death could have stopped him.

He read on.

Another hand had quietly stepped to the wheel to assist the man at the helm—for the brig was bounding, plunging, and reeling—but to all this Gavel seemed impassable, imperturbable. The service drew to conclusion—I was in a perfect agony of dread. The cold perspiration stood upon my brow. I felt, I knew not why, that I was assisting at some horrible, some unnatural sacrifice. Several times was I upon the point of laying my hands upon the swaddled corpse to relieve the crushing burden of my suspicions; but when the cruel mate came to that part that finishes the ceremony, and read, "We therefore commit *their bodies* to the deep," the truth, in all its horror, flashed upon me, and I caught at Gavel's throat, and exclaimed, "Atrocious murderer! Men, haul the bodies on board."

But Gavel was too quick for me, he thrust the grating over the stern, and the plash of the descending bodies to their cold deep grave was hardly heard amidst the lashings of the water that boiled under the counter of the vessel.

"Man of cruel superstitions! what hast thou done?"

He replied collectedly, almost calmly,—"There is one more Jonah for the whale—I have buried the quick and the dead. He had the consolations of religion—he had Christian burial. There is now safety for us all—the winds will shortly cease. Hands, up foresail."

"Deluded murderer!" said I, petrified with horror. But he heard me not—he went forward to assist in reducing the only sail we had upon the vessel. In the attempt it was split into shreds. The next moment the sea rushed over us, and swept away the wheel, the two men who were steering, and the binnacle, and the brig broached to. Before these damages were commented on, our jury-masts were over the sides. We were again a wreck. All that is so awfully magnificent in a storm came down, as in vengeance, upon us. There was the battering hail, and the nimble-tongued lightning, that voiced the anger of the heavens in the stunning thunders—and the wind—O that wind!—it appeared as if it was able to have lifted us out of the water, had we not, as I fancied, been heavy with a load of sin—burdened with the weight of a double homicide.

The discomfited mate crept aft to me. He looked abject, haggard, dismayed. No longer had he the high expression of an awarder of vengeance—he was the trembling felon.

"God forgive me," he exclaimed in his agony, "how Satan hath misled me!" At that moment I could not restrain the bitterness of my reproaches. I placed my mouth close to his ear, and shouted into it, "Is this the calm you have purchased for us, O man of iniquity? Where are we now to look for safety—with the black wave that is sporting with the dead body of your murdered captain? And how murdered? May it not be remembered against you in the fatal day? Why do you crouch here?—for you, repentance is too late:—prayer is useless. Do you see that dark bounding wave that has just passed over your forecastle, sweeping with it, with as little remorse as if they were so much sea-weed, the half of your crew to the angry deeps?—this is the safety that you have purchased with the price of blood: it is the third wave, is it not, James Gavel—the third, that you sailors think so destructive? Well, there is the second, and, behold, how smooth your decks are! Do you not tremble for the third?—murderer—speak!"

"Spare me."

"Up, man, and show some of your boasted seamanship: where is now your craft of practice? Has your brain no expedient, your heart no fibre? Has your right hand forgot its cunning? Oh, yes! on your knees then, and meet your death like a felon; for we shall all perish, all—all—all—for the MURDERER IS STILL ON BOARD."

To these almost insane invectives the shivering wretch replied not, but contracted himself into as small a space as possible, trembling excessively. I was strangely situated; crouched down under what little remained of the weather side of the quarter-deck bulwark, Bounder, the Newfoundland dog, on one side, the grinning negro, Jugurtha, on the other, whilst the utterly prostrated mate lay rolled up at our feet. The dog from time to time looked up piteously, and licked my face and hands, and the black was the very personification of a stoic.

The third swell came. For an instant, I perceived a curling white canopy high over the heads of this wretched group, and the next we were far, far to leeward in the open and dreary sea, and a little dispersed from each other. At that period I could not swim. Jugurtha was soon beside me, and the faithful Bounder too. The waves were huge and monstrous, but they did not break, excepting when they met with resistance, for they were heaving in the exact direction of the wind. I never once lost my perceptions: they were, instead of being confused by the dangers and horrors around me, painfully distinct. Bounder swam nobly. I merely placed my left hand upon his back, and was sufficiently supported. Jugurtha swam buoyantly on my right. We endeavored to turn and face the brig, from which we had been washed. We did so at length, notwithstanding the violence of the spray: but she was no more; or, if she existed, the few yards of distance that we had been swept from her were, in the darkness, sufficient to hide her from our view.

I now despaired for the first time. I gave one thought to my unknown parents and sister, and addressed myself to prayer. After this, I felt considerably calmed and almost resigned. I even dared, without repining, to contemplate the agonies of a prolonged death, and felt no inclination to hasten it by plunging, at once, beneath the waters.

But a temporary relief was at hand. Through the obscurity the long-boat that was, with ourselves, washed off the booms came drifting towards us. Jugurtha struck out manfully; the excellent dog rivalled him, and the black first, and then myself and Bounder, were soon securely seated in it.

After a little while we heard a human voice, and on looking over the stern, I discovered James Gavel hanging on by the rudder-gudgeon.

"Ardent Troughton," said he, "shake hands with me;—you have proved yourself a better man than I——God bless you—pray for me —sometimes think of the poor deluded sinner, who sinned through ignorance more than hardness of heart:—you have my mother's address."

"Come on board," said I, endeavoring to haul him in by the hand that grasped mine firmly.

"Never: one murderer shall not again endanger two precious lives."

"As you hope for redemption, beware of suicide."

"I will, I do—God bless you—I will hope, and I will swim to the last. Remember Alfred Gavel, and your promise to his mother." Then, with a plunge, he wrenched his hand from my grasp, boldly turned his face from the boat, and struck out in the direction where the vessel, or some remnants of her, might be supposed still to exist.

In a few seconds, he was lost to my view. As my sobs involuntarily burst forth at the nobleness of this self-sacrifice, I could not help confessing, that, in the self-devoted visionary all the best requisites of a hero were concentrated, and ruined by a senseless superstition and an impious and degrading notion of a beneficent Deity.

He was never heard of more.

(*To be continued.*)

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## STANZAS.

### THE LOVED ONE THAT SLEEPS FAR AWAY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

When the golden sun sinks to his rest,
And the night breeze around me is springing;
When the white tombs in moonlight are drest,
And the sweet bird of sorrow is singing;
Sad fancy beguiles me to stray
To the loved one, that sleeps far away.

No friend ever wept o'er the sod,
Where thine ashes, my brother! are lying;
No footsteps of kindred have trod
On the green sward that pillow'd thee dying;
Nor holy lips prayed o'er the clay
Of the lov'd one, that sleeps far away.

Albuera! thou field of the dead!
Dark, dark is the page of thy story:
More tears at thy shrine have been shed,
Than ere washed the red laurels of glory!
They were martrys that fell on that day,
With the loved one, that sleeps far away.

They dug him a grave—his own bands,
And slowly and tenderly bore him,
As if in fond woman's soft hands;
And the tears of the heroes fell o'er him,
As they laid the last sod on the clay
Of the loved one, that sleeps far away.

Oh! when I last stood in the room,
Where *his* sweet voice so often had sounded,
And saw the bright sunshine illume,
Those woods, where in boyhood he bounded,
I wept, though all faces look'd gay,
For the loved one, that sleeps far away.

For freshly he rose to my view,—
Our beautiful, brave, and light-hearted;
With those smiles that a talisman threw
Over spirits, that now are departed,—
Fond bosoms, since gone to decay,
Like the loved one, that sleeps far away.

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